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**THE**  
**BRITISH DRAMA.**

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**VOL. II.**

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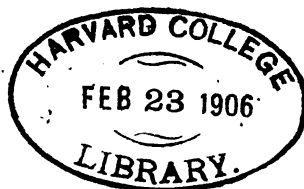
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# A NEW WAY TO PAY OLD DEBTS.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY PHILIP MASSINGER.



*Greedy.*—"I'LL RESIGN MY OFFICE."—Act III, scene 2.

## Persons Represented.

LORD LOVELL.  
SIR GILES OVERREACH.  
JUSTICE GREEDY.  
WILDO.  
MARRELL.

WELLBORN.  
ALLWORTH.  
TAPWELL.  
ORDER.  
FURNACE.

AMBLE.  
WATCHALL.  
VINTNER.  
TAILOR.  
SERVANTS.

LADY ALLWORTH.  
MARGARET.  
ABIGAIL.  
TABITHA.  
FROTH.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—A Village.

*WELLBORN discovered, in tattered apparel, knocking at the Alehouse-door; TAPWELL and FROTH come from the house.*

*Well.* No credit? nor no liquor?

*Tap.* Not a suck, sir;

Not the remainder of a single can,  
Left by a drunken porter.

*Froth.* Not the dropping of the tap for your  
morning's draught, sir:

*Tis* verity, I assure you.

*Well.* Verity, you brach!

The devil turned precisian? Rogue, what am I?

*Tap.* Troth, durst I trust you with a looking-  
glass,

To let you see your trim shape, you would quit me,  
And take the name yourself.

*Well.* How? dog! (*Raising his cudgel.*)

No. 6.—THE BRITISH DRAMA.

*Tap.* Advance your Plymouth cloak,  
There dwells, and within call, if it please your  
A potent monarch, call'd the constable, [worship,  
That does command a citadel, call'd the stocks;  
Such as with great dexterity will hale  
Your threadbare, tatter'd—

*Well.* Bascal! slave!

*Froth.* No rage, sir.

*Tap.* At his own peril. Do not put yourself  
In too much heat, there being no water near  
To quench your thirst; and other drink, I take it,  
You must no more remember; not in a dream, sir.

*Well.* Why, thou unthankful villain, dar'st thou  
talk thus?

Is not thy house, and all thou hast, my gift?

*Tap.* I find it not in chalk; and Timothy Tapwell  
Does keep no other register.

*Well.* Am not I he,

Whose riots fed and cloth'd thee? Wert thou not  
Born on my father's land, and proud to be

A drudge in his house?

*Tap.* What I was, sir, it skills not;  
What you are is apparent; but, since you  
Talk of father, in my hope it will torment you,  
I'll briefly tell your story. Your dead father,  
Old Sir John Wellborn,  
My quondam master, was a man of worship;  
Bore the whole sway of the shire, kept a great  
house,

Reliev'd the poor, and so forth; but he dying,  
And his estate coming to you,  
Late master Francis, but now forlorn Wellborn—  
*Well.* Slave, stop! or I shall lose myself.

*Froth.* Very hardly;

You cannot out of your way. [gallant,

*Tap.* You were then a lord of acres, the prime  
And I your under butler.

O you'd merry time of it; Hawks and hounds,  
With choice of running horses, mistresses,  
And other such extravagancies, which  
Your uncle, Sir Giles Overreach, observing,  
Resolving not to lose the opportunity,  
On statutes, mortgages, and binding bonds,  
Awhile supplied your folly, and, having got  
Your land, then left you.

*Well.* Some curate hath penn'd this invective,  
And you have studied it. [mongrel,

*Tap.* I have not done yet;

Your land gone, and your credit not worth a token,  
You grew the common borrower; no man 'scap'd  
you;

Where poor Tim Tapwell, with a little stock,  
Some forty pounds or so, bought a small cottage;  
Humbled myself to marriage with my Froth here.

*Well.* Hear me, ungrateful hell-bound! Did not I  
Make purses for you? Then you kick'd my boots,  
And thought your holiday cloak too coarse to clean  
'em.

'Twas I, that, when I heard thee swear, if ever  
Thou couldst arrive at forty pounds, thou wouldst  
Live like an emperor, 'twas I that gave it  
In ready gold. Deny this, wretch!

*Tap.* I must, sir;

For, from the tavern to the taphouse, all,  
On forfeiture of their licenses, stand bound  
Ne'er to remember who their best guests were,  
If they grew poor, like you.

*Well.* They're well rewarded,  
That beggar themselves to make such rascals rich.  
Thou viper! thankless viper!

But, since you're grown forgetful, I will help  
Your memory, and beat you into remembrance;  
Not leave one bone unbroken. (Beats him.)

*Tap.* O, O, O!

*Froth.* Help, help!

*Enter ALLWORTH.*

*Allw.* Hold, for my sake, hold;  
Denny me, Frank? They are not worth your anger.

*Well.* For once, thou hast redeemed them from  
this sceptre, (Shaking his cudgel.)

But let 'em vanish;

Nay, if you grumble, I revoke my pardon.

(Wellborn and Allworth talk apart.)

*Froth.* This comes of your prating, husband.

*Tap.* Patience, Froth;

There's law to cure our bruises.

[Exit Tap. and Froth.]

*Well.* Sent to your mother?

*Allw.* My lady, Frank, my patroness, my all!  
She's such a mourner for my father's death,  
And, in her love to him, so favours me,  
I cannot pay too much observance to her:  
There are few such stepdaughters.

*Well.* 'Tis a noble widow,

And keeps her reputation pure and clear.

But, prythee, tell me,  
Has she no suitors?

*Allw.* Even the best of the shire, Frank,  
My lord excepted; such as sue and send,  
And send and sue again; but to no purpose.  
Their frequent visits have not gain'd her presence;  
Yet she's so far from sullenness and pride,  
That, I dare undertake, you shall meet from her  
A liberal entertainment.

*Well.* I doubt it not. Now, Allworth, listen to  
me,

And mark my counsel: I am bound to give it.  
Thy father was my friend; and that affection  
I bore to him, in right descends to thee;  
I will not have the least affront stick on thee,  
If I with any danger can prevent it.

*Allw.* I thank your noble care; but pray you, in  
what

Do I run the hazard?

*Well.* Art thou not in love?

Put it not off with wonder.

*Allw.* In love?

*Well.* You think you walk in clouds; but are  
transparent.

I've heard all, and the choice that you have made;  
And, with my finger, can point out the north star  
By which the loadstone of your folly's guided;  
And to confirm this true, what think you of  
Poor Margaret, the only child and heir  
Of cornorant Overreach? Doest blush and start,  
To hear her only nam'd? Blush at your want  
Of wit and reason.

*Allw.* How'er you have discover'd my intents,  
You know my aims are lawful; and, if ever  
The queen of flowers, the boast of spring, the rose,  
Sprang from an envious briar, I may infer  
There's such disparity in their conditions,  
Between the goddess of my soul, the daughter,  
And the base churl, her father.

*Well.* Grant this true,

As I believe it, canst thou ever hope  
To enjoy a quiet bed with her, whose father  
Ruin'd thy state?

*Allw.* And yours too.

*Well.* I confess it, Allworth.

Or canst thou think, if self-love blind thee not,  
That Sir Giles Overreach, who, to make her great  
In swelling titles, without touch of conscience,  
Will cut his neighbour's throat, and, I hope, his  
own too,

Will e'er consent to make her thine? Give o'er,  
And think of some course suitable to thy rank,  
And prosper in it.

*Allw.* You have well advis'd me.

But, in the meantime, you, that are so studious  
Of my affairs, wholly neglect your own.  
Remember yourself, and in what plight you are.

*Well.* No matter, no matter.

*Allw.* Yes, tis much material:

You know my fortune, and my means; yet some-  
thing

I can spare from myself, to help your wants.

(Offers him money.)

*Well.* How's this?

*Allw.* Nay, be not angry.

*Well.* Money from thee?

From a boy? one that lies

At the devotion of a stepmother,  
And the uncertain favour of a lord?  
I'll eat my arms first. Howso'er blind Fortune  
Hath spent the utmost of her malice on me,  
Though I am rudely thrust out of an alehouse,  
And thus accounted,—know not where to eat,



Or drink, or sleep, but underneath this canopy,—  
Although I thank thee, I disdain thy offer.  
No—as I, in my madness, broke my state,—  
Without th' assistance of another's brain,  
In my right wits, I'll place it; at the worst,  
Die thus and be forgotten.

*Allw.* Fare thee well.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—A Hall in Lady Allworth's house.

AMBLE, ORDER, FURNACE, and WATCHALL,  
*discovered.*

*Ord.* Set all things right; or, as my name is  
Order,

And by this staff of office that commands you,  
This chain and double ruff, symbols of power,  
Whoever misses in his function,  
For one whole week makes forfeiture of his break-  
fast,

And privilege in the wine-cellar.

*Wat.* You are merry,

Good master Steward.

*Fur.* Let him: I'll be angry.

*Amb.* Why, fellow Furnace, 'tis not twelve  
o'clock yet,

Nor dinner taken up; then 'tis allow'd,

Cooks, by their places, may be choleric.

*Fur.* You think you've spoken wisely, Goodman  
My lady's go-before. [Amble,

*Ord.* Nay, nay, no wrangling.

*Fur.* Twit me with the authority of the kitchen:

At all hours, and at all places, I'll be angry;

And, thus provok'd, when I am at my prayers  
I will be angry.

*Amb.* There was no hurt meant.

*Fur.* I'm friends with thee; and yet I will be

*Wat.* With whom? [angry.]

*Fur.* No matter whom; yet, now I think on't,

I'm angry with my lady.

*Amb.* Heaven forbid, man!

*Ord.* What cause has she given thee?

*Fur.* Cause enough, master Steward,

I was entertain'd by her to please her palate,

And, till she forswore eating, I perform'd it.

Now, since our master, noble Allworth, died,

Though I crack my brains to find out tempting

When I am three parts roasted, [saucy,

And the fourth part parboil'd, to prepare her viands,

She keeps her chamber, dines with a panada,

Or water-gruel, my sweat never thought on.

*Ord.* But your art is seen in the dining-room.

*Fur.* By whom?

By such as pretend love to her; but come

To feed upon her. Yet, of all the harpies

That do devour her, I am out of charity

With none so much as the thin-gutted squire

That's stolen into commission.

*Ord.* Justice Greedy?

*Fur.* The same, the same. Meat's cast away upon

It never thrives. He holds this paradox; [him;

Who eats not as well, can ne'er do justice well:

His stomach's as insatiable as the grave.

[A knocking without.]

*Wat.* One knocks.

*Ord.* Our late young master.

*Enter WATCHALL and ALLWORTH.*

*Wat.* Welcome, sir.

*Fur.* You're welcome.

Here's a stomach, a cold bake-meat's ready.

*Ord.* His father's picture in little.

*Amb.* We are all your servants.

*Allw.* At once my thanks to all.

This is yet some comfort. Is my lady stirring?

*Ord.* Her presence answers for us.

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH, ABIGAIL and  
TABITHA.*

*Lady.* Sort those silks well.

I'll take the air alone:

[*Exeunt Tabitha and Abigail.*]

And, as I gave directions, if this morning

I'm visited by any, entertain them

As heretofore; but say, in my excuse,

I'm indispos'd.

*Ord.* We shall, madam.

*Lady.* Do, and leave me.

[*Exeunt Watchall, Furnace, Order, and  
Amble.*]

Nay, stay you, Allworth. Tell me, how is't with  
Your noble master?

*Allw.* Ever like himself;

No scruple lesson'd in the full weight of honour.

He did command me, pardon my presumption,—

As his unworthy deputy, to kiss

Your ladyship's fair hands.

*Lady.* I'm honour'd in

His favour to me. Does he hold his purpose

For the low countries?

*Allw.* Constantly, good madam;

But will, in person, first present his service.

*Lady.* And how approve you of his course?  
you're yet,

Like virgin parchment, capable of any

Inscription, vicious or honourable:

I will not force your will, but leave you free

To your own election.

*Allw.* Any form you please

I will put on; but, might I make my choice,

With humble emulation, I would follow

The path my lord marks to me.

*Lady.* 'Tis well answer'd;

And I commend your spirit: your father, Allworth,

My ever-honour'd husband, some few hours

Before the will of heaven took him from me,

Did commend you, e'en by the dearest ties

Of perfect love between us, to my charge:

And, therefore, when I speak, you are bound to

With such respect, as if he liv'd in me. [hear

*Allw.* I have found you,

Most honour'd madam, more than a mother to me;

And, with my utmost strength of care and service,

Will labour that you may never repent

Your bounties shower'd upon me.

*Lady.* I much hope it.

These were your father's words: If e'er my son

Follow the war, tell him, it is a school

Where all the principles tending to honour

Are taught, if truly follow'd; but for such

As repair thither, as a place in which

They do presume they may with license practice

Their lawless riots, they shall never merit

The noble name of soldiers.

To obey their leaders, and shun mutinies:

To bear with patience the winter's cold,

And summer's scorching heat;

To dare boldly

In a fair cause; and, for their country's sake,

To run upon the cannon's mouth undaunted,

These are the essential parts make up a soldier;

Not swearing, dice, or drinking.

*Allw.* There's no syllable

You speak, but is to me an oracle.

*Lady.* To conclude:

Beware ill company; for, often, men

Are like to those with whom they do converse;

And from one man I warn you, and that's Well-

born;

Not, 'cause he's poor, that rather claims your pity;

But that he's in his manners so deprav'd,

And hath in vicious courses lost himself.  
 'Tis true, your father lov'd him, while he was  
 Worthy the loving; but, if he had liv'd  
 To've known him as he is, he had cast him off,  
 As you must do. (Noise without.)  
 Somebody comes. This way;  
 Follow me to my chamber; you shall have gold  
 To furnish you like my son, and still supplied  
 As I hear from you.

*Alto.* I am still bound to you. [Exeunt.  
 Enter WATCHALL, ORDER, SIR GILES OVER-  
 REACH, MARRALL, GREEDY, FURNACE,  
 and AMBLE.

*Gre.* Not to be seen!  
*Sir G.* Still cloister'd up! Her reason,  
 I hope, assures her, though she make herself  
 Close prisoner even for her husband's loss,  
 'Twill not recover him.

*Ord.* Sir, 'tis her will!  
 Which we, that are her servants, ought to serve,  
 And not dispute: howe'er, you're nobly welcome;  
 And, if you please to stay, that you may think so,  
 There came, not six days since, from Hull, a  
 pipe

Of rich Canary, which shall spend itself  
 For my lady's honour.

*Gre.* Is it of the right race?  
*(Sir G. and Mar. converse apart.)*

*Ord.* Yes, master Greedy.  
*Amble.* How his mouth runs o'er!  
*Fur.* I'll make it run and run.  
 Save your good worship.

*Gre.* Honest master Cook, thy hand; again, how  
 I love thee!

Are the good dishes still in being? speak, boy.  
*Fur.* If you've a mind to feed, there is a chine  
 Of beef well season'd.

*Gre.* Good.  
*Fur.* A pheasant larded.  
*Gre.* That I might now give thanks for't!  
*Fur.* Besides, there came last night, from the  
 forest of Sherwood,  
 The fattest stag I ever cook'd.

*Gre.* A stag, man?  
*Fur.* A stag, sir; part of it prepar'd for dinner,  
 And bak'd in puff-paste.

*Gre.* Puff-paste, too! Sir Giles,  
 A ponderous shine of beef! a pheasant larded!  
 And red deer, too, Sir Giles, and bak'd in puff-  
 paste!

All business set aside, let us give thanks here.  
*Sir G. (Advancing.)* You know, we cannot.  
*Mar.* Your worships are to sit on a commission,  
 And, if you fail to come, you lose the cause.

*Gre.* Cause me no causes; I'll prove't, for such  
 a dinner,  
 We may put off a commission; you shall find it  
*Henrici decimo quarto.*

*Sir G.* Fie, master Greedy,  
 Will you lose me a thousand pounds for a dinner?  
 No more, for shame! We must forget the belly,  
 When we think of profit.

*Gre.* Well, you shall o'er-rule me.  
 I could e'en cry now. Do you hear, master  
 Cook?

Send but a corner of that immortal pasty,  
 And I, in thankfulness, will, by your boy,  
 Send you a brace of trellises.

*Fur.* Will you be so prodigal?  
*Sir G. (To Ord.)* Remember me to your lady.

*Enter WELLBORN.*  
 Whom have we here?  
*Well.* You know me.

*Sir G.* I did once, but now I will not;  
 Thou art no blood of mine. Avaunt! thou beg-  
 gar;

If ever thou presume to cross me more,  
 I'll have these cag'd and whipp'd. [Exit.

*Gre.* I'll grant the warrant.  
 Think of pye-cornery, Furnace!

[Exeunt Greedy and Marrall. Wellborn takes a  
 chair, and sits down in the centre of the stage.

*Wat.* Will you out, sir?  
 I wonder how thou durst creep in.

*Ord.* This is rudeness,  
 And saucy impudence.

*Amble.* Cannot you stay  
 To be serv'd, among your fellows, from the basket,  
 But you must press into the hall?

*Fur.* Pr'ythee, vanish  
 Into some outhouse, though it be the pigsty;  
 My scullion shall come to thee.

*Well.* This is rare;—  
*Enter ALLWORTH,*

O, here's Tom Allworth. Tim!

*Alto.* We must be strangers;  
 Nor would I have seen you here, for a million. [Exit.

*Well.* Better and better. He contemns me, too.

*Enter ABIGAIL and TABITHA.*  
*Abi. (Seeing well.)* Mercy preserve my sight!

What thing is this?  
*Tab.* A wretched object, truly.

Let's hence, for heaven's sake, or I shall swoon.  
*Abi.* I begin to faint already.

[Exeunt Abigail and Tabitha.  
*Fur.* Will you know your way, sir?

*Amble.* Or shall we teach it you,  
 By the head and shoulders?

*Well.* No; I will not stir; [the wretch  
 Do you mark? I will not. (Starts up.) Let me see  
 That dares attempt to force me. Why, you slaves,  
 Created only to make legs, and cringe;  
 To carry in a dish, and shift a trencher;  
 That have not souls only to hope a blessing  
 Beyond your master's leaving,—who advances?  
 Who shews me the way? (Beats them.)

All the Serrants. Help, fellows, help! Within  
 there!

*Ord.* Here comes my lady,  
*Enter LADY ALLWORTH.*

*Lady.* How now? What noise is this?  
*Well.* Madam, my designs

Bear me to you.  
*Lady.* To me?

*Well.* And, though I've met with  
 But ragged entertainment from your grooms here,  
 I hope from you to receive that noble usage,  
 As may become the true friend of your husband,  
 And then I shall forget these.

*Lady.* I'm amaz'd,  
 To see and hear this rudeness. Dar'st thou think,  
 Though sworn, that it can ever find belief  
 That I, who to the best men of this country  
 Denied my presence since my husband's death,  
 Can fall so low, as to exchange words with thee?

*Well.* Scorn me not, good lady;  
 But, as in form you are angelical,  
 Imitate the heavenly natures, and vouchsafe  
 At the least awhile to hear me. You will grant  
 The blood that runs in this arm is as noble  
 As that which fills your veins: your swelling titles,  
 Your ample fortune, with your men's observance  
 And women's flattery, are in you no virtues;  
 Nor these rage, with my poverty, in me vices.  
 You have a fair fame, and, I know, deserve it;  
 Yet, lady, I must say, in nothing more

Them in the pious sorrow you have shewn  
For your late noble husband.  
Ord. There he touch'd her.

(Aside.)

Well. That husband, madam, was once in his  
fortune  
Almost as low as I; want, debts, and quarrels,  
Lay heavy on him: let it not be thought  
A boast in me, though I say I relieved him.  
'Twas I that gave him fashion; mine the sword  
That did on all occasions second his;  
I brought him on and off with honour, lady;  
And when, in all men's judgments he was sunk,  
And, in his own hopes, not to be buoy'd up,  
I stepp'd unto him, took him by the hand,  
And set him upright.

For. Are we not base rogues,  
That could forget this?

(Aside to Servants.)

Well. I confess you made him  
Master of your estate; nor could your friends,  
Tho' he brought no wealth with him, blame you  
for't:

For he'd a shape, and to that shape a mind  
Made up of all parts, either great or noble;  
So winning a behaviour, not to be  
Resisted, madam.

Lady. 'Tis most true, he had.

Well. For his sake, then, in that I was his friend,  
Do not contemn me.

Lady. For what's past excuse me:  
I will redeem it.

(Offers him her pocket book.)

Well. Madam, on no terms:  
I will not beg nor borrow sixpence of you;  
But be supplied elsewhere, or want thus ever.  
One only suit I make: pray, give me leave.

(Lady Allworth signs to the Servants, who retire.)

I will not tire your patience with relation  
Of the bad arts my uncle Overreach  
Still forg'd to strip me of my fair possessions;  
Nor how he now shuts door upon my want.  
Would you but vouchsafe  
To your dear husband's friend,—as well you may,  
Your honour still let free,—but such feign'd grace,  
As might begot opinion in Sir Giles  
Of a true passion tow'rd me, you would see,  
In the mere thought to prey on me again;  
When all that's yours were mine, he'd turn my  
friend;

And, that no rub might stay my course to you,  
Quit all my owings, set me trimly forth,  
And furnish'd well with gold: which I should use,  
I trust, to your no shame, lady; but live  
Ever a grateful debtor to your gentleness.

Lady. What! nothing else?

(Offers her pocket-book again.)

Well. Nothing: unless you please to charge your  
servants

To throw away a little respect upon me.

Lady. All you demand is yours.

(She beckons the Servants, who advance a little.)

Respect this gentleman,  
As 'twere myself. Adieu, dear Master Wellborn:  
Pray let me see you with your oftenset means:  
I am ever bound to you.

(Going, Wellborn waiting on her.)

Ord. What means this, I trow?

For. Mischievous to us, if he has malice in him.

Well. Your honour's servant. (Kisses her hand.)

(Exit Lady Allworth.)

All the Servants. (To Wellborn.) Ah! sweet sir—

Well. Nay, all's forgiven, all forgotten, friends;  
And, for a lucky omen to my project,  
Shake hands, and end all quarrels in the cellar.

All the Servants. Agreed, agreed! Still merry,  
Master Wellborn. (Exeunt all the Serv.)

Well. Faith! a right worthy and a liberal lady,  
Who can at once so kindly meet my purposes,  
And brave the frowns of censure, to redeem  
Her husband's friend! When, by this honest plot,  
The world believes she means to heal my wants  
With her extensive wealth, each noisay creditor  
Will be struck mute: and I, thus left at large  
To practise on my uncle Overreach,  
May work, perhaps, the measure to redeem  
My mortgag'd fortune, which he stripp'd me of,  
When headlong dissipation quell'd my reason.  
The fancy pleases: if the plot succeed,  
'Tis a New Way to Pay Old Debts, indeed. (Exit.)

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—The Skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.

Enter SIR GILES and MARRALL.

Sir G. He's gone, I warrant thee; this commis-  
sion crush'd him.

Mar. Your worship has the way on't, and no'er  
miss

To squeeze those unthrifths into air; and, yet,  
The chap-fall'n justice did his part, returning,  
For your advantage, the certificate,  
Against his conscience and his knowledge too.  
To the utter ruin  
Of the poor farmer.

Sir G. 'Twas for these good ends  
I made him a justice: he that bribes his belly  
Is certain to command his soul.

Mar. I wonder why, your worship having  
The power to put this thin-gut in commission,  
You are not in't yourself.

Sir G. Thou art a fool:

In being out of office, I am out of danger;  
Where, if I were a justice, besides the trouble,  
I might, or out of wilfulness or error,  
Run myself finely into a *premunire*,  
And so become a prey to the informer.  
No, I'll have none on't: 'tis enough I keep  
Greedy at my devotion; so he serve  
My purposes, let him hang, or damn, I care not;  
Friendship is but a word.

Mar. You are all wisdom.

Sir G. I would be worldly wise; for the other  
wisdom.

That does prescribe us a well govern'd life,  
And to do right to others as ourselves,  
I value not an atom.

Mar. What course take you,

With your good patience, to edge in the manor  
Of your neighbour, Mr. Frugal? As 'tis said,  
He will not sell, nor borrow, nor exchange;  
And his land lying in the midst of your many lord-  
ships,

Is a foul blemish.

Sir G. I have thought o't, Marrall;  
And it shall take. I must have all men sellers,  
And I the only purchaser.

Mar. 'Tis most fit, sir.

Sir G. I'll therefore buy some cottage near his  
manor;

Which done, I'll make my men break ope h's  
fences,

Ride o'er his standing corn; and, in the night,  
Set fire to his barns, or break his cattle's legs:  
These trespasses draw on suits, and suits expense:  
Which I can spare, but will soon beggar him.  
When I have harried him thus two or three year.

Though he sue in *forma pauperis*, in spite  
Of all his thrift and care, he'll grow behindhand.

*Mar.* The best I ever heard! I could adore you.

*Sir G.* Then, with the favour of my man of law,  
I will pretend some title: want will force him  
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
And I possess his land.

*Mar.* Wellborn was apt to sell, and needed not  
These fine arts, to hook him in.

*Sir G.* Well thought on;

This varlet, Marrall, lives too long, to upbraid me  
To put it to arbitrement; then, if he sell  
For half the value, he shall have ready money,  
And I possess his land.

*Mar.* I know not what to think on't.  
I've us'd all means; and, the last night, I caus'd  
His host, the tapster, turn him out of doors;  
And have been since with all your friends and  
tenants,

And, on the forfeit of your favour, charg'd them,  
Though a crust of mouldy bread would keep him  
from starving,

Yet they should not relieve him.

*Sir G.* That was something, Marrall; but thou  
must go further,  
And suddenly, Marrall.

*Mar.* Where and when you please, sir.

*Sir G.* I'd have thee seek him out, and, if thou  
canst,

Persuade him that 'tis better steal than beg:  
Then, if I prove he has but robb'd a hen roost,  
Not all the world shall save him from the gallows.  
Do anything to work him to despair,  
And 'tis thy masterpiece.

*Mar.* I'll do my best, sir.

*Sir G.* I'm now on my main work, with the Lord  
Lovell,

The gallant-minded, popular, Lord Lovell,  
The minion of the people's love. I hear,  
He's come into the country; and my aims are,  
To insinuate myself into his knowledge,  
And then invite him to my house.

*Mar.* I have you:

This points at my young mistress.

*Sir G.* She must part with  
That humble title, and be honourable,  
Right honourable, Marrall, my right honourable  
daughter;

If all I have, or, e'er shall get, will do it.  
I'll have her well-attended; there are ladies  
Of errant knights decay'd, and brought so low,  
That, for cast clothes and meat, will gladly serve  
her.

And 'tis my glory, tho' I come from the city,  
To have their issue, whom I have undone,  
To kneel to mine, as bond-slaves.

*Mar.* 'Tis fit state, sir.

*Sir G.* And, therefore, I'll not have a chamber-  
maid

That ties her shoes, or any meaner office,  
But such whose fathers were right worshipful.  
'Tis a rich man's pride! there having ever been  
More than a feud, a strange antipathy,  
Between us and true gentry.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

*Mar.* See, who's here, sir.

*Sir G.* Hence, monster! prodigy!

*Well.* Call me what you will;

I am your nephew, sir; your sister's son.

*Sir G.* Avoid my sight! thy breath's infections,  
rogue!

I shun thee as a leprosy, or the plague.

Come hither, Marrall. This is the time to work  
him.

*Mar.* I warrant you, sir.

[Exit Sir Giles.

*Well.* By this light, I think he's mad.

*Mar.* Mad? had you taken compassion on your-  
self,

You, long since, had been mad.

*Well.* You've taken a course,  
Between you and my venerable uncle,  
To make me so.

*Mar.* The more pale-spirited you,  
That would not be instructed. I swear deeply—

*Well.* By what?

*Mar.* By my religion!

*Well.* Thy religion?

The devil's creed! But what would you have done?

*Mar.* Before, like you, I had outliv'd my for-  
tunes,

A withe had serv'd my turn to hang myself.  
I'm zealous in your cause: pray, hang yourself,  
And presently, as you love your credit.

*Well.* I thank you.

*Mar.* Will you stay till you die in a ditch?

Or, if you dare not do the feat yourself,  
But that you'll put the state to charge and trouble,  
Is there no purse to be cut? house to be broken?  
Or market-women with eggs that you may murder,  
And so despatch the business?

*Well.* Here's a variety,

I must confess, but I'll accept none  
Of all your gentle offers, I assure you.

*Mar.* If you like not hanging, drown yourself;  
take some course

For your reputation.

*Well.* 'Twill not do, dear tempter,  
With all the rhetoric the fiend hath taught you.

I am as far as thou art from despair:

Nay, I have confidence, which is more than hope,  
To live and suddenly, better than ever.

*Mar.* Ha, ha! these castles you build in the air,  
Will not persuade me or to give or lend  
A token to you.

*Well.* I'll be more kind to thee:

Come, thou shalt dine with me.

*Mar.* With you!

*Well.* Nay, more, dine gratis.

*Mar.* Under what hedge, I pray you? or at whose  
cost?

Are they padders, or gipsies, that are your con-  
sorts?

*Well.* Thou art incredulous: but thou shalt dine,  
Not alone at her house, but with a gallant lady;

With me, and with a lady,

*Mar.* Lady! what lady?

With the lady of the lake, or queen of fairies?  
For, I know, it must be an enchanted dinner.

*Well.* With the Lady Allworth, knave.

*Mar.* Nay, now there's hope

Thy brain is crack'd.

*Well.* Mark thee, with what respect  
I am entertained.

*Mar.* With choice, no doubt, of dog-whips.

Why, dost thou ever hope to pass her porter?

*Well.* 'Tis not far off, go with me: trust thine  
own eyes.

*Mar.* Troth, in my hope, or my assurance rather,  
To see thee curvet and mount like a dog in a  
blanket,

If ever thou presume to pass her threshold,

I will endure thy company.

*Well.* Come along, then.

[Exeunt.

SCENE II.—The Hall in Lady Allworth's House.

*Enter WATCHALL, FURNACE, ORDER,*

AMBLE, and ALLWORTH.

*Allw.* Your courtesies o'erwhelm me: I much  
grieve

To part with such true friends; and yet find comfort.

My attendance on my honourable lord,  
Whose resolution holds to visit my lady,  
Will speedily bring me back. *[Exit Watchall.*

*(Wellborn and Marvell without.)*

Mar. Dar'st thou venture further?  
Well. Yes, yes, and knock again. *(Knocks.)*

Ord. 'Tis he; disperse.  
Amb. Perform it bravely.

Fur. I know my cue, ne'er doubt me.  
*(Exeunt Furnace, Order, and Ambie.)*

Enter WATCHALL, WELLBORN, and  
MARRALL.

Wat. Beest that I was, to make you stay! Most welcome!

You were long since expected.

Well. Say so much

To my friend, I pray you.

Wat. For your sake, I do, sir. *[Exit.]*

Mar. For his sake!

Well. Mum! this is nothing.

Mar. More than ever  
I'd have believ'd, though I had found it in my  
primer.

Albe. When I have given you reasons for my late  
harshness,

You'll pardon and excuse me; for, believe me,  
Though now I part abruptly, in my service  
I will deserve it.

Mar. Service! with a vengeance!

Well. I'm satisfied: farewell, Tom.

Albe. All joy stay with you. *[Exit.]*

Enter AMBLE.

Amb. You're happily encounter'd; I ne'er yet  
Presented one so welcome, as I know  
You will be to my lady.

Mar. This is some vision;  
Or, sure, these men are mad; to worship a dung-  
hill;

It cannot be a truth.

Well. Be still a pagan,

An unbelieving infidel; be so, miscreant!  
And meditate on blankets, and on dog-whips.

Enter FURNACE.

Fur. I'm glad you're come; until I know your  
pleasure,

I knew not how to serve up my lady's dinner.

Mar. His pleasure! is it possible?

Well. What's thy will?

Fur. Marry, sir, I have  
Some rails and quails, and my lady will'd me ask  
you,

What kind of sauces best affect your palate,  
That I may use my utmost skill to please it.

*(Wellborn whispers Furnace.)*

Mar. The devil's enter'd this cook: sauce for his  
palate,

That, on my knowledge,  
Durst wish but cheese-parings and brown bread on  
Sundays!

Well. That way I like them best.

Fur. It shall be done, sir. *[Exit.]*

Well. What think you of the hedge we shall dine  
under?

Shall we feed gratis?

Mar. I know not what to think;

Pray you make me not mad.

Enter ORDER and WATCHALL.

Ord. This place becomes you not;

Pray you, walk, sir, to the dining-room.

Well. I am well here,

Till her ladyship quits her chamber.

Mar. Well here, say you?

'Tis a rare change! but yesterday, you thought  
Yourself well in a barn, wrapp'd up in peasestraw.

Enter TABITHA and ABIGAIL.

Tab. O! you're much wish'd for, sir.

Abi. Last night, my lady  
Dreamt of you; and her first command this morn-  
ing,

Was to have notice, sir, of your arrival.

Wat. See, my lady. *[Exit Order.]*

Enter LADY ALLWORTH.

Lady. I come to meet you, and languish'd till I  
saw you:

This first kiss is for form; I allow a second  
To such a friend.

Mar. To such a friend! heaven bless me!

Well. I'm wholly yours; yet madam, if you please  
To grace this gentleman with a salute—

*(Put's Marvell over to Lady Allworth.)*

Mar. Salute me at his bidding!

*(Marvell retreats towards the door.)*

Well. I shall receive it

As a most high favour.

Lady. Your friends are ever welcome to me.

Well. *(Brings Mar. back.)* Run backward from a  
lady! and such a lady!

Mar. To kiss her foot is, to poor me, a favour  
I am unworthy of.

*(Offers to kiss her foot.)*

Lady. Nay, 'pray you, rise;

And, since you are so humble, I'll exalt you:

You shall dine with me to-day at mine own table.

Mar. Your ladyship's table! I'm not good enough

To sit at your steward's board.

Lady. You are too modest;

I will not be denied.

Enter ORDER.

Ord. Dinner is ready for your ladyship.

Lady. Come, Master Wellborn:

*(To Marvell, who is retreating again.)*

Nay, keep us company.

Mar. I was never so glad'st.

*(Lady Allworth and Wellborn take Marvell  
by the hand, and exit.)*

Enter FURNACE.

Ord. So, we've play'd our parts, and are come off  
well.

But if I know the mystery, why my lady  
Consented to it, may I perish!

Fur. Would I had

The roasting of his heart that cheated him,

And forces the poor gentleman to these shifts!

By fire! for cooks are Persians, and swear by it.

Of all the griping and extorting tyrants

I ever heard or read of, I ne'er met

A match to Sir Giles Overreach.

Wat. What will you take

To tell him so, fellow Furnace?

Fur. Just as much

As my throat is worth; for that would be the price  
on't.

To have an usurer that starves himself,

To grow rich, and then purchase, is too common;

But this Sir Giles feeds high; keeps many ser-  
vants;

Rich in his habit; vast in his expenses;

Yet he, to admiration, still increases

In wealth and lordships.

Ord. He frights men out of their estates,

And breaks through all law-nets, made to curb ill  
men,

As they were cobwebs. No man dares reprove  
him;

Such a spirit to dare, and power to do, were never  
Lodg'd so unluckily.

*Enter AMBLE.**Amb.* Ha, ha! I shall burst.*Ord.* Contain thyself, man.*Fur.* Or make us partakers  
Of your sudden mirth.*Amb.* Ha, ha! my lady has got  
Such a guest at her table! this term-driver Mar-  
rall,

This snip of an attorney!

*Wat.* What of him, man?*Amb.* The knave feeds so slovenly!*Fur.* Is this all?*Amb.* My ladyDrank to him for fashion's sake, or to please  
Master Wellborn;

As I live, he rises and takes up a dish,

In which there were some remnants of a boll'd  
capon,

And pledges her in white broth!

*Fur.* Nay, 'tis like

The rest of his tribe.

*Amb.* And when I brought him wine,  
He leaves his chair, and, after a leg or two,  
Most humbly thanks my worship. My worship!*All the Servants.* Ha, ha, ha!*Ord.* Risen already?*Fur.* My lady frowns.*Amb.* I shall be child.*[Exit Furnace.]**Enter* LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and  
MARRALL.*Lady.* You attend us well!Let me have no more of this; I observ'd your leer-  
ing:Sir, I will have you know, whom I think worthy  
To sit at my table,

When I am present, is not your companion.

*Ord. (Aside.)* Nay, she'll preserve what's due to  
her.*Lady. (To Wellborn.)* You are master  
Of your own will. I know so much of manners,  
As not to inquire your purposes; in a word,  
To me you are ever welcome, as to a house  
That is your own.*Well.* Mark that.*(To Marrall.)**Mar.* With reverence, sir.

And it like your worship.

*Well.* Trouble yourself no further,  
Dear madam, my heart's full of zeal and service;  
However in my language I am sparing.  
Come, Master Marrall.*Mar.* I attend your worship.*[Exeunt Watchall, Wellborn, and Marrall.]**Lady. (To the Servants.)* I see in your looks you are  
sorry, and you know me

An easy mistress: be merry; I have forgot all.

*Order and Ambie,* come with me: I must give you  
Further directions.*Ord.* What you please.*Amb.* We are ready.*[Exeunt.]*SCENE III.—*The open Country.**Enter* WELLBORN and MARRALL.*Well.* I think I'm in a good way.*Mar.* Good sir! The best way;

The certain best way.

*Well.* Is't for your ease

You keep your hat off?

*Mar.* Ease, and it like your worship!I hope Jack Marrall shall not live so long,  
To prove himself such an unmannerly beast,

Though it hail hazel-nuts, as to be covered

When your worship's present.

*Well. (Aside.)* Is not this a true rogue,That, out of mere hope of a future coz'nage,  
Can turn thus suddenly? 'tis rank already,*Mar.* I know your worship's wise, and needs no  
counsel;Yet if, in my desire to do you service,  
I humbly offer my advice, (but still  
Under correction) I hope I shall not  
Incur your high displeasure.*Well.* No; speak freely.*Mar.* Then, in my judgment, sir, my simple  
judgment,(Still with your worship's favour,) I could wish you  
A better habit; for this cannot be  
But much distasteful to the noble lady

That loves you:

I have twenty pounds here,

Which, out of my true love, I'll presently

Lay down at your worship's feet; 'twill serve to  
buy you

A riding suit.

*Well.* But where's the horse?*Mar.* My geldingIs at your service; nay, you shall ride me.  
Before your worship shall be put to the trouble

To walk afoot. Alas! when you are lord

Of this lady's manor, (as I know you will be,) *[Exit]*You may with the lease of gleebe land, call'd  
Knave's Acre,

A place I would manure, requite your vassal.

*Well.* I thank thy love; but will make no use of  
it.Did I want clothes, think'st thou I could not have  
'em

For one word to my lady?

*Mar.* As I know not that—*Well.* Come, I'll tell thee a secret, and so leave  
thee.I'll not give her the advantage, though she be,  
A gallant-minded lady, after we're married  
To hit me in the teeth, and say, she was forc'd  
To buy my wedding clothes.No, I'll be furnish'd something like myself,  
And so farewell. For thy suit, touching Knave's  
Acre,

When it is mine, 'tis mine.

*[Exit.]**Mar.* I thank your worship.

How was I cozen'd in the calculation

Of this man's fortune! My master cozen'd too!

Whose pupil I am in the art of undoing men;

For that is our profession. Well, well, Master  
Wellborn;You are of a sweet nature, and fit again to be  
cheated;Which, if the fates please, when you are possess'd  
Of the land and lady, you *sans* question shall be.

I'll presently think of the means.

*(Walks by, musing.)**Enter* SIR GILES, speaking as he enters.*Sir G.* Sirrah, take my horse,  
I'll walk, to get me an appetite; 'tis but a mile;

And exercise will keep me from being pury.

Ha! Marrall! Is he conjuring? Perhaps

The knave has wrought the prodigal to do

Some outrage on himself, and now he feels

Compuccion on his conscience for't: no matter,

So it be done. Marrall! Marrall!

*Mar.* Sir?*Sir G.* How succeed we

In our plot on Wellborn?

*Mar.* Never better, sir.*Sir G.* Has he hang'd or drown'd himself?*Mar.* No, sir, he lives;

Lives, once more to be made a prey to you,

A greater prey than ever.

*Sir G.* Art thou in thy wits?  
 If thou art, reveal this miracle, and briefly.  
*Mar.* A lady, sir, is fallen in love with him.  
*Sir G.* With him! What lady?  
*Mar.* The rich Lady Allworth.  
*Sir G.* Thou dost! how dar'st thou speak this?  
*Mar.* I speak truth,  
 And I do so but once a year, unless  
 It be to you, sir. We din'd with her ladyship,  
 I thank his worship.  
*Sir G.* His worship!  
*Mar.* As I live, sir,  
 I din'd with him, at the great lady's table,  
 Simple as I stand here; and saw when she kiss'd  
 him,  
 And would, at his request, have kiss'd me, too.  
*Sir G.* Why, thou rascal!  
 To tell me these impossibilities.  
 Dine at her table! and kiss him! or thee!  
 Impudent varlet! have not I myself,  
 Ten times attempted, since her husband's death,  
 In vain, to see her, though I came a suitor?  
 And yet your good solicitorship, and rogue Well-  
 born,  
 Were brought into her presence—feasted with her!  
 But that I know thee a dog that cannot blush,  
 This most incredible lie would call up one  
 On thy buttermilk cheeks.  
*Mar.* Shall I not trust my eyes, sir.  
 Or taste? I feel her good cheer in my belly.  
*Sir G.* You shall feel me, if you give not over,  
 sirrah!

Recover your brains again, and be no more gull'd  
 With a beggar's plot, assisted by the aids  
 Of serving-men and chambermaids;  
 Or I'll quit you  
 From my employments.  
*Mar.* Will you credit this yet?  
 On my confidence of their marriage, I offer'd Well-  
 born—  
 (Aside.) I'd give a crown now I durst say his wor-  
 ship—

My nag, and twenty pounds.  
*Sir G.* Did you so, idiot? (Strikes him down.)  
 Was this the way to work him to despair,  
 Or rather to cross me? (Beats him.)  
*Mar.* Will your worship kill me?  
*Sir G.* No, no; but drive the lying spirit out of  
 you.

*Mar.* He's gone.  
*Sir G.* I've done, then. Now, forgetting  
 Your late imaginary feast and lady,  
 Know my Lord Lovell chides with me to-morrow:  
 Be careful nought be wanting to receive him:  
 And bid my daughter's woman trim her up,  
 Though they paint her, so she catch the lord, I'll  
 thank 'em.

There's a piece for my late blows.  
*Mar.* (Aside.) I may yet cry quittance;  
 There may be a time—

*Sir G.* Do you grumble?  
*Mar.* No, sir. [Exit.]

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—The skirts of Lady Allworth's Park.

Enter LOVELL and ALLWORTH.

*Lov.* (Speaking as he enters.) Drive the coach round  
 the hill: something in private  
 I must impart to Allworth.

*Allw.* O, my lord,  
 What sacrifice of reverence, duty, watching,  
 Although I could put off the use of sleep,  
 And ever wait on your commands to serve 'em;  
 What dangers, though in ne'er so horrid shapes,

Nay, death itself, though I should run to meet it,  
 Can I, and with a thankful willingness, suffer;  
 But still the retribution will fall short  
 Of your bounties shower'd upon me.

*Lov.* Nay, good youth,  
 Till what I purpose be put into act,  
 Do not o'erprize it. Since you've trusted me  
 With your soul's nearest, nay, her dearest secret,  
 Rest confident, 'tis in a cabinet lock'd  
 Treachery shall never open. I have found you  
 More zealous in your love and service to me,  
 Than I have been in my rewards.

*Allw.* Still great ones,  
 Above my merit.  
 You have been  
 More like a father to me than a master:  
 'Pray you, pardon the comparison.

*Lov.* I allow it;  
 And, to give you assurance I am pleas'd in't,  
 My carriage and demeanour to your mistress,  
 Fair Margaret, shall truly witness for me,  
 I can command my passions.

*Allw.* 'Tis a conquest  
 Few men can boast of, when they are tempted.  
 Oh!

*Lov.* Why do you sigh? Can you be doubtful of  
 me?

By that fair name I in the wars have purchas'd,  
 And all my actions, hitherto unstained,  
 I will not be more true to mine own honour,  
 Than to thee, Allworth.

*All.* Were you to encounter with a single foe,  
 The victory were certain; but to stand  
 The charge of two such potent enemies,  
 At once assaulting you, as wealth and beauty,  
 And those, too, seconded with power, is odds  
 Too great for Hercules.

*Lov.* Speak your doubts and fears,  
 Since you will nourish 'em, in plainer language,  
 That I may understand 'em.

*Allw.* My much-lov'd lord, were Margaret only  
 fair,

You might command your passion;  
 But, when the well-tun'd accents of her tongue,  
 Make music to you, and with numerous sounds,  
 Assault your hearing,  
 Hippolytus himself would leave Diana,  
 To follow such a Venus.

*Lov.* Love hath made you  
 Poetical Allworth.

*Allw.* Grant all these beat off,  
 (Which if it be in man to do, you'll do it.)  
 Mammon, in Sir Giles Overreach, steps in  
 With heaps of ill-got gold, and as much land  
 As would tire

A falcon's wings, in one day to fly over.

I here release your trust:

'Tis happiness enough for me to serve you,  
 And sometimes, with chaste eyes, to look upon her.

*Lov.* Why, shall I swear?

*All.* By no means, my lord.

*Lov.* Suspend

Your judgment till the trial. How far is't  
 To Overreach's house?

*Allw.* In the most, some half hour's riding;  
 You'll soon be there.

*Lov.* And you the sooner freed

From your jealous fears.

*All.* Oh, that I durst but hope it! [Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Hall in Sir Giles' House.

Enter SIB GILES, GREEDY, and MARRALL.

*Sir G.* Spare for no cost; let my dressers cre-  
 with the weight

Of curious viands.

*Gree.* Store indeed's no sore, sir.

*Sir G.* That proverb fits your stomach, Master Greedy:

*Gree.* It does, indeed, Sir Giles: I do not like to see a table ill-spread, poor, meagre, just sprinkled o'er with salads, sliced beef, giblets, and pig's petticoats. But the substantial? O, Sir Giles, the substantial! The state of a fat turkey now! the decorum, the grandeur he marches in with! O, I declare, I do much honour a chine of beef! O, I do, reverence a loin of veal!

*Sir G.* And let no plate be seen, but what's pure gold,

Or such whose workmanship exceeds the matter That it is made of: let my choicest linen Perfume the room; and, when we wash, the water,

With precious powders mix'd, so please my lord, That he may with envy wish to bathe so ever.

*Mar.* 'Twill be very chargeable.

*Sir G.* Avaunt, you drudge!

Now all my labour'd ends are at the stake, Is't a time to think of thrift? Call in my daughter. Call in my daughter. [Exit Mar.]

And, Master Justice, since you love choice dishes, And plenty of 'em—

*Gree.* As I do, indeed sir,

Almost as much as to give thanks for 'em.

*Sir G.* I do confer that providence, with my power

Of absolute command to have abundance, To your best care.

*Gree.* I'll punctually discharge it, And give the best directions. (*Sir G. retires.*)

Now am I,

In mine own conceit, a monarch; at least, Arch-president o' the boill'd, the roast, the bak'd: I'd not change my throne for the Great Mogul's; For which I will eat often; and give thanks.

When my belly's braced up like a drum; and that's pure justice. [Exit.]

*Sir G. (Advancing.)* It must be so; should the foolish girl prove modest,

She may spoil all; she had it not from me, But from her mother: I was ever forward, As she must be; and therefore I'll prepare her.

Enter MARRALL, followed by MARGARET, and Attendants.

Alone, Margaret,

Alone; and let your women wait without.

[Exit Women and Mar.]

*Marg.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Sir G.* Ha! this is a neat dressing!

These orient pearls and diamonds well plac'd, too; The gown affects me not, it should have been Embroider'd o'er and o'er with flowers of gold; But these rich jewels and quaint fashion help it How like you your new woman, The Lady Downfallen?

*Marg.* Well, for a companion: Not as a servant.

*Sir G.* Is she humble, Meg,

And careful, too, her ladyship forgotten?

*Marg.* I pity her fortune.

*Sir G.* Pity her! Trample on her.

I took her up in an old tamin gown, E'en starv'd for very want of food to serve thee, And if I understand she but repines

To do thee any duty, though ne'er so servile, I'll pack her to her knight, where I have lodg'd him,

Into the Counter; and there let 'em howl together.

*Marg.* You know your own ways; but for me, I blush

When I command her, that was once attended With persons not inferior to myself In birth.

*Sir G.* In birth! Why, art thou not my daughter,

The blest child of my industry and wealth?

Part with these humble thoughts, and apt thyself

To the noble state I labour to advance thee;

Or, by my hope to see thee honourable,

I will adopt a stranger to my fortunes, And throw thee from my care: Do not provoke me.

*Marg.* I will not, sir; mould me which way you please.

Enter GREEDY, with a napkin round his neck, and a rolling-pin in his hand.

*Gree.* Sir Giles, Sir Giles!

*Sir G.* How! interrupted?

*Gree.* 'Tis matter of importance.

The cook, sir, is self-will'd, and will not learn From my experience. There's a fawn brought in, sir,

And, for my life, I cannot make him roast it With a Norfolk dumpling in the belly of it:

And, sir, we wise men know, that without the dumpling,

'Tis not worth three pence.

*Sir G.* Would it were whole in thy belly, To stuff it out! Cook it any way: prythee, leave me.

*Gree.* Without order for the dumpling?

*Sir G.* Let it be dumpled

Which way thou wilt; or tell him I will scald him In his own cauldron.

*Gree.* I had lost my stomach

Had I lost my dumpling.

*Sir G.* But to our business, Meg: You've heard who dines here? [Exit.]

*Meg.* I have, sir.

*Sir G.* 'Tis an honourable man;

A lord, Meg, and commands a regiment Of soldiers; and, what's rare, is one himself,

A bold and understanding one: and to be

A lord, and a good leader, in one volume,

Is granted unto few, but such as rise up

The kingdom's glory.

Re-enter GREEDY, with a toast and fork.

*Gree.* I'll resign my office,

If I be not better obey'd.

*Sir G.* 'Slight, art thou frantic?

*Gree.* Frantic! 'twould make me frantic, and stark mad,

Were I not a justice of peace and quorum, too, Which this rebellious cook cares not a straw for.

There are a dozen of woodcocks:

He has found out

A new device for sauce, and will not dish 'em

With toasts and butter.

*Sir G.* Cook! rogue! obey him!

I've given the word: pray, now remove yourself

To a collar of brawn, and trouble me no further.

*Gree.* I will, and meditate what to eat at dinner.

[Exit.]

*Sir G.* And as I said, Meg, when this gull disturb'd us,

This honourable lord, this colonel,

I would have thy husband.

*Marg.* There's too much disparity

Between his quality and mine, to hope it

*Sir G.* I more than hope, and doubt not to effect it; Be thou no enemy to thyself: my wealth



Shall weigh his titles down, and make you equals.  
Now for the means to assure him thine, observe me:

Remember, he's a courtier, and a soldier,  
And not to be trifled with; and therefore, when  
He comes to woo you, see you do not coy it:  
This mincing modesty hath spoil'd many a match  
By a first refusal, in vain after hop'd for.

*Mary.* You'll have me, sir, preserve the distance  
that

Confines a virgin?

*Sir G.* Virgin me no virgin!

I'll have you lose that name, or you lose me;  
I'll have you private—start not—I say, private:  
If you are my true daughter,

You'll venture alone with one man, though he  
came

Like Jupiter and Semele, and come off, too:

And therefore, when he kisses you, kiss close.

*Mary.* I've heard this is the wanton's fashion,  
sir,

Which I must never learn.

*Sir G.* Learn any thing,  
And from any creature, that may make thee great;  
Even from the devil himself: stand not on form;  
Words are no substances.

*Mary.* With your leave, sir; in worldly policy,  
This is not the way to make me his wife:  
My virgin scruples overcome so soon,  
Cannot but assure him,  
I, that am light to him, will not hold weight  
When tempted by others; so, in judgment,  
If, to obey you, I forget my honour,  
He must and will forsake me.

*Sir G.* How! forsake thee?

Do I wear a sword for fashion? or is this arm  
Shrunk up, or wither'd? Does there live a man,  
Of that large list I have encounter'd with,  
Can truly say I e'er gave inch of ground  
Not purchas'd with his blood, that did oppose me?  
Forsake thee! He dares not.  
Though all his captains, echoes to his will,  
Stood arm'd by his side, to justify the wrong,  
And he himself at the head of his bold troop;  
Spite of his lordship, and his colonelship,  
I'd make him render  
A bloody and a strict account, and forces him,  
By marrying thee, to cure thy wounded honour,  
Meg, I have said it.

*Enter MARRALL, hastily.*

*Mar.* Sir, sir, the man of honour's come,  
Newly alighted.

*Sir G.* In there, without reply, and wait my  
call;

And do as I command, or thou art lost. *[Exit MARRALL.]*

Is the loud music I gave order for,  
Ready to receive him?

*Mar.* 'Tis, sir.

*Sir G.* Let 'em sound

A princely welcome.

Roughness, awhile leave me;

For fawning now, a stranger to my nature,

Must make way for me. *(Music.)*

*Enter MARRALL, LOVELL, and ALLWORTH,*  
*preceded and followed by servants.*

*Lov.* Sir, you meet your trouble.

*Sir G.* What you are pleas'd to style so, is an  
honour

Above my worth and fortunes.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Allw. (Aside.)* Strange! so humble!

*Sir G.* A justice of peace, my lord.

*(Presents Greedy to him.)*

*Lov.* Your hand, good sir.

*Gree. (Aside.)* This is a lord: some would think  
this a favour;

But I had rather have my hand in my dumpling.

*Sir G.* Room for my lord.

*Lov.* I miss, sir, your fair daughter,  
To crown my welcome.

*Sir G.* May it please my lord  
To take a glass of Greek wine first; and sud-  
denly

She shall attend, my lord.

*Lov.* You'll be obey'd, sir.

*[Exeunt all but Sir Giles.]*

*Sir G.* 'Tis to my wish; as soon as come, ask for  
her.

Why, Meg! Meg Overreach!

*Re-enter MARGARET.*

How! tears in your eyes!

Ha! dry 'em quickly, or I'll dig 'em out.

Is this a time to whimper? meet that greatness

That flies into thy bosom; think what 'tis

For me to say, my honourable daughter.

No more; but be instructed, or expect—

*Re-enter LOVELL, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, and  
MARRALL.*

A fine girl, my lord.

*Lov.* As I live, a rare one!

*(Salutes her.)*

*All.* He's ta'en already: I am lost.

*Sir G.* That kiss

Came twanging off; I like it: *(Aside.)* Quit the  
room.

*[Exeunt Greedy, MARRALL, and ALLWORTH.]*

A little bashful, my good lord, but you,

I hope, will teach her boldness.

*Lov.* I am happy

In such a scholar: but—

*Sir G.* I am too old to learn,  
And therefore leave you to yourselves. Remem-  
ber.

*[Aside to Margaret, and exit.]*

*Lov.* You see, fair lady, your father is solici-  
tous

To have you change the barren name of virgin  
into a hopeful wife.

*Mary.* His haste, my lord,

Holds no power o'er my will.

*Lov.* But o'er your duty.

*Mary.* Which, forc'd too much, may break.

*Lov.* Bend rather, sweetest:

Think of your years.

*Mary.* Too few to match with yours.

*Lov.* I can advance you.

*Mary.* To a hill of sorrow;

Where every hour I may expect to fall,

But never hope firm footing. You are noble,

I of a low descent, however rich;

O, my good lord, I could say more, but that

I dare not trust these walls.

*Lov.* Pray you, trust my ear then.

*(They whisper.)*

*Re-enter SIR GILES, listening.*

*Sir G.* Close at it! whispering! this is excel-  
lent!

And by their postures, a consent on both parts.

*Re-enter GREEDY.*

*Gree.* Sir Giles! Sir Giles!

*Sir G.* The great fiend stop that clapper!

*Gree.* It must ring out, sir, when my belly rings  
noon.

The bak'd meats are run out, the roast turn'd  
powder.

*Sir G.* Stop your insatiate jaws, or

I shall powder you.

*Gree.* Beat me to dust, I care not

In such a cause as this, I'll die a martyr.

*Sir G.* Disturb my lord,

When he is in discourse?

*Gree.* Is't a time to talk,  
When we should be munching?

*Sir G.* Mum, villain; vanish! Shall we break a bargain  
Almost made up?

[*Exit, thrusting Greedy off before him.*]

*Los.* Lady, I understand you,  
And wish you happy in your choice; believe it,  
I'll be a careful pilot to direct  
Your yet uncertain bark to a port of safety.

*Marg.* So shall your honour save two lives, and  
bind us  
Your slaves for ever.

*Los.* I'm in the act rewarded,  
Since it is good: Howe'er you must put on  
An amorous carriage towards me, till our purpose  
Be brought to the wish'd end.

*Marg.* I'm prone to that.

*Los.* Now break we off our conference. *Sir Giles!*

Where is *Sir Giles*?

*Enter SIR GILES, ALLWORTH, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Sir G.* My noble lord; and how  
Does you lordship find her?

*Los.* Apt, *Sir Giles*, and coming;  
And I like her the better.

*Sir G. (Aside.)* So do I too.

*Los.* Yet should we take forts at the first assault,  
'Twere poor in the defendant: I will confirm her  
With a love-letter or two, which I shall have  
Deliver'd by my page: we must, for form, give  
way to't.

*Sir G.* With all my soul.

A towardly gentleman!

Your hand, good Master Allworth: know my  
house  
Is ever open to you.

*Althe. (Aside.)* 'Twas shut till now.

*Sir G. (To Margaret.)* Well done, well done, my  
honourable daughter!

Thou'rt so already,—know this gentle youth,  
And cherish him, my honourable daughter!

*Marg.* I shall, with my best care.

*Servants. (Without.)* Room, room,—make way  
there for my lady.

*Sir G.* What noise?

*Gree.* More stops.

Before we go to dinner! O my guts!

*Enter Servants, LADY ALLWORTH, and WELLBORN.*

*Lady. (To Wellborn.)* If I find welcome,  
You shall share in't, if not I'll back again;  
For I come arm'd for all can be objected.

*Los.* How! the Lady Allworth?

*Sir G.* And thus attended!

*Marg.* No, I am a doit;

The spirit of lies hath enter'd me.

*Los.* Noble lady,

This is a favour, to prevent my visit,  
The service of my life can never equal.

*Lady.* My lord, I laid wait for you, and much  
hop'd

You would have made my poor house your first  
inn:

And therefore, doubting that you might forget me,  
I borrow'd so much from my long restraint,  
And took the air, in person to invite you.

*Los.* Your bounties are so great, they rob me,  
madam,

—we you thanks.

*Lady.* Good *Sir Giles Overreach. (Bows to him.)*  
How dost thou, *Marrall*? Lik'd you my meat so  
ill,

You'll dine no more with me?

*Gree.* I will, when you please,

An't like your ladyship.

*Lady.* When you please, Master Greedy;

If meat can do't, you shall be satisfied.

And now, my lord, pray take into your knowledge  
This gentleman: howe'er his outside's coarse,

(*Presents Wellborn.*)

His inward linings are as fine and fair

As any man's:

And howsoe'er his honour carries him

To be thus accoutred, or what taint soe'er,

For his wild life, hath stuck upon his fame,

He may, ere long, with boldness rank himself

With some that have contemn'd him. *Sir Giles*

*Overreach.*

If I am welcome, bid him so.

*Sir G.* My nephew!

He has been too long a stranger: faith, you have:

Pray, let it be mended.

(*Lovell confers apart with Wellborn.*)

*Mar.* Why, sir, what do you mean?

This is rogue Wellborn, monster, prodigy,

That should hang, or drown himself: no man of  
worship,

Much less your nephew.

*Sir G.* Well, sirrah, we shall reckon

For this hereafter.

*Mar.* I'll not lose my joke,

Though I be beaten dead for't.

*Well. (Advancing.)* Let my silence plead

In my excuse, my lord, till better leisure

Offers itself, to hear a full relation

Of my poor fortunes.

*Los.* I would hear, and help 'em.

(*Aside to Wellborn.*)

*Sir G.* Your dinner waits you.

*Los.* Pray you, lead; we follow.

*Lady.* Dear Master Wellborn, come: You are my  
guest

[*Takes Wellborn's hand. Music. Exit all  
but Greedy.*]

*Gree.* Dear Master Wellborn! so she said:  
Heaven, heaven!

If my belly would give me leave, I could ruminato  
All day on this: I've granted twenty warrants

To have him committed, from all the prisons in the  
shire,

To Nottingham gaol! And now, Dear Master  
Wellborn!

And, My good nephew! But I play the fool,  
To stand here prating, and forget my dinner.

*Re-enter MARRALL.*

Are they set, *Marrall*?

*Mar.* Long since—Pray you, a word, sir.

*Greedy.* No wording now.

*Mar.* In troth, I must; My master,

Knowing you are his good friend, makes bold with  
you,

And does entreat you, more guests being coming  
in

Than he expected, especially his nephew,

The table being full too, you would excuse h'm,

And wait to sup with him on the cold meat.

*Gree.* How! no dinner,

After all my care?

*Mar.* 'Tis but a penance for

A meal; besides, you broke your fast—

*Gree.* That was

But a bit to stay my stomach. A man in commis-  
sion

Give place to a tatterdemon!?

*Mar.* No big words, sir!

Should his worship hear you,—

*Grec.* Lose my dumpling too,  
And butter'd toast and woodcocks?

*Mar.* Come, have patience,

If you will dispense a little with your justice-  
ship,

And sit with the maids below there, you'll have  
dumpling,

Woodcock, and butter'd toast too, by and by.

*Grec.* This revives me:

I will gorge there sufficiently.

*Mar.* There's your way, sir. *[Exit Marraill.]*

*Grec.* I fear, we shall have but short commons  
below. I am no cameleon, to feed on air; nor  
Frenchman, to feast on a scoured frog, or regale on  
an ounce of beef in a Mediterranean sea of soup:  
I love to see the board well spread, groaning  
under its savoury burden, smoking-hot, from spit,  
furnace, and cauldron. Ods me, Sir Giles!

*[Exit Greedy.]*

*Enter SIR GILES.*

*Sir G.* She's caught! O, woman! What, neglect  
my lord,

And all her compliments apply to Wellborn!

The garments of her widowhood laid by,

She now appears as glorious as the spring.

Her eyes fix'd on him, in the wine she drinks,

He being her pledge, she sends him burning kisses,

And sits on thorns, till she be private with him.

She leaves my meat, to feed upon his looks;

And if in our discourse he be but nam'd,

From her a deep sigh follows. But why grieve I

At this? It makes for me; if she prove his,

All that is hers is mine, as I will work him.

*Enter MARRALL.*

*Mar.* Sir, the whole board is troubled at your  
rising.

*Sir G.* No matter, I'll excuse it: 'Prythee Mar-  
rall,

Watch an occasion to invite my nephew

To speak with me in private.

*Mar.* Who! the rogue

The lady scorn'd to look on!

*Sir G.* Sirrah, sirrah!

*Enter LOVELL, MARGARET, and ALLWORTH.*

*Sir G.* (To Lov.) My good lord, excuse my  
manners.

*Lov.* There needs none, Sir Giles;

I may ere long say—father, when it please

My dearest mistress to give warrant to it.

*Sir G.* She shall seal to it, my lord, and make me  
happy.

*(Lady Allworth, &c. without.)*

*Lady.* Nay, Master Wellborn,—

*Mar.* See, sir, she comes, and cannot be without  
him.

*Sir G.* Grosser and grosser.

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH, WELLBORN, and  
Servants.*

*Lady.* Provide my coach,

I'll instantly away. My thanks, Sir Giles,

For your entertainment. *(Mar. whispers Well.)*

*Sir G.* 'Tis your nobleness,

To think it such.

*Lady.* I must do you a further wrong,

In taking away your honourable guest.

*Lov.* I wait on you, madam: farewell, good Sir  
Giles.

*Lady.* Nay, come, Master Wellborn.

*[Exit Marraill.]*

I must not leave you behind; in sooth I must not.

*Sir G.* Rob me not, madam, of all joys at once:

Let my nephew stay behind; he shall have my  
coach,

And after some small conference between us,

Soon overtake your ladyship.

*Lady.* Stay not long, sir.

*Lov.* Farewell, dear Margaret! You shall every  
day

Hear from your servant, by my faithful page.

*Allw.* 'Tis a service I am proud of.

*[Exeunt Lovell, Lady Allworth, Allworth, and  
Servants.]*

*Sir G.* Daughter, to your chamber.

*[Exit Margaret.]*

You may wonder, nephew,

After so long an enmity between us,

I should desire your friendship.

*Well.* So I do, sir;

'Tis strange to me.

*Sir G.* But I will make it no wonder;

And, what is more, unfold my nature to you.

We worldly men, when we see friends and kins-  
men

Past hope sunk in their fortunes, lend no hand

To lift 'em up, but rather set our feet

Upon their heads, to press 'em to the bottom;

As I must yield, with you I practis'd it;

But, now I see you in a way to rise,

I can and will assist you. This rich lady,

(And I am glad of't), is enamour'd of you.

*Well.* No such thing:

Compassion rather, sir.

*Sir G.* Well, in a word,

Because your stay is short, I'll have you seen

No more in this base shape; nor shall she say,

She married you like a beggar, or in debt.

*Well.* (Aside.) He'll run into the noose, and save  
my labour.

*Sir G.* You have a trunk of rich clothes not far  
hence,

In pawn; I will redeem 'em; and, that no clamour

May taint your credit for your petty debts,

You shall have wherewithal to cut 'em off,

And go a freeman to the wealthy lady.

*Well.* This done, sir, out of love, and no ends  
else—

*Sir G.* As it is, nephew.

*Well.* Binds me still your servant.

*Sir G.* No compliments; you're staid for. Ere

you've sup'd,

You shall hear from me. My coach, knaves, for

my nephew!

To-morrow I will visit you.

*Well.* Here's an uncle

In a man's extremes! How much they do belie  
you,

That say you are hard-hearted.

*Sir G.* My deeds, nephew,

Shall speak my love; what men report, I weigh  
not. *[Exeunt.]*

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—A Room in Lady Allworth's house.

LOVELL seated, sealing a letter, and ALLWORTH  
waiting on him.

*Lov.* 'Tis well. May this succeed!

*(Rises and advances.)*

I now discharge you

From further service: mind your own affairs:

I hope they'll prove successful.

*Allw.* What is blest

With your good wish, my lord, cannot but pros-  
per.

Let after times report, and to your honour,

How much I stand engaged, for I want language  
To speak my debt; yet, if a tear or two  
Of joy, for your much goodness, can supply  
My tongue's defects, I could—

*Loc.* Nay, do not melt;  
This ceremonial thanks, to me's superfluous.  
(*Sir Giles Overreach, &c., without.*)

*Sir G.* Is my lord stirring?

*Loc.* 'Tis he! O, here's your letter.

(*Gives a letter.*)

Let him in.

(*Allworth opens the door.*)

Enter *SIR GILES, GREEDY, and MARRALL.*

*Sir G.* A good day to my lord!

*Loc.* You are an early riser,  
*Sir Giles.*

*Sir G.* And reason, to attend your lordship.

*Loc.* And you, too, Master Greedy, up so soon!

*Gree.* In troth, my lord, after the sun is up  
I cannot sleep: for I've a foolish stomach  
That crows for breakfast. With your lordship's  
favour

I have a serious question to demand

Of my worthy friend *Sir Giles.*

*Loc.* Pray you, use your pleasure.

(*Retires.*)

*Gree.* How far, *Sir Giles*, and pray you answer  
me

Upon your credit, hold you it to be  
From your manor-house to this of my *Lady All-*  
worth's?

*Sir G.* Why, some four mile.

*Gree.* How! four mile, good *Sir Giles*—

Upon your reputation, think better;

For four miles' riding

Could not have rais'd so huge an appetite

As I feel gnawing on me.

*Mar.* Whether you ride,  
Or go afoot, you're that way still provided,  
An't please your worship.

*Sir G.* How now, sirrah? prating

Before my lord! no defence; Go to my nephew,  
See all his debts discharg'd, and help his worship  
To fit on his rich suit.

*Mar.* I may fit you too.

(*Exit Marrall.*)

*Loc.* I have writ this morning  
A few lines to my mistress, your fair daughter.

*Sir G.* 'Twill fire her; for she's wholly yours  
already.

Sweet Master Allworth, take my ring; 'twill carry  
you

To her presence, I dare warrant you; and there  
plead

For my good lord, if you should find occasion.

That done, pray, ride to Nottingham, get a  
license.

Still by this token. (*To Loc.*) I will have't des-  
patch'd,

And suddenly, my lord, that I may say,

My honourable, nay, right honourable daughter.

*Gree.* (*To Allworth.*) Take my advice, young  
gentleman: get your breakfast;

'Tis unwholesome to ride fasting: I'll eat with  
you,

And that abundantly.

*Sir G.* Some fury's in that gut:  
Hungry again! did you not devour this morning  
A shield of brawn, and a barrel of Colchester  
oysters?

*Gree.* Why, that was, sir, only to scour my sto-  
mach,

A kind of preparative.

*Loc.* Haste your return

*Allw.* I will not fail, my lord.

(*Exit.*)

*Gree.* Nor I, to line

My Christmas coffer.

(*Exit.*)

*Sir G.* To my wish; (*They sit.*) we're private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter

A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:

In one word I pronounce, all that is mine,

In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,

With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you  
have

One motive to induce you to believe

I live too long; since every year I'll add

Something unto the heap, which shall be yours,  
too.

*Loc.* You are a right kind father.

*Sir G.* You shall have reason

To think me such.

How do you like this seat of *Lady Allworth's*?

It is well wooded and well water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich; would it not serve, for change,

To entertain your friends in a summer progress?

What thinks my noble lord?

*Loc.* 'Tis a wholesome air,  
And well-built pile: and she that's mistress of it,  
Worthy the large revenue.

*Sir G.* She the mistress!

It may be so for a time; but, let my lord  
Say only that he but likes it, and would have it,  
I say, ere long 'tis his.

*Loc.* Impossible!

*Sir G.* You conclude too fast, not knowing me;  
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone  
The *Lady Allworth's* lands;—for those once *Well-*  
born's,

As, by her dotage to him, I know they will be,

Shall soon be mine:—but point out any man's

In all the shire, and say they lie convenient

And useful for your lordship, and once more

I say aloud they're yours (They rise.)

*Loc.* I dare not own

What's by unjust and cruel means extorted;

My fame and credit are more dear to me,

Than thus to expose 'em to be censur'd by

The public voice.

*Sir G.* You run, my lord, no hazard.

Your reputation shall still stand as fair

In all good men's opinion's, as now:

For though I do condemn report myself,

As a mere sound, I still will be so tender

Of what concerns you, in all points of honour,

That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,

Shall ne'er be sullied with one taint or spot.

All my ambition is, to have my daughter

Right honourable, which my lord can make her:

And, might I live to dance upon my knee

A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,

I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.

As for possessions and annual rents,

Equivalent to maintain you in the port

Your noble birth and present state requires,

I do remove that burthen from your shoulders.

And take it on mine own; for though I ruin

The country, to supply your riotous waste,

The scourge of prodigals, want, shall never find  
you.

*Loc.* Are you not mov'd with the sad impreca-  
tions

And curses of whole families, made wretched

By your sinister practices?

*Sir G.* Yea, as rocks are,

When foamy billows split themselves against

Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is mov'd

When wolves, with hunger pin'd, howl at her  
brightness.

I'm of a solid temper, and, like these,  
Steer on a constant course.  
Nay, when my ears are pierc'd with widow's cries,  
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,

I only think what 'tis to have my daughter  
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,  
Makes me insensible of remorse, or pity,  
Or the least sting of conscience.

*Loc.* I admire  
The toughness of your nature.

*Sir G.* 'Tis for you,  
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble;  
Nay more, if you will have my character  
In little, I enjoy more true delight  
In my arrival to my wealth these dark  
And crooked ways, than you shall e'er take pleasure

In spending what my industry hath compass'd.  
My haste commands me hence; in one word, therefore,

Is it a match, my lord?

*Loc.* I hope that is past doubt now.

*Sir G.* Then rest secure; not the hate of all mankind here,

Nor fear of what can fall on me hereafter,  
Shall make me study aught but your advancement  
One story higher: an earl! if gold can do it;  
Doubt not my honour, nor my faith to you;  
Though I am borne thus headlong by my will,  
You may make choice of what belief you please,  
To me 'tis equal! so, my lord, good-morrow. *[Exit.]*

*Loc.* He's gone: I wonder how the earth can bear him!

I, that have liv'd a soldier,  
And stood the enemy's violent charge undaunted,  
To bear this horrid monster, am all bath'd  
In a cold sweat: yet, like a mountain, he  
Is no more shaken, than Olympus is  
When angry Boreas loads his double head  
With sudden drifts of snow.

*Enter LADY ALLWORTH.*

*Lady.* Save you, my lord.  
Disturb I not your privacy?

*Loc.* No, good madam;  
For your own sake, I'm glad you came no sooner:  
Since this bold, bad man, Sir Giles Overreach,  
Made such a plain discovery of himself,  
And read this morning such a devilish matina,  
That I should think it a sin next to his  
But to repeat it.

*Lady.* I ne'er press'd, my lord,  
On others' privacy; yet, against my will,  
Walking for health's sake, in the gallery here,  
I was made,

(So loud and vehement he was,) partaker  
Of his tempting offers.  
But, my good lord, if I may use my freedom,  
As to an honour'd friend,—

*Loc.* You lessen else  
Your favour to me.

*Lady.* I dare, then, say thus:  
However common man  
Make sordid wealth the object and sole end  
Of their industrious aims, 'twill not agree  
With those of noble blood, of fame, and honour.

*Loc.* Madam, 'tis confess'd;  
But what infer you from it?

*Lady.* This, my lord;  
I allow the beir of Sir Giles Overreach, Margaret,  
A maid well qualified, and the richest match  
Our north part can make boast of; yet she cannot,  
With all that she brings with her, stop their  
mouths

That never will forget who was her father:  
Or that my husband Allworth's lands, and Wellborn's,  
(How wrung from both, needs no repetition.)  
Were real motives that more work'd your lordship

To join your families, than her form and virtues:  
You may conceive the rest.

*Loc.* I do, good madam.  
And long since have consider'd it  
And 'tis my resolution, ne'er to wed  
With the rich Margaret, Overreach's daughter.

*Lady.* *(Aside.)* I am glad to hear this.  
Why, then, my lord, pretend you marriage to her?  
Dissimulation but ties false knots  
On that straight line, by which you hitherto  
Have measur'd all your actions.

*Loc.* I make answer,  
And aptly, with a question. Wherefore have you,  
That, since your husband's death, have liv'd a  
strict

And chaste nun's life, on the sudden given yourself

To visits and entertainments? Think you, madam,  
'Tis not grown public conference? or the favours  
Which you so prodigally have thrown on Wellborn,

Incur not censure?

*Lady.* I'm innocent here; and, on my life, I  
swear,  
My ends are good.

*Loc.* So, on my soul, are mine  
To Margaret: but leave both to the event;  
And, since this friendly privacy doth serve  
As a fair offer'd means unto ourselves  
To search each other further—you having shewn  
Your care of me, I, my respect to you—  
Deny me not, I dare not yet say more,  
An afternoon's discourse.

*Lady.* Affected coyness might deny your suit;  
But, such your honour, frankness shall become  
me

And bid my tongue avow my honest heart:  
I shall attend your lordship.

*Loc.* My heart thanks you.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE II.—A Village.

*Enter FROTH, and TAPWELL, from the House.*  
*Tap.* Undone, undone! This was your counsel,  
Froth.

*Froth.* Mine! I defy thee: did not Master  
Marrall  
(He has marr'd all, I am sure,) strictly command  
us,

On pain of Sir Giles Overreach's displeasure,  
To turn the gentleman out of doors?

*Tap.* 'Tis true:

But now, he's his uncle's darling; and has got  
Master Justice Greedy, since he fill'd his belly,  
At his commandment to do any thing.  
Woe, woe to us!

*Froth.* He may prove merciful.

*Tap.* Troth, we do not deserve it at his hands.

*Froth.* Then, he knows all the passages of our  
house;

As the receiving of stolen goods, and so forth.

When he was rogue Wellborn, no man would believe him:

And then his information could not hurt us;

But, now he is right worshipful again,

Who dares but doubt his testimony?

*Tap.* Undone, undone! Methinks  
I see thee, Froth, already in a cart;

And my hand hissing,  
If I 'scape the halter, with the letter B  
Printed upon it.

*Proth.* 'Would that were the worst!  
That were but nine days' yonder. As for credit,  
We've none to lose; but we shall lose his custom:  
There's the devil on't.

*Tap.* He has summon'd all his creditors by the drum;

'Tis said, he has found such a new way  
To pay his old debts, as 'tis very likely,  
He shall be chronicled for it.

*Proth.* But are you sure his worship  
Comes this way to my lady's? (*Drum, and cry with-  
out of Brave Master Wellborn!*)

*Tap.* Hark! I hear him.

*Proth.* Be ready with your petition, and present it  
To his good grace. (*Drum, and cry again.*)

*Enter GREEDY WELLBORN, in a rich habit,  
MARRALL, Vintner, Tailor, with other Creditors,  
ORDER, FURNACE, and AMBLE; TAPWELL  
and PROTH, kneeling, deliver a petition.*

*Well.* How's this? petition'd too!  
But note what miracles the payment of  
A little trash, and a rich suit of clothes,  
Can work upon these rascals. I shall be,  
I think, Prince Wellborn.

*Mar.* When your worship's married,  
You may be, I know; what I hope to see you.

*Well.* Then look thou for advancement.

*Mar.* To be known  
Your worship's balliff is the mark I shoot at.

*Well.* And thou shalt hit it.

*Mar.* Pray you, sir, dispatch  
These needy followers; and for my admittance,  
(*Tapwell and Proth flatter Justice Greedy.*)

Provided you'll defend me from Sir Giles,  
Whose service I am weary of, I'll say nothing  
You shall give thanks for.

*Well.* Fear me not, Sir Giles.

(*Well and Mar. converse apart.*)

*Gree.* (*Advancing.*) who? Tapwell, I remember;  
thy wife brought me,

Last new year's tide, a couple of fat turkeys.

*Tap.* And shall do, every Christmas, let your  
worship

But stand my friend now.

*Gree.* How, with Master Wellborn?

I can do any thing with him on such terms.

See you this honest couple? (*To Well.*) They're good  
souls

As ever drew out spigot. Have they not  
A pair of honest faces?

*Well.* I o'erheard you,  
And the bribe he promis'd. You are cozen'd in  
'em;

For, of all the scum that grew rich by my riots,  
This, for a most unthankful knave, and this,  
For a base queen and thief, have worst deserv'd  
me;

And therefore speak not for them. By your place,  
You're rather to do me justice. Lend me your ear:  
Forget his turkeys, and call in his license,  
And every season I will send you venison,  
To feast a mayor and corporation.

*Gree.* I'm chang'd o'the sudden in my opinion.  
Mum.

Come near; (*To Tap and Proth.*) nearer, rascal!

And, now I view him better, did you e'er see

One look so like an arch knave? his very counte-  
nance,

Should an understanding judge but look upon him,  
Would hang him, though he were innocent.

- & *Proth.* Worshipful sir,—

*Gree.* No: though the Great Turk came, instead  
of turkeys,

To beg my favour, I am inexorable.  
Thou'st an ill name: I here do damn thy license,  
Forbidding thee ever to tap or draw;  
For instantly I will, in mine own person,  
Command the constable to pull down thy sign,  
And do't before I eat.

*Proth.* No mercy?

*Gree.* Vanish!

If I shew any, may my promis'd venison choke me!

*Tap.* Unthankful knaves are ever so rewarded.

[*Exeunt Tapwell and Proth.*]  
*Well.* On, master Greedy: I'll be with you at  
dinner.

*Gree.* For heaven's sake, don't stay long;

'Tis almost ready. [*Exit.*]

*Well.* Speak: what are you?

*Vint.* A decay'd vintner, sir.

That might have thriv'd but that your worship  
broke me,

With trusting you with muscadine and eggs,  
And five-pound suppers, with your after-drinkings,  
When you lodg'd upon the Bankside.

*Well.* I remember.

*Vint.* I've not been hasty, nor e'er laid to arrest  
you;

And therefore, sir,—

*Well.* Thou art an honest fellow.

I'll set thee up again. (*To Mar.*) See his bill paid.  
What are you?

*Tap.* A tailor once, but now mere botcher.

I long time gave you credit for rich clothes;

But, your failing in payment,

I was remov'd from the shop-board, and confin'd  
Under a stall.

*Well.* See him paid: (*To Marrall.*) and botch no  
more.

*Tap.* I ask no interest, sir.

*Well.* Such tailors need not;

If their bills are paid in one-and-twenty years,  
They're seldom losers. See these men discharg'd.

(*Marrall settles with the creditors.*)

And, since old debts are clear'd by a new way,  
A little bounty will not misbecome me:  
There's something for you all.

(*Gives money to all the Servants.*)

All the Creditors. Brave Master Wellborn!

[*Exeunt Creditors.*]

*Well.* Leave me, good friend: attend upon your  
lady. [*Exeunt Amble, Furnace, and Order.*]

Now, Master Marrall, what's the weighty secret

You promis'd to impart?

*Mar.* Sir, time nor place

Allow me to relate each circumstance;

This only, in a word: I know, Sir Giles

Will come upon you for security

For all the money which he now has lent you;

This you must not consent to:

As he grows in heat, as I am sure he will,

Be you but rough, and say he's in your debt

Ten times the sum, upon the sale of your land:

I'd a hand in't, I speak it to my shame,

When you were defeated of it.

*Well.* That's forgiven.

*Mar.* I shall deserve it. Then urge him to  
produce

The deed in which you pass'd it over to him:

Which, I know, he'll have about him, to deliver

To the Lord Lovell. I'll instruct you further

As I wait on your worship: if I play not my prize  
To your full content, and your uncle's much vex-  
ation,

Hang up Jack Marrall.

*Well.* I rely upon thee.

[*Exeunt*]

SCENE III.—A Room in Sir Giles' House.

Enter MARGARET, with a letter in her hand, and ALLWORTH.

*Allw.* Whether to yield the first praise to my lord's

Unequal'd temperance, or your constant sweetness, I yet rest doubtful.

*Marg.* Give it to Lord Lovell;

For what in him was bounty, in me a duty.

I make but payment of a debt to which

My vows, in that high office register'd,  
Are faithful witnesses.

*Allw.* 'Tis true, my dearest:

Yet, when I call to mind how many fair ones  
Make wilful shipwreck of their faiths and oaths,  
To fill the arms of greatness;

While you, with matchless virtue, thus hold out,  
Spurning at honour, when it comes to court you,—  
I am so tender of your good, that faintly  
I wish myself that right, you're pleas'd to do me.

*Marg.* To me what's title, when content is wanting?

Or the smooth brow, and wealth,  
Of a pleas'd sire that slaves me to his will;—  
And, so his vain ambition may be feasted  
By my obedience, and he see me great,  
Leaves to my soul nor faculties nor power  
To make her own election?

*Allw.* But the dangers  
That follow the repulse—

*Marg.* To me they're nothing:

Let Allworth love, I cannot be unhappy.  
Suppose the worst, that in his rage, he kill me;  
A tear or two, by you dropt on my hearse,  
In sorrow for my fate, will call back life.  
So far as but to say, that I die your's;  
I then shall rest in peace.

*Allw.* Heaven avert  
Such trials of your true affection to me!  
Nor will it unto you, that are all mercy,  
Shew so much rigour. But, since we must run  
Such desperate hazards, let us do our best  
To steer between 'em.

*Marg.* Lord Lovell is our friend;  
And, though but a young actor, second me  
In doing to the life what he has plotted.

Enter SIR GILES.

The end may yet prove happy. (*Aside.*) Now, my Allworth.

*Allw.* (*Aside.*) To your letter, and put on a seeming anger.

*Marg.* I'll pay my lord all debts due to his title:  
And, when with terms not taking from his honour  
He does solicit me, I shall gladly hear him;  
But, in this peremptory, nay, commanding way,  
To fix a time and place, without my knowledge,  
A priest to tie the knot can ne'er be undone  
Till death unloose it, is a confidence  
In his lordship will deceive him.

*Allw.* I hope better, good lady.

*Marg.* Hope, sir, what you please; for me,  
I must take a safe and secure course: I have  
A father, and without his full consent,  
Though all lords of the land kneel'd for my  
favour,  
I can grant nothing.

*Sir G.* (*Aside.*) I like this obedience;  
But whatsoever my lord writes, must and shall  
be

Accepted and embrac'd. Sweet Master Allworth,  
You shew yourself a true and faithful servant

To your good lord: he has a jewel of you.

How! frowning, Mag? Are these looks to receive

A messenger from my lord? What's this? give me it.

*Marg.* A piece of arrogant paper.

*Sir G.* (*Reads.*) "Fair mistress, from your servant  
learn all joys

That we can hope for, if deferr'd, prove toys;

Therefore, this instant, and in private, meet

A husband, that will gladly at your feet

Lay down his honours, tendering them to you

With all content, the church being paid her due."

Is this the arrogant piece of paper? fool!

Will you still be one? I' the name of madness,  
what

Could his good honour write more to content  
you?

Is there ought else to be wish'd, after these two

That are already offer'd? Marriage first,

And lawful pleasure after. What would you more?

*Marg.* Why, sir, I would he married like your  
daughter:

Not hurried away i' the night, I know not whither,

Without all ceremony; no friends invited,

To honour the solemnity.

*Allw.* An't please your honour,

For so, before to-morrow, I must style you,

My lord desires this privacy, in respect

His honourable kinsmen are far off,

And his desires to have it done, brook not

So long delay as to expect their coming;

And yet he stands resolv'd with all due pomp

To have his marriage at court celebrated,

When he has brought your honour up to London.

*Sir G.* He tells you true; 'tis the fashion, on my

knowledge:

Yet the good lord, to please your peevishness,

Must put it off, forsooth!

*Marg.* I could be contented,

Were you but by, to do a father's part,

And give me in the church.

*Sir G.* So my lord have you,

What do I care who gives you? Since my lord

Does purpose to be private, I'll not cross him.

I know not, Master Allworth, how my lord

May be provided, and therefore, there's a purse

Of gold: 'twill serve this night's expense; to-morrow

I'll furnish him with any sums.

Use my ring to my chaplain; he is benefic'd

At my manor of Got'em, and call'd Parson Wildo;

'Tis no matter for a license: I'll bear him out in't.

*Marg.* With your favour, sir, what warrant is  
your ring?

He may suppose I got that twenty ways,

Without your knowledge! and then, to be refus'd

Were such a strain upon me! If you pleas'd, sir,

Your presence would do better.

*Sir G.* Still perverse!

I say again, I will not cross my lord:

Yet I'll prevent you too. Paper and ink there.

*Allw.* Sir 'tis ready here.

*Sir G.* I thank you. I can write, then, to my  
chaplain. (*Sir Giles sits down and writes.*)

*Allw.* Sir, sir,

You may, if you please, leave out the name of my

lord,

In respect he would be private, and only write—

"Marry her to this gentleman."

*Sir G.* Well advis'd—

'Tis done. Away! (*Exit Sir Giles*)

(*Gives Allworth the paper; Margaret is*

My blessing? Grl, thou hast it:  
 Nay, no reply. Begone, good Master Allworth:  
 This shall be the best night's work you ever made.  
*Allw.* I hope so, sir. [*Exeunt Marg. and Allw.*  
*Sir G.* Now all's cock-sure.

Metinks I hear already knights and ladies  
 Say, Sir Giles Overreach, how is it with  
 Your honourable daughter?  
 My ends, my ends are compass'd! Then, for  
 Wellborn

And the lands; were he once married to the widow;  
 I have him here. (*Touching his forehead.*) I can  
 scarce contain myself,  
 I am so full of joy; nay, joy all over! [*Exit.*

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*The Hall in Lady Allworth's house,**Enter LOVELL and LADY ALLWORTH.*

*Lady.* By this, you know how strong the motives  
 were,

That did, my lord, induce me to dispense  
 A little with my gravity, to advance  
 The plots and projects of the down-trod Wellborn.

*Lov.* What you intended, madam,  
 For the poor gentleman, hath found good success;  
 For, as I understand, his debts are paid,  
 And he once more furnish'd for fair employment:  
 But all the arts that I have us'd to raise  
 The fortunes of your joy and mine, youth Allworth,  
 Stand yet in supposition: though I hope well;  
 For the young lovers are in wit more pregnant  
 Than their years can promise.

*Lady.* Though my wishes  
 Are with yours, my lord: yet give me leave to fear  
 The building, though well-grounded. To deceive  
 Sir Giles, that's both a lion and a fox  
 In his proceedings, were a work beyond  
 The strongest undertakers; not the trial  
 Of two weak innocents.

*Lov.* Despair not, madam:  
 Hard things are compass'd of by easy means.  
 The cunning statesman, that believes, he fathoms  
 The counsels of all kingdoms on the earth,  
 Is by simplicity oft over-reach'd.

*Lady.* May he be so!  
 The young ones have my warmest wishes with  
 them.

*Lov.* O, gentle lady, prove as kind to me!  
 You've deign'd to hear, now grant, my honest suit;  
 And if you may be won to make me happy,  
 But join your hand to mine, and that shall be  
 A solemn contract.

*Lady.* I were blind to my own good,  
 Should I refuse it; yet, my lord, receive me  
 As such a one, the study of whose whole life  
 Shall know no other object but to please you.

*Lov.* If I return not, with all tenderness,  
 Equal respect to you, may I die wretched!

*Lady.* There need no protestations, my lord,  
 To her that cannot doubt.

*Enter WELLBORN.*

You're welcome, sir:  
 Now you look like yourself.

*Well.* And will continue  
 Such, in my free acknowledgment that I am  
 Your creature, madam; and will never hold  
 My life mine own, when you please to command it.

*Lov.* It is a thankfulness that well becomes you.

*Lady.* For me, I am happy,  
 That my endeavours prosper'd. Saw you of late  
 Sir Giles, your uncle?

*Well.* I heard of him, madam,

By his minister, Marrall. He's grown into strange  
 passions

About his daughter: this last night, he look'd for  
 Your lordship at his home; but, missing you,  
 And Margaret not appearing, he is coming  
 To seek her here at Lady Allworth's house.  
 His wise head is much perplex'd and troubled.

*Lov.* I hope my project took.

*Lady.* I strongly hope it.

*(Sir Giles and Marrall without.)*

*Sir G. (Without.)* Ha! find my daughter, thou  
 huge lump of nothing,  
 I'll bore thine eyes out else.

*Well.* May it please your lordship,  
 For some ends of mine own, but to withdraw  
 A little out of sight, though not of hearing,  
 You may, perhaps, have sport.

*Lov.* You shall direct me.

*(Exit.)*

*Sir G. (Without.)* Idiot! booby! booby!

*Marr. (Without.)* O, O, O!

*Sir G. (Without.)* I shall sol-fa you, rogue!

*Marr. (Without.)* Sir, for what cause  
 Do you use me thus?

*Enter SIR GILES with distracted looks, driving in  
 MARRALL before him.*

*Sir G.* Cause, slave? Why, I am angry,  
 And thou a subject only fit for beating.  
 And to cool my choler. Look to the writing:  
 Let but the seal be broke upon the box  
 That has slept in my cabinet these three years,  
 I'll rack thy soul for't.

*Marr. (Aside.)* I may yet cry quittance;  
 Though now I suffer, and dare not resist.

*Sir G. Lady,* by your leave; did you see my  
 daughter, lady?

And the lord her husband? Are they in your  
 house?

If they are, discover, that I may bid 'em joy;  
 And, as an entrance to her place of honour,  
 See you, on her left hand, bending down low,  
 When she nods on you; which you must receive  
 As a special favour.

*Lady.* When I know, Sir Giles,  
 Her state requires such ceremony, I shall pay it;  
 But, in the meantime,  
 I give you to understand, I neither know  
 Nor care where her honour is.

*Sir G.* When you once see her  
 Led and supported by the lord, her husband,  
 You'll be taught better. Nephew,—

*Well.* Well?

*Sir G.* No more!

*Well.* 'Tis all I owe you.

*Sir G.* Have your redeem'd rags  
 Made you thus insolent!

*Well.* Insolent to you!

Why, what are you, sir, pray, unless in years,  
 More than myself?

*Sir G.* His fortune swells him:

'Tis rank! he's married.

*Lady. (Aside.)* This is excellent!

*Sir G.* Sir, in calm language, though I seldom  
 use it,

I am familiar with the cause that makes you  
 Bear up thus bravely; there's a certain buzz  
 Of a stolen marriage,—do you hear!—of a stolen  
 marriage;

In which, 'tis said, there's somebody hath been  
 cozen'd;

I name no parties.

*Well.* Well, sir, and what follows?

*Sir G.* Marry, this, since you are so peremptory:  
 remember,



Upon mere hope of your great match, I lent you  
Some certain monies; put me in good security,  
And suddenly, by mortgage or by statute,  
Of some of your new possessions, or I'll have you  
Dragg'd in your lavender robes to the gaol; you  
know me,

And, therefore, do not trifle.

Well. Can you be

So cruel to your nephew, now he's in  
The way to rise? Was this the courtesy  
You did me, in pure love, and no ends else?

Sir G. End me no ends! Engage the whole estate,

And force your spouse to sign it; you shall have  
Three or four thousand more, to roar and swagger,  
And revel in drunken taverns.

Well. And beg after:

Mean you not so?

Sir G. My thoughts are mine and free.

Shall I have security?

Well. No, indeed, you shall not;  
Nor bond, nor bill, nor bare acknowledgment.  
Your great looks fright not me.

Sir G. But my deeds shall

Lady. Help! Murder, murder! (They both draw.)

Enter AMBLE, WATCHALL, and ORDER, with  
drawn swords.

Sir G. Outbrav'd!

Well. Let him come on,  
Arm'd with his cut-throat practices to guard him,  
With all his wrongs and injuries about him,  
The right that I bring with me will defend me,  
And punish his extortion.

Sir G. That I had thee

But single in the field!

Lady. You may; but make not  
My house your quarrelling scene.

Sir G. Wer't in a church,

By heaven and Hell, I'll do it!

(Lady Allworth retires.)

Mar. (To Well.) Now put him to  
The shewing of the deed.

Well. This rage is vain, sir:

For fighting, fear not, you shall have your hands  
full

Upon the least incitement; and, whereas  
You charge me with a debt of monies to you;  
If there be law, how'er you have no conscience,  
Either restore my land, or I'll recover  
A debt that's truly due to me from you,  
In value ten times more than what you challenge.

Sir G. I in thy debt? O, impudence! Did I not  
purchase

The land left by thy father? that rich land  
That had continued in Wellborn's name

Enter two of Sir Giles' Servants with a box.

Twenty descents; which like a riotous fool,  
Thou didst make sale of? O, you're come at last!

(To the Servants.)

Is not here inclos'd

The deed that does confirm it mine?

Mar. Now, now; (Lady Allworth advances.)

Well. I do acknowledge none; I ne'er pass'd o'er  
Any such land: I grant, for a year or two,  
You had it in trust; which, if you do discharge,  
Surrendering the possession, you shall ease  
Yourself and me of chargeable suits in law;  
Which, if you prove not honest, as I doubt it,  
Must of necessity follow.

Lady. In my judgment,

He does advise you well.

Sir G. Good, good! Conspire  
With your new husband, lady; second him

In his diabolical practices. But, when  
This manor is extended to my use,  
You'll speak in an humbler key, and sue for favour.

Lady. Never: do not hope it.

Well. Let despair first seize me.

Sir G. Yet, to shut up thy mouth, and make thee  
give

Thyself the lie, the loud lie, I draw out  
The precious evidence; if thou canst forswear  
Thy hand and seal, and make a forfeit of  
Thy ears to the pillory—

Sir Giles unlocks the box, and takes out  
the deed.)

See! here's that will make

My interest clear. Ha!

Lady. A fair skin of parchment!

Well. Indented, I confess, and labels too;

But neither wax, nor words. How? thunder-  
struck!

Is this your precious evidence? this, that makes

Your interest clear?

Sir G. I am o'erwhelm'd with wonder!

What prodigy is this? What subtle devil

Hath raz'd out the inscription? The wax

Turned into dust!

Do you deal with witches, rascal?

There is a statute for you, which will bring

Your neck in a hempen circle; yes, there is;

And, now 'tis better thought; for, cheater, know,

This juggling shall not save you.

Well. To save thee,

Would beggar the stock of mercy.

(Retires with Lady Allworth.)

Sir G. Marrall, Marrall!

Mar. Sir?

Sir G. Though the witnesses are dead, your tes-  
timony,

Help'd with an oath or two,—and for thy master,

Thy liberal master, my good honest servant,

I know, thou wilt swear anything,—to dash

This cunning sleight:

The deed being drawn, too,

By thee, my careful Marrall, and deliver'd

When thou wast present, will make good my title.

Wilt thou not swear this?

Mar. I! No, I assure you!

(Breaks from him.)

I have a conscience, not sear'd up, like yours:

I know no deeds.

Sir G. Wilt thou betray me?

(Drawing his sword.)

Mar. Keep him

(Wellborn opposes him.)

From using of his hands; I'll use my tongue

To his no little torment.

Sir G. Mine own varlet

Rebel against me!

Mar. Yes, and uncase you, too.

The idiot, the patch, the slave, the booby,

Your drudge, can now anatomise you, and lay  
open

All your black plots, and level with the earth

Your hill of pride; and shake,

Nay, pulverize, the walls you think defend you.

Sir G. O, that I had thee in my gripe! I'd tear  
thee

Joint after joint!

Mar. I know you are a tearer;  
But I'll have first your fangs par'd off, and then  
Come nearer to you; when I have discover'd,

And made it good before the judge, what ways,

And devilish practices, you us'd to cozen with.

Well. All will come out

Sir G. But that I will live, rogue, to torture thee.

And make thee wish, and kneel, in vain, to die;  
These swords that keep thee from me, should fix  
here,

Although they made my body but one wound,  
But I would reach thee. I play the fool,  
And make my anger but ridiculous:  
There will be a time and place, there will be,  
coward,

When you shall feel what I dare do.

Well, I think so.  
You dare do any ill; yet want true valour,  
To be honest and repent.

Sir G. They're words I know not,  
Nor e'er will learn. Patience, the beggar's virtue,  
Shall find no harbour here.

*Enter two of Sir Giles's Servants.*

Lady. Whom have we here?

Sir G. After these storms,  
At length, a calm appears. My chaplain comes.

*Enter Parson WILDO, with a letter in his hand.*

Welcome; most welcome!  
There's comfort in thy look! Is the deed done?  
Is my daughter married? Say but so, my chaplain,  
And I am tame.

Will. Married? Yes, I assure you.

Sir G. Then vanish all sad thoughts!  
My doubts and fears are in the titles drown'd  
Of my honourable, my right honourable daughter.  
Now, you that plot against me,  
And hop'd to trip my heels up, that condemn'd me  
Think on't and trample.

*(Music.)*

*Enter LOVELL, behind.*

They come! I hear the music.

A lane there, for my lord!

Well. This sudden heat

May yet be cool'd, sir.

Sir G. Make way there for my lady and my lord.  
*(Music.)*

*Enter two Servants of Sir Giles's, MARGARET, and  
ALLWORTH.*

Marg. *(Kneels.)* Sir, first your pardon, then your  
blessing, with

Your full allowance of the choice I've made.

Not to dwell

Too long on words, this is my husband.

Sir G. How!

Allw. So I assure you: all the rites of marriage,  
With every circumstance, are past:  
And for right honourable son-in-law, you may say,  
Your dutiful daughter.

Sir G. Devil! Are they married?

Will. Do a father's part, and say, Heaven give  
'em joy!

Sir G. Confusion and ruin! Speak, and speak  
quickly,

Or thou art dead. *(Seizes Willdo.)*

Will. They're married.

Sir G. Thou hadst better  
Have made a contract with the king of fiends,  
Than these. My brain turns!

Will. Why this rage to me?  
Is not this your letter, sir? and these the words,—  
"Marry her to this gentleman!"

Sir G. It cannot;

Nor will I e'er believe it—'Sdeath! I will not,  
That I, who never left a print  
Where I have trod, for the most curious search  
To trace my footsteps, should be gull'd by children!  
Baffled and fool'd, and all my hopes and labours

Defeated and made void.

Well. As it appears,

You are so, my grave uncle.

*(Willdo retires.)*

Sir G. Village nurses

Revenge their wrongs with curses; I'll not waste

A syllable, but thus I take the life

Which, wretched, I gave to thee.

*(Offers to kill Margaret.)*

Lov. *(Stopping him.)* Hold, for your own sake!  
If charity to your daughter have quite left you:  
Will you do an act, though in your hopes lost here,  
Can leave no hope for peace or rest hereafter?  
Consider, at the best, you're but a man;  
And cannot so create your aims, but that  
They may be cross'd.

Sir G. Lord! thus I spit at thee,  
And at thy counsel; and again desire thee,  
And as thou art a soldier, if thy valour  
Dares shew itself where multitude and example  
Lead not the way, let's quit the house, and change  
Six words in private.

Loc. I am ready.

Lady. Stay, sir.

Contest with one distracted?

Well. You'll grow like him  
Should you answer his vain challenge.

Sir G. Are you pale?

Borrow their helps: though Hercules calls it odds,  
I'll stand 'gainst all, as I am, hemm'd in thus.  
Say, there were a squadron  
Of pikes, h'd through with shot, when I am  
mounted

Upon my injuries, shall I fear to charge 'em?

No: I'll through the battalia, and that routed,  
I'll fall to execution. *(Attempts to draw his sword.)*  
Ha! I'm feeble:

Some undone widow sits upon mine arm,  
And takes away the use of t; and my sword,  
Glued to my scabbard with wrong'd orphans' tears,  
Will not be drawn.

Ha! what are these? Sure, hangmen,  
That come to bind my hands, and then drag me  
Before the judgment-seat. Now, they are new  
shapes,

And do appear like Furies, with steel whips  
To scourge my ulcerous soul. Shall I then fall  
Ingloriously, and yield? No! spite of fate,  
I will be forc'd to hell like to myself.  
Though you were legions of accursed spirits,  
Thus would I fly among you,

*(He rushes madly towards his daughter, and  
falls exhausted; the Servants raise him up,  
he recovers, looks wildly around, then stabs  
into their arms, and is carried off.)*

Well. What arts didst use to raise out the con-  
veyance?

Mar. Certain minerals,  
Incorporated in the ink and wax.  
Besides, he gave me nothing! but still fed me  
With hopes and blows.

If it please your worship  
To call to memory, this mad beast once caus'd me  
To urge you or to hang, or drown, yourself:  
I'll do the like to him, if you command me.

Well. You are a rascal; and he that dares be  
false

To a master, though unjust, will very hardly  
Be true to any other. Begone;

And look not for

Reward or favour from me, till thou'st learn'd  
To mend thy wicked life. *[Exit Marcell.]*

*(A worth and Margaret advance.)*

Marg. O, my poor father!

*Allw.* Nay, weep not, dearest; though it shew  
your piety:

What is decreed by heaven, we cannot alter.

*Lov.* And heaven here gives a precedent to teach  
us,

That, when men leave religion, and turn atheists,  
Their own abilities leave them. Pray you, take  
comfort;

(*To Margaret.*)

I will endeavour, you shall be his guardians  
In his distractions. And for your land, Wellborn,  
I'll be an umpire

Between you and this undoubted heir  
Of Sir Giles Overreach. For me, here's the anchor

That I must fix on. (*To Lady Allworth.*)

*Allw.* What you shall determine,

My lord, we will allow of.

*Well.* 'Tis the language

That I speak, too; but there is something else,  
Beside the repossession of my land,

And payments of my debts, that I must practise:  
I had a reputation, but 'twas lost  
In my loose course; and until I redeem it  
Some noble way, I am but half made up.  
It is a time of action: if your lordship  
Will please to confer a company upon me  
In your command, I doubt not, in my service  
To my king and country, but I shall do something  
That may make me right again.

*Lov.* Your suit is granted,  
And you lov'd for the motion.

*Well.* Nothing, then, (*To the Audience.*)

Now wants but your allowance; and in that  
Our all is comprehended; which, if you  
Grant willingly, as a fair favour due,

To the poet's, and our labours, as you may,

(For we despair not, gentlemen, of the play.)

You may expect, the grace you shew to-night,

Will teach us how to act, our poets how to write.

[*Exeunt.*]

# THE GRECIAN DAUGHTER.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY ARTHUR MURPHY.



*Euph.*—"BEHOLD, ALL SICILY, BEHOLD."—*Act v, scene 3.*

## Persons Represented.

DYONISIUS.  
EVANDER.  
PHILOTAS.  
MELANTHON.

PHOCION.  
ARCAE.  
CALIPPUS.  
HERALD.

GREEK SOLDIER.  
OFFICER.  
EUPHRASIA.  
ERIXENE.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

*Enter MELANTHON and PHILOTAS.*

*Mel.* Yet, a moment; hear, Philotas, hear me.

*Phil.* No more; it must not be.

*Mel.* Obdurate man!

Thus wilt thou spurn me, when a king distress'd,  
A good, a virtuous, venerable king,  
The father of his people, from a throne,  
Which long with ev'ry virtue he adorn'd,  
Torn by a ruffian, by a tyrant's hand,

Groans in captivity? In his own palace  
Lives a sequester'd pris'n'ner? Oh! Philotas,  
If thou hast not renounc'd humanity,  
Let me behold my sovereign; once again  
Admit me to his presence; let me see  
My royal master.

*Phil.* Urge thy suit no further;  
Thy words are fruitless; Dionysius' orders  
Forbid access; he is our sov'reign now;  
'Tis his to give the law, mine to obey.

*Mel.* Thou canst not mean it: his to give the  
law!  
Detested spoiler!—his! a vile usurper!

Have we forgot the elder Dionysius,  
Surnam'd the Tyrant? To Sicilia's throne  
The monster waded through whole seas of blood.  
Sore groan'd the land beneath his iron rod,  
Till roas'd at length, Evander came from Greece,  
(Like freedom's genius came,) and sent the tyrant,  
Stripp'd of the crown, and to his humble rank  
Once more reduc'd to roam, for vile subsistence,  
A wand'ring sophist through the realms of Greece.

*Phil.* What'er his right, to him in Syracuse  
All bend the knee; his the supreme dominion,  
And death and torment wait his sovereign nod.

*Mel.* But soon that pow'r shall cease; behold his  
walls

Now close encircled by the Grecian bands;  
Timoleon leads them on; indignant Corinth  
Sends her avenger forth, array'd in terror,  
To hurl ambition from a throne usurp'd,  
And bids all Sicily resume her rights.

*Phil.* Thou wert a statesman once, Melanthon;  
now,

Grown dim with age, thy eye pervades no more  
The deep-laid schemes which Dionysius plans.  
Know, then, a fleet from Carthage even now  
Stems the rough billow: and, ere yonder sun,  
(That now declining seeks the western wave),  
Shall to the shades of night resign the world,  
Thou'lt see the Punic sails in yonder bay,  
Whose waters wash the walls of Syracuse.

*Mel.* Art thou a stranger to Timoleon's name?  
Intent to plan, and circumspect to see  
All possible events, he rushes on  
Resistless in his course! Your boasted master  
Scarce stands at bay; each hour the strong  
blockade

Hems him in closer; and, ere long, thou'lt view  
Oppression's iron rod to fragments shiver'd!  
The good Evander then—

*Phil.* Alas! Evander

Will ne'er behold the golden time you look for!

*Mel.* How! not behold it! Say, Philotas, speak;  
Has the fell tyrant, have his felon murders—

*Phil.* As yet, my friend, Evander lives.

*Mel.* And yet

Thy dark, half-hinted purpose—lead me to him;  
If thou hast murder'd him—

*Phil.* By heav'n, he lives!

*Mel.* Then bless me with one tender interview.  
Thrice has the sun gone down since last these eyes  
Have seen the good old king; say, why is this?  
Wherefore debar'd his presence? Thea, Philotas,  
The troops obey, that guard the royal prisoner;  
Each avenue to thee is open; thou  
Canst grant admittance; let me, let me see him.

*Phil.* Entreat no more; the soul of Dionysius  
Is ever wakeful; rent with all the pangs  
That wait on conscious guilt.

*Mel.* But when dun night—

*Phil.* Alas! it cannot be. But mark my words:  
Let Greece urge on her general assault.  
Despatch some friend, who may o'erleap the walls,  
And tell Timoleon, the good old Evander  
Has liv'd three days, by Dionysius order,  
Lock'd up from ev'ry sustenance of nature,  
And life, now wearied out, almost expires.

*Mel.* If any spark of virtue dwell within thee,  
Lead me, Philotas, lead me to his prison.

*Phil.* The tyrant's jealous care hath mov'd him  
thence.

*Mel.* Ha! mov'd him, say'st thou?

*Phil.* At the midnight hour,  
Silent convey'd him up the steep ascent  
To where the elder Dionysius form'd,  
On the sharp summit of the pointed rock,

Which overhangs the deep, a dungeon drear:  
Cell within cell, a labyrinth of horror,  
Deep cavern'd in the cliff, where many a wretch,  
Unseen by mortal eye, has groan'd in anguish,  
And died obscure, unpitied, and unknown.

*Mel.* Clandestine murderer! Yes, there's the  
scene

Of horrid massacre. Full oft I've walk'd,  
When all things lay in sleep and darkness hush'd;  
Yes, oft I've walk'd the lonely sullen beach,  
And heard the mournful sound of many a coarse  
Plung'd from the rock into the wave beneath,  
That murmurs on the shore. And means he thus  
To end a monarch's life? Oh! grant my pray'r;  
My timely succour may protect his days:  
The guard is yours—

*Phil.* Forbear; thou plead'st in vain;  
And though I feel soft pity throbbing here,  
Though each emotion prompts the gen'rous deed,  
I must not yield; it were assur'd destruction.  
Farewell, despatch a message to the Greeks;  
I'll to my station: now thou know'st the worst.

[Exit

*Mel.* Oh! lost Evander! Lost Euphrasia, too!

How will her gentle nature bear the shock  
Of a dear father, thus in ling'ring pangs  
A prey to famine, like the veriest wretch  
Who the hard hand of misery hath gripp'd?  
In vain she'll rave with impotence of sorrow;  
Perhaps, provoke her fate: Greece arms in vain;  
All's lost; Evander dies!

Enter CALIPPUS.

*Cal.* Where is the king?

Our troops, that sallied to attack the foe,  
Retire disorder'd; to the eastern gate  
The Greeks pursue; Timoleon rides in blood!  
Arm, arm, and meet their fury.

*Mel.* To the citadel

Direct thy footsteps; Dionysius there  
Marshals a chosen band.

*Cal.* Do thou call forth

Thy hardy veterans; haste, or all is lost!

[Exit. Warlike music.

*Mel.* Now, ye just gods, now look propitious  
down;

Now give the Grecian sabre tenfold edge,  
And save a virtuous king! (Warlike music.)

Enter EUPHRASIA.

*Euph.* War on, ye heroes.

Ye great assertors of a monarch's cause!  
Let the wild tempest rage. Melanthon, ha!  
Didst thou not hear the vast tremendous roar?  
Down tumbling from its base, the eastern tow'r  
Burst on the tyrant's ranks, and on the plain  
Lies an extended ruin.

*Mel.* Still new horrors

Increase each hour, and gather round our heads.

*Euph.* The glorious tumult lifts my towering soul.  
Once more, Melanthon, once again, my father  
Shall mount Sicilia's throne.

*Mel.* Alas! that hour

Would come with joy to every honest heart;  
But no such hour in all the round of time,  
I fear, the fates averse will e'er lead on.

*Euph.* And still, Melanthon, still does pale de-  
spair

Depress thy spirit? Lo! Timoleon comes,  
Armed with the pow'r of Greece; the brave, the  
just,

God-like Timoleon! ardent to redress,  
He guides the war, and gains upon his prey.  
A little interval shall set the victor

Within our gates triumphant.

*Mel.* Still my fears  
Forebode for thee. Would thou hadst left this  
place,

When hence your husband, the brave Phocion fled,  
Fled with your infant son!

*Euph.* In duty fixed,  
Here I remain'd, while my brave, gen'rous Phocion

Fled with my child, and from his mother's arms  
Bore my sweet little one. Full well thou knowest  
The pangs I suffer'd in that trying moment.  
Did I not weep? Did I not rave and shriek,  
And by the roots tear my dishevell'd hair?  
Did I not follow to the sea-beat shore,  
Resolv'd with him, and with my blooming boy,  
To trust the winds and waves?

*Mel.* The pious act, whate'er the fate, intend,  
Shall merit heart-felt praise.

*Euph.* Yes, Phocion, go,  
Go with my child, torn from this matron breast,  
This breast that still should yield its nurture to  
him,

Fly with my infant to some happier shore!  
If he be safe, Euphrasia dies content.  
Till that sad close of all, the task be mine  
To tend a father with delighted care;  
To smooth the pillow of declining age;  
See him sink gradual into mere decay;  
On the last verge of life watch every look;  
Explore each fond unutterable wish,  
Catch his last breath, and close his eyes in peace.

*Mel.* I would not add to thy afflictions; yet  
My heart misgives; Evander's fatal period—

*Euph.* Still is far off; the gods have sent relief,  
And once again I shall behold him king.

*Mel.* Alas! those glittering hopes but lend a ray  
To gild the clouds, that hover o'er your head.  
Soon to rain sorrow down, and plunge you deeper  
In black despair.

*Euph.* The spirit-stirring virtue  
That glows within me, ne'er shall know despair.  
No, I will trust the gods. Desponding man!  
Hast thou not heard with what resistless ardour  
Timoleon drives the tumult of the war?  
Hast thou not heard him thundering at our gates?  
The tyrant's pent up in his last retreat;  
Anon, thou'lt see his battlements in dust,  
His walls, his ramparts, and his towers in ruin;  
Destruction pouring in on ev'ry side,  
Pride and oppression at their utmost need,  
And nought to save him in his hopeless hour.

(A flourish of trumpets.)

*Mel.* Ha! the fell tyrant comes. Beguile his  
rage,

And o'er your sorrows cast a dawn of gladness.

*Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, Officers, &c.*

*Dion.* The vain, presumptuous Greek! his hopes  
of conquest,

Like a gay dream, are vanish'd into air.  
Proudly elate, and flush'd with easy triumph  
O'er vulgar warriors, to the gates of Syracuse  
He urg'd the war, till Dionysius' arm  
Let slaughter loose, and taught his dastard train  
To seek their safety by inglorious flight.

*Euph.* Oh! Dionysius, if distracting fears  
Alarm this throbbing bosom, you will pardon  
A frail and tender sex. 'Till the fury  
Of war subside, the wild, the horrid interval  
In safety let me sooth to dear delight  
In a lov'd father's presence: from his sight,  
For three long days, with specious feign'd excuse  
Your guards debarr'd me. Oh! while yet he lives,

Indulge a daughter's love; worn out with age  
Soon must he seal his eyes in endless night,  
And with his converse charm my ear no more.

*Dion.* Afflicted fair,  
Thy couch invites thee. When the tumult's o'er  
Thou'lt see Evander with redoubled joy.

Though now unequal to the cares of empire,  
His age sequester him, yet honours high  
Shall gild the evening of his various day.  
Perdiccas, ere the morn's revolving light  
Unveil the face of things, do thou despatch  
A well-ear'd galley to Hamilcar's fleet;  
At the north point of yonder promontory,  
Let some selected officer instruct him  
To moor his ships, and issue on the land.  
Then may Timoleon tremble: vengeance, then,  
Shall overwhelm his camp, pursue his bands  
With fatal havoc to the ocean's margin,  
And cast their limbs to glut the vulture's famine  
In mangled heaps upon the naked shore. [Exit

*Euph.* What do I hear? Melanthon, can it be?  
If Carthage come, if her perfidious sons  
List in his cause, the dawn of freedom's gone.

*Mel.* Woe, bitterest woe impends; thou wouldst  
not think—

*Euph.* How? Speak! unfold.

*Mel.* My tongue denies its office.

*Euph.* How is my father? Say, Melanthon—

*Mel.* He,—

I fear to shock thee with the tale of horror!  
Perhaps he dies this moment, Since Timoleon  
First form'd his lines round this beleaguerr'd  
city,

No nutriment has touch'd Evander's lips.  
In the deep caverns of the rock imprisoned,  
He pines in bitterest want.

*Euph.* Well, my heart,

Well do you your vital drops forget to flow!

*Mel.* Despair, alas! is all the sad resource  
Our fate allows us now.

*Euph.* Yet, why despair?

Is that the tribute to a father due?

Blood is his due.

Melanthon, come; my wrongs will lend me force  
The weakness of my sex is gone; this arm  
Feels tenfold strength; this arm shall do a deed  
For heaven and earth, for men and gods to wonder  
at:

This arm shall vindicate a father's cause. [Exit.

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—A wild romantic Scene, amidst overhang-  
ing rocks; a cavern on one side.

*Enter ARCAS, with a spear in his hand.*

*Arc.* The gloom of night sits heavy on the world!  
And o'er the solemn scene such stillness reigns  
As 'twere a pause of nature; on the beach  
No murmuring billow breaks; the Grecian tents  
Lie sunk in sleep; no gleaming fires are seen;  
All Syracuse is hush'd: no stir abroad,  
Save ever and anon the dashing oar  
That beats the sullen wave. And, hark! Was  
that

The groan of anguish from Evander's cell,  
Piercing the midnight gloom? It is the sound  
Of bustling prow, that cleave the briny deep.  
Perhaps, at this dead hour, Hamilcar's fleet  
Rides in the bay.

*Enter PHILOTAS from the cavern.*

*Phil.* What, ho! brave Arcas! ho!  
*Arc.* Why thus desert thy couch?

*Phil.* Methought the sound  
Of distant uproar chas'd affrighted sleep.  
*Arc.* At intervals, the oar's resounding stroke  
Comes echoing from the main. Save that report,  
A death-like silence through the wide expanse  
Broods o'er the dreary coast.

*Phil.* Do thou retire,  
And seek repose; the duty of thy watch  
Is now perform'd; I'll take thy post.

*Arc.* How fares  
Your royal prisoner?

*Phil.* Arcas, shall I own  
A secret weakness? My heart inward melts  
To see that suffering virtue. On the earth,  
The cold, damp earth, the royal victim lies;  
And while pale famine drinks his vital spirit,  
He welcomes death, and smiles himself to rest.  
Oh! would I could relieve him! Thou withdraw;  
Thy wearied nature claims repose; and now  
The watch is mine.

*Arc.* May no alarm disturb thee!

[*Exit.*

*Phil.* Some dread event is lab'ring into birth.  
At close of day the sullen sky held forth  
Unerring signals. With disastrous glare  
The moon's full orb rose crimson'd o'er with blood;

And, lo! aghast the gloom, a falling star  
Trails a long tract of fire! What daring step  
Sounds on the flinty rock? Stand, there! what,  
ho!

Speak, ere thou dar'st advance. Unfold thy purpose:

Who and what art thou?

*Euph.* (*Without.*) Thou need'st not fear,  
It is a friend approaches.

*Phil.* Ha! what mean  
Those plaintive notes?

*Euph.* (*Without.*) He is no ambush'd Greek,  
No warrior to surprise thee on the watch.  
An humble suppliant comes. Alas! my strength,  
Exhausted quite, forsakes this weary frame.

*Phil.* What voice thus piercing through the gleam  
of night—

What art thou? what thy errand? quickly say!

What wretch, with what intent, at this dread  
hour—

Wherefore alarm'st thou thus our peaceful watch?

[*Exit.*

*Re-enter PHILOTAS, with EUPHRASIA.*

Euphrasia!

Why, princess, thus anticipate the dawn?  
Still sleep and silence wrap the weary world;  
The stars in mid career usurp the pole;  
The Grecian bands, the winds, the waves are  
hush'd;

All things are mute around us; all but you  
Rest in oblivious slumbers from their cares.

*Euph.* Yes, all; all rest: the very murder  
sleeps;

Guilt is at rest: I only wake to misery.

*Phil.* How didst thou gain the summit of the  
rock?

*Euph.* Give me my father; here you hold him  
fetter'd;

Oh! give him to me:—if ever

The touch of nature throbb'd within your breast,  
Admit me to Evander; in these caves  
I know he pines in want; let me convey  
Some charitable succour to a father.

*Phil.* Alas! Euphrasia, would I dare comply.

*Euph.* It will be virtue in thee. Thou, like me,

Wert born in Greece. Oh! by our common  
parent—

Nay, stay; thou shalt not fly; Philotas, stay;  
You have a father, too; think, were his lot  
Hard as Evander's; if, by felon hands,  
Chain'd to the earth, with slow consuming pangs  
He felt sharp want, and, with an asking eye  
Implored relief, yet cruel men deny'd it,  
Wouldst thou not burst through adamant gates,  
Through walls and rocks to save him? Think,

Philotas,

Of thy own aged sire, and pity mine.  
Think of the agonies a daughter feels,  
When thus a parent wants the common food,  
The bounteous hand of nature meant for all.

*Phil.* 'Twere best withdraw thee, princess; thy  
assistance

Evander wants not; it is fruitless all;

Thy tears, thy wild entreaties, are in vain.

*Euph.* Ha! thou hast murder'd him; he is no  
more;—

I understand thee;—butchers, you have shed  
The precious drops of life: yet, e'en in death,  
Let me behold him; let a daughter close  
With dutiful hand a father's beamless eyes;  
Print her last kisses on his honour'd hand,  
And lay him decent in the shroud of death.

*Phil.* Alas! this frantic grief can nought avail.  
Retire, and seek the couch of balmy sleep,  
In this dead hour, this season of repose.

*Euph.* And dost thou, then, (inhuman that thou  
art.)

Advise a wretch like me to know repose?  
This is my last abode: these caves, these rocks,  
Shall wring for ever with Euphrasia's wrongs;  
All Sicily shall hear me; yonder deep  
Shall echo back an injur'd daughter's cause;  
Here will I dwell, and rave, and shriek, and give  
These scatter'd locks to all the passing winds;  
Call on Evander lost, and, pouring curses,  
And cruel gods and cruel stars invoking,  
Stand on the cliff in madness and despair.

*Phil.* Yet calm this violence; reflect, Euphrasia,  
With what severe enforcement Dionysius  
Exacts obedience to his dread command.  
If here thou'rt found—

*Euph.* Here is Euphrasia's mansion.

(*Falls on the ground.*)

Her fix'd eternal home: inhuman savages,  
Here stretch me with a father's murder'd corpse.

*Phil.* By heaven,

My heart in pity bleeds

Her vehemence of grief o'erpow'rs me quite.  
My honest heart condemns the barbarous deed,  
And if I dare—

*Euph.* And if you dare! Is that  
The voice of manhood? Honest, if you dare!

'Tis the slave's virtue! 'tis the utmost limit  
Of the base coward's honour. Not a wretch,

There's not a villain, not a tool of pow'r,  
But, silence interest, extinguish fear,

And he will prove benevolent to man.

The gen'rous heart does more: will dare do all  
That honour prompts. How dost thou dare to  
murder?

Respect the gods, and know no other fear.

*Phil.* No other fear assails this warlike breast.

I pity your misfortunes; yes, by heav'n,  
My heart bleeds for you. Goda! you've touch'd  
my soul!

The gen'rous impulse is not giv'n in vain.

I feel thee, nature, and I dare obey.

Oh! thou hast conquer'd. Go, Euphrasia, go,  
Behold thy father;

Yet mark my words; if ought of nourishment  
Thou wouldst convey, my partners of the watch  
Will ne'er consent.

*Euph.* I will observe your orders:

On any terms, oh! let me, let me see him.

*Phil.* Your lamp will guide thee through the cavern'd way.

*Euph.* My heart runs o'er in thanks; the pious act

Timoleon shall reward; the bounteous gods,  
And thine own virtue, shall reward the deed.

*[Goes into the cave.]*

*Phil.* Prevailing, powerful virtue! thou subduest

The stubborn heart, and moulds it to thy purpose.  
Would I could save them! But though not for me

The glorious pow'r to shelter innocence,  
Yet for a moment to assuage its woes,  
Is the best sympathy, the purest joy  
Nature intended for the heart of man,  
When thus she gave the social, generous tear.

*[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.—*The Inside of the Cavern.*

*Enter ARCAS and EUPHRASIA.*

*Arc.* No; on my life, I dare not.

*Euph.* But a small,

A wretched pittance; one poor cordial drop  
To renovate exhausted drooping age.  
I ask no more.

*Arc.* Not the smallest store  
Of scanty nourishment must pass these walls.  
Our lives were forfeit else: a moment's parley  
Is all I grant: in yonder cave he lies

*Evan.* *(Within the cell.)* Oh! struggling nature, let thy conflict end!

Oh! give me, give me rest.

*Euph.* My father's voice!

It pierces here! it cleaves my very heart.  
I shall expire, and never see him more.

*Arc.* Repose thee, princess, here; *(draws a couch.)*  
here rest thy limbs,

Till the returning blood shall lend thee firmness.

*Euph.* The caves, the rocks, re-echo to his groans!

And is there no relief?

*Arc.* All I can grant

You shall command. I will unbar the dungeon,  
Unloose the chain that binds him to the rock,  
And leave your interview without restraint.

*(Opens a cell in the back scene.)*

*Euph.* Hold, hold, my heart! Oh, how shall I sustain

The agonizing scene? *(Rises.)* I must behold him;  
Nature that drives me on, will lend me force.  
Is that my father?

*Arc.* Take your last farewell.

His vigour seems not yet exhausted quite.

You must be brief, or ruin will ensue.

*[Exit.]*

*Evan.* *(Raising himself.)* Oh, when shall I get free? These lingering pangs—

Despatch me, pitying gods, and save my child!

I burn, I burn; alas! no place of rest:

*(Rises and comes out.)*

A little air; once more a breath of air;

Alas! I faint; I die.

*Euph.* Heart-piercing sight!

Let me support you, sir.

*Evan.* Oh! lend your arm.

Who'er thou art, I thank thee; that kind breeze

Come gently o'er my senses—lead me forward:

And is there left one charitable hand

To reach thy succours to a wretch like me?

*Euph.* Well may'st thou ask it. Oh! my breaking heart!

The hand of death is on him.

*(Aside.)*

*Evan.* Still a little,

A little onward to the air conduct me.

'Tis well; I thank thee; thou art kind and good,

And much I wonder at this generous pity.

*Euph.* Do you not know me, sir?

*Evan.* Methinks I know

That voice: art thou—alas! my eyes are dim;

Each object swims before me. No, in truth,

I do not know thee.

*Euph.* Not your own Euphrasia?

*Evan.* Art thou my daughter?

*Euph.* Oh, my honour'd sire!

*Evan.* My daughter, my Euphrasia! come to close

A father's eyes! Giv'n to my last embrace!

Gods! do I hold her once again? Your mercies

Are without number.

*(Falls on the couch.)*

I would pour my praise;

But, oh! your goodness overcomes me quite!

You read my heart; you see what passes there.

*Euph.* Alas! he faints; the gushing tide of transport

Bears down each feeble sense: restore him, heav'n

*Evan.* All, my Euphrasia, all will soon be well.

Pass but a moment, and this busy globe,

Its thrones, its empires, and its bustling millions,

Will seem a speck in the great void of space.

Yet while I stay, thou darling of my age!

Nay, dry those tears.

*Euph.* I will, my father.

*Evan.* Where,

I fear to ask it, where is virtuous Phocion?

*Euph.* Fled from the tyrant's pow'r.

*Evan.* And left thee here

Expos'd and helpless?

*Euph.* He is all truth and honour:

He fled to save my child.

*Evan.* My young Evander!

Your boy is safe, Euphrasia? Oh, my heart!

Alas! quite gone: worn out with misery;

Oh! weak, decay'd old man!

*Euph.* Inhuman wretches!

Will none relieve his want? A drop of water

Might save his life; and ev'n that deny'd him.

*Evan.* These strong emotions—Oh! that eagle air—

It is too much—assist me; bear me hence:

And lay me down in peace.

*Euph.* His eyes are fix'd!

And those pale quiv'ring lips! He clasps my hand

What, no assistance! Monsters, will you thus

Let him expire in these weak, feeble arms?

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Those wild, those piercing shrieks will give th' alarm.

*Euph.* Support him; bear him hence: 'tis all I ask.

*Evan.* *(As he is carried off.)* Oh, death! where art thou? Death, thou dread of guilt,

Thou wish of innocence, affliction's friend,

Thy'd nature calls thee: come, in mercy come,

And lay me pillow'd in eternal rest.

My child where art thou? give me—reach thy hand.

Why dost thou weep? My eyes are dry—Alas!

Quite parch'd my lips—quite parch'd, they cleave together.



*Re-enter ARCAS.*

*Arc.* The grey of morn breaks through yon eastern clouds.  
Twere time this interview should end: the hour  
Now warns Euphrasia hence: what man could dare,  
I have indulg'd—Philotas!—ha! the cell  
Left void!—Evander gone!—What may this mean?  
Philotas, speak!

*Re-enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Oh! vile, detested lot,  
Here to obey the savage tyrant's will,  
And murder virtue, that can thus behold  
his executioner, and smile upon him.  
That piteous sight!

*Arc.* She must withdraw, Philotas;  
Delay undoes us both. The restless main  
Glow with the blush of day. The time requires,  
Without her further pause, or vain excuse,  
That she depart this moment.

*Phil.* Arcas, yes;  
My voice shall warn her of th' approaching danger.

[*Exit.*

*Arc.* Would she had ne'er adventur'd to our guard!

I dread th' event; and hark! the wind conveys  
In clearer sound the uproar of the main.  
The fates prepare new havoc; on th' event,  
Depends the fate of empire. Wherefore thus  
Delays Euphrasia? Ha! what means, Philotas,  
That sudden haste, that pale, disorder'd look?

*Re-enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Oh! I can hold no more; at such a sight  
E'en the hard heart of tyranny would melt  
To infant softness. Arcas, go, behold  
The pious fraud of charity and love;  
Behold that unexampled goodness;  
See the expedient sharp necessity has taught her;  
Thy heart will burn, will melt, will yearn to view  
A child like her.

*Arc.* Ha! Say, what mystery  
Wakes these emotions!

*Phil.* Wonder-working virtue!  
The father foster'd at his daughter's breast!  
Oh! filial piety! The milk design'd  
For her own offspring, on the parent's lips  
Allays the parching fever. All her laws  
Inverted quite, great nature triumphs still.

*Arc.* The tale unmans my soul.

*Phil.* Ye tyrants hear it,  
And learn, that while your cruelty prepares  
Unheard-of torture, virtue can keep pace  
With your worst efforts, and can try new modes  
To bid men grow enamour'd of her charms.

*Arc.* Philotas, for Euphrasia, in her cause  
I now can hazard all. Let us preserve.  
Her father for her.

*Phil.* Oh! her lovely darling  
Transcends all praise. By heav'n, he shall not die!

*Arc.* And yet we must be wary; I'll go forth,  
And first explore each avenue around  
Lest the fix'd sentinel obstruct your purpose. [*Exit.*

*Phil.* I thank thee, Arcas; we will act like men  
Who feel for others' woes. She leads him forth,  
And tremblingly supports his drooping age.

*Re-enter EUPHRASIA and EVANDER.*

*Evan.* Euphrasia, oh! my child, returning life  
Glow here about my heart. Conduct me forward;  
At the last gasp preserv'd! Ha! dawning light!  
Let me behold; in faith, I see thee now;

I do, indeed: the father sees his child.

*Euph.* I have reliev'd him! Oh! the joy's too great;

'Tis speechless rapture!

*Evan.* Blessings, blessings on thee!

*Euph.* My father still shall live. Alas! Philotas,  
Could I abandon that white, hoary head,  
That venerable form? Abandon him  
To perish here in misery and famine?

*Phil.* Thy tears, thou miracle of goodness!

Have triumph'd o'er me. Take him, take your father;

Convey him hence; I do release him to you.

*Evan.* What said Philotas? Do I fondly dream?  
Indeed my senses are imperfect; yet

Methought I heard him! Did he say, release me?

*Phil.* Thou art my king, and now no more my prisoner:

Go with your daughter, with that wondrous pattern  
Of filial piety to after times.

Yes, princess, lead him forth; I'll point the path,  
Whose soft declivity will guide your steps

To the deep vale, which these o'erhanging rocks  
Encompass round. You may convey him thence

To some safe shelter. Yet a moment's pause;

I must conceal your flight from ev'ry eye.

Yes, I will save, or perish in their cause. [*Exit.*

*Evan.* Whither, oh! whither, shall Evander go?

I'm at the goal of life; if in the race

Honour has follow'd with no lingering step,

But there sits smiling with her laurell'd wreath

To crown my brow, there would I fain make halt,

And not inglorious lay me down to rest.

*Euph.* And will you, then, refuse when thus the gods

Afford a refuge to thee?

*Evan.* Oh! my child,

There is no refuge for me.

*Euph.* Pardon, sir;

Euphrasia's care has form'd a safe retreat;

There may'st thou dwell; it will not long be wanted

Soon shall Timoleon, with resistless force,

Burst yon devoted walls.

*Evan.* Timoleon!

*Euph.* Yes,

The brave Timoleon, with the pow'r of Greece;

Another day shall make the city his.

*Evan.* Timoleon come to vindicate my rights!

Oh! thou shalt reign in Sicily; my child

Shall grace her father's throne. Indulgent heav'n;

Pour down your blessings on this best of daughters

To her and Phocion give Evander's crown;

Let them, oh! let them both in virtue wear it

And, in due time, transmit it to their boy!

*Re-enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* All things are apt; the drowsy sentinel  
Lies hush'd in sleep; I'll marshal thee the way  
Down the steep rock.

*Euph.* Oh! let us quickly hence.

*Evan.* The blood but loiters in these frozen veins.

Do you, whose youthful spirit glows with life,

Do you go forth, and leave this mould'ring corpse

To me had heav'n decreed a longer date,

It ne'er had suffer'd a fell monster's reign,

Nor let me see the carnage of my people.

Farewell, Euphrasia! in one loved embrace

To these remains pay the last obsequies,

And leave me here to sink to silent dust.

*Euph.* And will you, then, on self-destruction

Reject my pray'r, nor trust your fate with me?

*Evan.* Trust thee, Euphrasia? Trust in thee my child?

Though life's a burden I could well lay down,  
Yet I will prize it, since bestow'd by thee.  
Oh! thou art good; thy virtue soars a flight  
For the wide world to wonder at; in thee,  
Hear it, all nature, future ages hear it,  
The father finds a parent in his child. [Exeunt.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Rampart near the Harbour.

Enter DIONYSIUS and Officers.

*Dion.* Base deserters!  
Curse on their Punic faith! Did they once dare  
To grapple with the Greek? Ere yet the main  
Was ting'd with blood, they turn'd their ships  
averse.

May storms and tempests follow in their rear,  
And dash their fleet upon the Libyan shore!

Enter CALIPPUS.

*Cal.* My liege, Timoleon, where the harbour opens,  
Has storm'd the forts, and ev'n now his fleet  
Pursues its course, and steers athwart the bay.  
Through ev'ry street

Despair and terror fly. A panic spreads  
From man to man, and superstition sees  
Jove arm'd with thunder, and the gods against us.

*Dion.* With sacred rites their wrath must be appeas'd.

Let instant victims at the altar bleed;  
Let incense roll its fragrant clouds to heav'n,  
And pious matrons, and the virgin throng,  
Will gain the popular belief, and kindle  
In the fierce soldiery religious rage.

Away, my friends, prepare the sacred rites.

[Exit Calippus.

Enter PHILOTAS.

Philotas, how fares your prisoner?  
Has he yet breath'd his last?

*Phil.* Life ebbs apace;

To-morrow's sun sees him a breathless corpse.

*Dion.* Curse on his ling'ring pangs! Sicilia's crown

No more shall deck his brow; and if the sand  
Still lingers in the glass, thy hand, my friend,  
May shake it thence.

*Phil.* It shall, dread sir, that task  
Leave to thy faithful servant.

*Dion.* Oh! Philotas,  
Thou little know'st the cares, the pangs of empire.  
The ermin'd pride, the purple that adorns  
A conqueror's breast, but serves, my friend, to hide  
A heart that's torn, that's mangled with remorse:

Ev'n victory itself plants anguish here,  
And round my laurels the fell serpent twines.

*Phil.* Would Dionysius abdicate his crown,  
And sue for terms of peace?

*Dion.* Detested thought!

No, though ambition teem with countess ill,  
It still has charms of pow'r to fire the soul.  
Though horrors multiply around my head,  
I will oppose them all. The pomp of sacrifice,

But now ordain'd, is mockery to heav'n.

'Tis vain, 'tis fruitless; then let daring guilt  
Be my inspirer, and consummate all.

Where are those Greeks, the captives of my sword  
Whose desperate valour rush'd within our walls,  
Fought near our person, and the pointed lance  
Aim'd at my breast?

*Phil.* In chains they wait their doom.

*Dion.* Give me to see 'em; bring the slaves before me.

*Phil.* What, ho! Melanthon, this way lead your prisoners.

Enter MELANTHON, with Greek Soldiers, and PHOCION.

*Dion.* Assassins, and not warriors! do ye come,  
When the wild range of battle claims your sword,  
Thus do you come against a single life  
To wage the war? Did not our buckler ring  
With all your darts in one collected volley  
Shower'd on my head? Did not your swords at once,

Point to my breast and thirst for regal blood?

*Greek Off.* We sought thy life. I am by birth a Greek.

An open foe in arms, I meant to slay  
The foe of humankind. With rival ardour  
We took the field; one voice, one mind, one heart  
All leagu'd, all covenanted: in your camp  
Spirits there are who aim, like us, at glory.  
Whene'er you sally forth, whene'er the Greeks  
Shall scale your walls, prepare thee to encounter  
A like assault. By me the youth of Greece  
Thus notify the war they mean to wage.

*Dion.* Thus, then, I warn them of my great revenge,

Whoe'er in battle shall become our pris'ner,  
In torments meets his doom.

*Greek Off.* Then wilt thou see

How vile the body to a mind that pants  
For genuine glory. Twice three hundred Greeks  
Have sworn, like us, to hunt thee through the ranks:

Ours the first lot; we've fall'd; on yonder plain  
Appear in arms, the faithful band will meet thee.

*Dion.* Vile slave, no more. Melanthon, drag 'em hence

To die in misery. Impal'd alive,  
The winds shall parch them on the craggy cliff.

Selected from the rest, let one depart

A messenger to Greece, to tell the fate

Her chosen sons, her first adventurers met. [Exit.

*Mel.* Unhappy men! how shall my care protect  
Your forfeit lives? Philotas, thou conduct them  
To the deep dungeon's gloom. In that recess,  
'Midst the wild tumult of eventful war,  
We may ward off the blow. My friends, farewell!  
That officer will guide your steps.

[Exeunt all but Melanthon and Phocion.

*Pho.* Disguis'd

Thus in a soldier's garb he knows me not. (As 'de.)  
Melanthon!

*Mel.* Ha! Those accents! Phocion here?

*Pho.* Yes, Phocion's here! Speak, quickly tell me, say

How fares Euphrasia?

*Mel.* Euphrasia lives, and fills the anxious moments

With ev'ry virtue. Wherefore venture hither?  
Why with rash valour penetrate our gates?

*Pho.* Could I refrain? O! could I tamely wait

The event of ling'ring war? With patience count

The lazy-pacing hours, while here in Syracuse

The tyrant keeps all that my heart holds dear?

For her dear sake all danger sinks before me?

For her I burst the barriers of the gate,

Where the deep cavern'd rock affords a passage.

A hundred chosen Greeks pursu'd my steps;

We forc'd an entrance; the devoted guard

Fell victims to our rage; but in that moment,

Down from the walls superior numbers came.

The tyrant led them on. We rush'd upon him,

If we could reach his heart, to end the war.

But heav'n thought otherwise, Melanthon, say,

I fear to ask it, lives Evander still?

*Med.* Alas! he lives imprison'd in the rock.  
Thou must withdraw thee hence; regain once more

Timoleon's camp; alarm his slumbering rage;  
Assail the walls; thou with thy phalanx seek  
The subterraneous path; that way, at night,  
The Greeks may enter, and let in destruction  
On the astonish'd foe.

*Pho.* Wouldst thou have me  
Barely retreat, while my Euphrasia trembles  
Here on the ridge of peril?

*Med.* Yet hear the voice  
Of sober age. Should Dionysus' spleen  
Detect thee here, ruin involves us all:  
Thy voice may rouse Timoleon to th' assault,  
And bid him storm the works.

*Pho.* By heav'n, I will!  
My breath shall wake his rage; this very night  
When sleep sits heavy on the slumbering city,  
Then Greece unheathes her sword, and great re-venge

Shall stalk with death and horror o'er the ranks  
Of slaughter'd troops, a sacrifice to freedom!  
But, first, let me behold Euphrasia.

*Med.* Hush  
Thy pent-up valour: to a secret haunt  
I'll guide thy steps: there dwell; and, in apt time,  
I'll bring Euphrasia to thy longing arms.

*Pho.* Oh! lead me to her; that exalted virtue  
With firmer nerve shall bid me grasp the jav'lin,  
Shall bid my sword with more than lightning's  
swiftness

Blaze in the front of war, and glut its rage  
With blows repeated in the tyrant's veins. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*A Temple, with a monument in the middle.*

*Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE and other female Attendants.*

*Euph.* This way, my virgins, this way bend your steps.

Lo! the sad sepulchre, where, hears'd in death,  
The pale remains of my dear mother lie.  
There, while the victims at yon altar bleed,  
And with your pray'rs the vaulted roof resounds,  
There let me pay the tribute of a tear,  
A weeping pilgrim o'er Endocia's ashes.

*Eriz.* Forbear, Euphrasia, to renew your sorrows.

*Euph.* My tears have dry'd their source; then let me here

Pay this sad visit to the honour'd clay,  
That moulders in the tomb. These sacred viands  
I'll burn an off'ring to a parent's shade,  
And sprinkle with this wine the hallow'd mould.  
That duty paid, I will return, my virgins.

*(Goes into the tomb.)*

*Eriz.* Look down, propitious pow'rs! behold that virtue,  
And hear the pangs that desolate her soul.

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Mourn, mourn, ye virgins; rend your scatter'd garments;

Some dread calamity hangs o'er our heads.  
In vain the tyrant would appease with sacrifice  
Th' impending wrath of ill-requited heav'n.  
Ill omens hover over us: at the altar  
The victim dropp'd, ere the diviner seer  
Had gor'd his knife. The brazen statues tremble,  
And, from the marble, drops of blood distil.

*Eriz.* Now, ye just gods, if vengeance you prepare,

Now find the guilty head.

*Re-enter EUPHRASIA from the tomb.*

*Euph.* Virgins, I thank you! Oh! more lightly now

My heart expands; the pious act is done,  
And I have paid my tribute to a parent.  
Ah! wherefore does the tyrant bend this way?

*Phil.* He flies the altar; leaves th' unfinished rites.

No god there smiles propitious on his cause.  
Fate lifts the awful balance: weighs his life,  
The lives of numbers, in the trembling scale.

*Euph.* Despair and horror mark his haggard looks,  
His wild disorder'd step. Do you retire:

*[To her Attendants, who go off.]*

Retire, Philotas; let me here remain,  
And give the moment of suspended fate  
To pious worship and to filial love.

*Phil.* Alas! I fear to yield: awhile I'll leave thee,  
And at the temple's entrance wait thy coming.

*[Exit.]*

*Euph.* Now, then, Euphrasia, now thou may'st indulge

The purest ecstasy of soul. Come forth,  
Thou man of woe, thou man of every virtue.

*Enter EVANDER from the monument.*

*Evander.* And does the grave thus cast me up again  
With a fond father's love to view thee? Thus  
To mingle rapture in a daughter's arms?

*Euph.* How fares my father now?

*Evander.* Thy aid, Euphrasia,  
Has giv'n new life. Thou from this vital stream  
Deriv'st thy being; with unheard-of duty  
Thou hast repaid it to thy native source.

*Euph.* Sprung from Evander, if a little portion  
Of all his goodness dwell within my heart,  
Thou wilt not wonder. Oh! my father,  
How didst thou bear thy long, long sufferings?

How

Endure their barbarous rage?

*Evander.* My foes but did  
To this old frame, what nature's hand must do.  
I was but going hence by mere decay  
To that futurity which Plato taught,  
But thou recall'st me; thou!

*Euph.* Timoleon, too,  
Invites thee back to life.

*Evander.* And does he still  
Urge on the siege?

*Euph.* His active genius comes  
To scourge a guilty race. The Punic fleet,  
Half lost, is swallow'd by the roaring sea.  
The shatter'd refuse seek the Libyan shore,  
To bear the news of their defeat to Carthage.

*Evander.* These are thy wonders, heav'n! Abroad,  
thy spirit  
Moves o'er the deep, and mighty fleets are  
vanish'd.

*Euph.* Ha! hark! what noise is that? It comes  
this way.

Some busy footstep beats the hallow'd pavement.  
Oh! sir, retire—Ye pow'rs! Philotas! ha!

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* For thee, Euphrasia, Dionysius calls.  
Some new suspicion goads him. At yon gate  
I stopp'd Callippus, as with eager haste  
He bent this way to seek thee. Oh! my sore-  
reign,

My king, my injur'd master, will you pardon  
The wrongs I've done thee? (*Kneels to Evander.*)

*Evander.* Virtue such as thine,  
From the fierce trial of tyrannic pow'r,  
Shines forth with added lustre.

*Phil.* Oh! forgive  
My ardent zeal; there is no time to waste.  
You must withdraw; trust to your faithful friends.  
Pass but another day, and Dionysius  
Falls from a throne usurp'd.

*Evander.* But, ere he pays  
The forfeit of his crimes, what streams of blood  
Shall flow in torrents round! Methinks, I might  
Prevent this waste of nature: I'll go forth,  
And to my people shew their rightful king.

*Euph.* Banish that thought! forbear! the rash  
attempt

Were fatal to our hopes; oppress'd, dismay'd,  
The people look aghast, and, wan with fear,  
None will espouse your cause.

*Evander.* Yes, all will dare  
To act like men; their king, I gave myself  
To a whole people. I made no reserve;  
My life was theirs; each drop about my heart  
Pledg'd to the public cause; devoted to it;  
That was my compact; is the subject's less?  
If they are all debas'd, and willing slaves,  
The young but breathing to grow grey in bondage,  
And the old sinking to ignoble graves,  
Of such a race no matter who is king.  
And yet I will not think it; no, my people  
Are brave and generous; I will trust their valour.

*Euph.* Yet stay; yet be advis'd.  
*Phil.* As yet, my liege,  
No plan is fix'd, and no concerted measure.  
Trust to my truth and honour. Witness, gods,  
Here in the temple of Olympian Jove,  
Philotas swears—

*Evander.* Forbear! the man like thee,  
Who feels the best emotions of the heart,  
Truth, reason, justice, honour's fine excitements,  
Acts by those laws, and wants no other sanction.

*Euph.* Again, th' alarm approaches; sure destruction

To thee, to all will follow!—hark! a sound  
Comes hollow murm'ring through the vaulted  
aisle.

It gains upon the ear. Withdraw, my father;  
All's lost if thou art seen.

*Phil.* And, lo! Calippus  
Darts with the lightning's speed across the aisle.

*Evander.* Thou at the senate-house convene my  
friends.

Melanthon, Dion, and their brave associates,  
Will shew that liberty has leaders still.  
Anon, I'll meet 'em there. [*Exit Phil.*] My child,  
farewell!

Thou shalt direct me now.

[*Exit into the tomb.*]

*Euph.* How my distracted heart throbs wild with  
fear!

What brings Calippus? wherefore? Save me,  
heav'n!

*Enter CALIPPUS.*

*Cal.* This sullen musing in these drear abodes  
Alarms suspicion: the king knows thy plottings,  
Thy rooted hatred to the state and him.  
His sov'reign will commands thee to repair  
This moment to his presence.

*Euph.* Ha! what means  
The tyrant? I obey. [*Exit Cal.*] And, oh! ye  
pow'rs,  
Ye ministers of heav'n! defend my father;

Support his drooping age; and when, anon,  
Avenging justice shakes her crimson steel,  
Oh! be the grave at least a place of rest;  
That from his covert in the hour of peace,  
Forth he may come to bless a willing people,  
And be your own just image here on earth. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Citadel.*

*Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and others.*

*Dion.* And means the Greek to treat of terms of  
peace?

By heav'n, this panting bosom nought to meet  
His boasted phalanx on th' embattled plain.  
And doth he now, on peaceful councils bent,  
Despatch his herald? Let the slave approach.

*Enter a Herald.*

Now speak thy purpose? what doth Greece im-  
part?

*Her.* Timoleon, sir, whose great renown in arms  
Is equal'd only by the softer virtues  
Of mild humanity that sway his heart,  
Sends me, his delegate, to offer terms,  
On which ev'n foes may well accord; on which  
The fiercest nature, though it spurn at justice,  
May sympathize with his.

*Dion.* Unfold thy mystery;  
Thou shalt be heard.

*Her.* The gen'rous leader sees,  
With pity seas, the wild, destructive havoc  
Of ruthless war; he has survey'd around  
The heaps of slain that cover yonder field,  
And touch'd with gen'rous sense of human woe,  
Weeps o'er his victories.

*Dion.* Your leader weeps!  
Then let the author of those ills thou speak'st of,  
Let th' ambitious factor of destruction,  
Timely retreat, and close the scene of blood.  
Why doth affrighted peace behold his standard  
Upward in Sicily? and wherefore here  
The iron ranks of war, from which the shepherd  
Retires appall'd, and leaves the blasted hopes  
Of half the year, while closer to her breast  
The mother clasps her infant?

*Her.* 'Tis not mine

To plead Timoleon's cause; not mine the office  
To justify the strong, the righteous motives  
That urge him to war: the only scope  
My deputation aims at, is to fix  
An interval of peace, a pause of horror,  
That they, whose bodies on the naked shore  
Lie weltring in their blood, from either host,  
May meet the last sad rites to nature due,  
And decent lie in honourable graves.

*Dion.* Go tell your leader his pretence are vain.  
Let him, with those that live, embark for Greece,  
And leave our peaceful plains; the mangled limbs  
Of those he murder'd, from my tender care,  
Shall meet due obsequies.

*Her.* The hero, sir,

Wages no war with those who bravely die.  
'Tis for the dead I supplicate; for them  
We sue for peace; and to the living, too,  
Timoleon would extend it; but the groans  
Of a whole people have unsheath'd his sword.  
A single day will pay the funeral rites.  
To-morrow's sun may see both armies meet  
Without hostility, and all in honour;  
You to inter the troops that bravely fell;  
We on our part, to give an humble sod

to those who gain'd a footing on the isle,  
And by their death have conquer'd.

*Dion.* Be it so;  
I grant thy suit: soon as to-morrow's dawn  
Illume the world, the rage of wasting war  
In vain shall thirst for blood: and now, farewell!  
Some careful officer conduct him forth. [*Exit Her.*]  
By heav'n, the Greek hath offer'd to my sword  
An easy prey; a sacrifice to glut  
My great revenge. Away, my friends, disperse.  
Philotas, wait Euphrasia as we order'd?

*Phil.* She's here at hand,  
*Dion.* Admit her to our presence.  
Rage and despair, a thousand warring passions,  
All rise by turns, and peaceable rend my heart;  
Yet ev'ry means, all measures must be tried,  
To sweep the Grecian spoiler from the land,  
And fix the crown unshaken on my brow.

*Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Euph.* What sudden cause requires Euphrasia's presence?

*Dion.* Approach, fair mourner, and dispel thy fears:

Thy grief, thy tender duty to thy father,  
Has touch'd me nearly. In his lone retreat,  
Respect, attendance, ev'ry lenient care  
To soothe affliction, and extend his life,  
Evander has commanded.

*Euph.* Vile dissembler!  
Detested homicide! [*Aside.*] And has thy heart  
Felt for the wretched?

*Dion.* Urgencies of state  
Abridg'd his liberty; but to his person  
All honour hath been paid.

*Euph.* The righteous gods  
Have mark'd thy ways, and will, in time, repay  
Just retribution.

*Dion.* If to see your father,  
If here to meet him in a fond embrace,  
Will calm thy breast, and dry those beautiful  
tears,

A moment more shall bring him to your presence.  
*Euph.* Ha! lead him hither! Sir, to move him  
now,

Aged, infirm, worn out with toil and years—  
No, let me seek him rather. If soft pity  
Has touch'd your heart, oh! send me, send me to  
him.

*Dion.* Control this wild alarm; with prudent  
care

Philotas shall conduct him; here I grant  
The tender interview.

*Euph.* Disastrous fate!  
Ruin impends! This will discover all!  
I'll perish first; provoke his utmost rage. [*Aside.*]  
Though much I languish to behold my father,  
Yet now it were not fit—the sun goes down;  
Night falls apace; soon as returning day—

*Dion.* This night, this very hour, you both must  
meet.

Together you may serve the state and me.  
Thou seest the havoc of wide-wasting war;  
And more, full well you know, are still to bleed.  
Thou may'st prevent their fate.

*Euph.* Oh! give the means,  
And I will bless thee for it.

*Dion.* From a Greek  
Torments have wrung the truth. Thy husband,  
Phocion—

*Euph.* Oh, say, speak of my Phocion.

*Dion.* He—'tis he  
Hath kindled up this war; with treach'rous arts  
Inflam'd the states of Greece, and now the traitor

Comes with a foreign aid to wrest my crown.

*Euph.* And does my Phocion share Timoleon's  
glory?

*Dion.* With him invests our walls, and bids re-  
bellion

Erect her standard here.

*Euph.* Oh, bless him, gods!

Where'er my hero treads the path of war,  
List on his side! against the hostile jav'lin  
Upbear his mighty buckler; to his sword  
Lend the fierce whirlwind's rage, that he may  
come

With wreaths of triumph, and with conquests  
crown'd,

And a whole nation's voice

Applaud my hero with a love like mine!

*Dion.* Ungrateful fair! Has not our sov'reign  
will

On thy descendants fix'd Sicilia's crown!

Have not I vow'd protection to your boy?

*Euph.* From thee the crown! From thee! Eu-  
phrasia's children

Shall on a nobler basis found their rights,—

On their own virtue, and a people's choice.

*Dion.* Misguided woman!

*Euph.* Ask of thee protection!

The father's valour shall protect his boy.

*Dion.* Rush not on sure destruction; ere too  
late,

Accept our proffer'd grace. The terms are these:

Instant send forth a message to your husband;

Bid him draw off his Greeks, unmoor his fleet,

And measure back his way. Full well he knows

You and your father are my hostages;

And for his treason both may answer.

*Euph.* Think'st thou, then,

So meanly of my Phocion? Dost thou deem him

Poorly wound up to a mere fit of valour,

To melt away in a weak woman's tear?

Oh! thou dost little know him; know'st but little

Of his exalted soul. With generous ardour

Still will he urge the great, the glorious plan,

And gain the ever honour'd, bright reward,

Which fame entwines around the patriot's brow,

And bids for ever flourish on his tomb,

For nations freed and tyrants laid in dust.

*Dion.* By heav'n, this night Evander breathes

his last.

*Euph.* Better for him to sink at once to rest,

Than linger thus beneath the gripe of famine,

In a vile dungeon, scoop'd with barb'rous skill,

Deep in the flinty rook; a monument

Of that fell malice, and that black suspicion

That mark'd your father's reign.

*Dion.* Obdurate woman! obstinate in ill!

Here ends all parley. Now your father's doom

Is fix'd, irrevocably fix'd.

*Euph.* Thy doom, perhaps,

May first be fix'd: the doom that ever waits

Pursues his wearied life through ev'ry nerve.

I scorn all dull delay. This very night

Shall sate my great revenge. [*Exit.*]

*Euph.* This night, perhaps,

Shall whelm thee down, no more to blast creation.

My father, who inhabit with the dead,

Now let me seek thee in the lonely tomb,

And tremble there with anxious hope and fear.

SCENE II. — *The Inside of the Temple.**Enter PHOCION and MELANTHON.**Mel.* Summon all

Thy wonted firmness; in that dreary vault  
A living king is number'd with the dead.  
I'll take my post, near where the pillar'd aisle  
Supports the central dome, that no alarm  
Surprise you in the pious act.

*Pho.* If here

They both are found; if in Evander's arms  
Euphrasia meets my search, the fates atone  
For all my sufferings, all afflictions past.  
Yes, I will seek them—ha! the gaping tomb  
Invites my steps: now be propitious, heaven!

*[Enters the tomb.]**Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Euph.* All hail, ye caves of horror! In this  
gloom  
Divine content can dwell, the heartfelt tear;  
Which, as it falls, a father's trembling hand  
Will catch, and wash the sorrows from my eye.  
Who's there? Evander? Answer—tell me—  
speak!

*Re-enter PHOCION from the tomb.**Pho.* What voice is that? Melanthon!

*Euph.* Ha! those sounds—  
Speak of Evander; tell me that he lives,  
Or lost Euphrasia dies.

*Pho.* Heart-swelling transport!  
Art thou Euphrasia? 'tis thy Phocion, love;  
Thy husband comes.

*Euph.* Support me; reach thy hand.*Pho.* Once more I clasp her in this fond embrace!*Euph.* What miracle has brought thee to me?*Pho.* Love

Inspir'd my heart and guided all my ways.

*Euph.* Oh! thou dear wand'rer! But wherefore here?

Why in this place of woe? My tender little one,  
Say, is he safe? oh! satisfy a mother;  
Speak of my child, or I grow wild at once:  
Tell me his fate, and tell me all thy own.

*Pho.* Your boy is safe, Euphrasia; lives to reign  
In Sicily; Timoleon's gen'rous care  
Protects him in his camp: dispel thy fears;  
The gods once more will give him to thy arms.

*Euph.* My father lives; sepulchred, ere his time,  
Here in Eudocia's tomb. Let me conduct thee.*Pho.* I came this moment thence.*Euph.* And saw Evander?*Pho.* Alas, I found him not.*Euph.* Not found him there?

And have they, then—have the fell murderers  
—Oh! *(Faints.)*

*Pho.* I've been too rash; revive, my love, revive!

Thy Phocion calls; the gods will guard Evander,  
And save him to reward thy matchless virtue.

*Re-enter MELANTHON with EVANDER.**Evan.* Lead me, Melanthon, guide my aged steps;

Where is he? Let me see him?

*Pho.* My Euphrasia,  
Thy father lives;—thou venerable man!  
Behold—I cannot fly to thy embrace.

*Evan.* Euphrasia! Phocion, too! Yes, both are here:

Oh! let me hush, thus strain you to my heart.

*Euph.* Why, my father,  
Why thus adventure forth? The strong a'arm  
O'erwhelm'd my spirits.

*Evan.* I went forth, my child,  
When all was dark, and awful silence round,  
To throw me prostrate at the altar's foot,  
And crave the care of heav'n for thee and thine.  
Melanthon there—

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Phil.* Inevitable ruin hovers o'er you:  
The tyrant's fury mounts into a blaze;  
Unstaid yet with blood, he calls aloud  
For thee, Evander; thee his rage hath order'd  
This moment to his presence.

*Evan.* Lead me to him:

His presence hath no terror for Evander.

*Euph.* Horror! it must not be.*Phil.* No; never, never!

I'll perish rather. His policy has granted  
A day's suspense from arms: yet even now  
His troops prepare, in the dead midnight hour,  
With base surprise, to storm Timoleon's camp.  
*Evan.* And doth he grant a false insidious truce,  
To turn the hour of peace to blood and horror?

*Euph.* I knew the monster well: when specious seeming

Becalm'd his looks, the rankling heart within  
Teems with destruction.

Mountains hurl'd up in air and molten rock,  
And all the land with desolation cover'd.

*Melan.* Now, Phocion, now on thee our hope depends.

Fly to Timoleon; I can grant a passport:  
Rouse him to vengeance; on the tyrant turn  
His own insidious arts, or all is lost.

*Pho.* Evander, thou, and thou, my best Euphrasia,  
Both shall attend my flight.*Melan.* It were in vain:

Th' attempt would hazard all.

*Euph.* Together here

We will remain, safe in the cave of death;  
And wait our freedom from the conqu'ring arm.

*Evan.* Oh, would the gods roll back the stream of time,

And give this arm the sinew that it boasted  
At Tauromenium, when its force resistless

Mow'd down the ranks of war; I then might  
guide

The battle's rage, and, ere Evander die,  
Add still another laurel to my brow.

*Euph.* Enough of laurel'd victory your sword  
Hath reap'd in earlier days.

*Evan.* And shall my sword,  
When the great cause of liberty invites,  
Remain inactive, unperforming quite?  
Youth, second youth rekindles in my veins:

Though worn with age, this arm will know its  
office;

Will shew that victory has not forgot  
Acquaintance with this hand. And yet—oh, shame!

It will not be: the momentary blaze  
Sinks and expires: I have surviv'd it all:  
Surviv'd my reign, my people, and myself.

*Euph.* Fly, Phocion, fly: Melanthon will conduct thee.*Melan.* And when th' assault begins, my faithful cohorts

Shall form their ranks around this sacred dome.

*Pho.* And my poor captive friends, my brave companions,

Taken in battle, wilt thou guard their lives?

*Phil.* Trust to my care: no danger shall assail them.

*Pho.* By heaven, the glorious expectation swells  
This panting bosom! Yes, Euphrasia, yes;  
Awhile I leave you to the care of heaven.  
*Fell Dionysius tremble; ere the dawn,  
Tumultuous thunders at your gates! the rage,  
The pent-up rage of twenty thousand Greeks,  
Shall burst at once; and the tumultuous roar  
Alarm th' astonish'd world.*

*Evan.* Yet, ere thou go'st, young man,  
Attend my words: though guilt may oft provoke,  
As now it does, just vengeance on its head,  
In mercy punish it. The rage of slaughter  
Can add no trophy to the victor's triumph;  
Conquest is proud, inexorable, fierce;  
It is humanity ennobles all.

*Pho.* Farewell! the midnight hour shall give  
you freedom.

[*Exit with Mel. and Phil.*]

*Euph.* Ye guardian deities, watch all his ways!  
*Evan.* Come, my Euphrasia,  
Together we will pour  
Our hearts in praise, in tears of adoration,  
For all the wondrous goodness lav'd on us.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.

*Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS.*

*Dion.* Ere the day clos'd, while yet the busy eye  
Might view their camp, their station, and their  
guards,

Their preparations for approaching night,  
Didst thou then mark the motions of the Greeks?

*Cal.* From the watch-tow'r I saw them: all  
things spoke

A foe secure, and discipline relax'd.

*Dion.* Their folly gives them to my sword.—Are  
all

My orders issued?

*Cal.* All.

*Dion.* The troops retir'd

To gain recruited vigour from repose?

*Cal.* The city round lies hush'd in sleep.

*Dion.* Anon,

Let each brave officer, of chosen valour,

Meet at the citadel. An hour at furthest

Before the dawn, 'tis fix'd to storm their camp;

Haste, Calippus.

Fly to thy post, and bid Euphrasia enter.

[*Exit Calippus.*]

Evander dies this night: Euphrasia, too,  
Shall be dispos'd of. Curse on Phocion's fraud,  
That from my pow'r withdrew their infant boy:  
In him the seed of future kings were crush'd,  
And the whole hated line at once extinguish'd.

*Enter EUPHRASIA.*

*Dion.* Once more approach, and hear me: 'tis  
not now

A time to waste in the vain war of words.

A crisis big with horror is at hand.

I meant to spare the stream of blood, that soon

Shall deluge yonder plains. My fair proposals,

Thy haughty spirit has with scorn rejected:

And now, by heav'n, here, in thy very sight,

Evander breathes his last.

*Euph.* If yet there's wanting

A crime to fill the measure of thy guilt,

Add that black murder to the dreadful list;

With that complete the horrors of thy reign.

*Dion.* Woman, beware! Philotas is at hand,

And to our presence leads Evander. All

Thy dark complottings, and thy treach'rous arts,  
Have prov'd abortive.

*Euph.* Ha! What new event?

And is Philotas saved? Has he betray'd him?

[*Aside.*]

*Dion.* What, ho! Philotas.

*Enter PHILOTAS.*

*Euph.* How my heart sinks within me!

*Dion.* Where's your pris'ner?

*Phil.* Evander is no more.

*Dion.* Ha! Death has robb'd me

Of half my great revenge.

*Phil.* Worn out with anguish,

I saw life ebb apace. With studied art,

We gave each cordial drop, alas! in vain;

He heav'd a sigh; invok'd his daughter's name

Smil'd, and expir'd.

*Dion.* Bring me his hoary head.

*Phil.* You'll pardon, sir, my over-hasty zeal:

I gave the body to the foaming surge,

Down the steep rock, despi'd.

*Dion.* Now, then, thou feel'st my vengeance.

*Euph.* Glory in it:

Exult and triumph. Thy worst shaft is sped.

Yet still the unconquer'd mind with scorn can view  
thee;

With the calm sunshine of the breast, can see

Thy pow'r unequal to subdue the soul

Which virtue form'd, and which the gods pro-  
tect.

*Dion.* Philotas, bear her hence; she shall not  
live;

This moment bear her hence; you know the rest;

Go, see our will obey'd: that done, with all

A warrior's speed, attend me at the citadel;

There meet the heroes whom this night shall  
lead

To freedom, victory, to glorious havoc,

And the destruction of the Grecian name.

[*Exit.*]

*Euph.* Accept my thanks, Philotas; generous  
man!

These tears attest th' emotions of my heart.

But, oh! should Greece defer—

*Phil.* Dispel thy fears;

Phocion will bring relief; or should the tyrant

Assault their camp, he'll meet a marshal'd foe.

Let me conduct thee to the silent tomb.

*Euph.* Ah! there Evander, naked and disarm'd,

Defenceless quite, may meet some ruffian stroke.

*Phil.* Lo! here's a weapon; bear this dagger to  
him.

In the drear monument should hostile steps

Dare to approach him, they must enter singly;

This guards the passage; man by man they die.

There may'st thou dwell amidst the wild commo-  
tion.

*Euph.* Ye pitying gods, protect my father there!

### SCENE II.—The Citadel.

*Enter DIONYSIUS, CALIPPUS, and several Officers.*

*Dion.* Ye brave associates, who so oft have shar'd

Our toil and danger in the field of glory,

My fellow-warriors, what no god could promise,

Fortune has giv'n us. In his dark embrace,

Lo! sleep envelops the whole Grecian camp.

Against a foe, the outcasts of their country,

Freebooters, roving in pursuit of prey,

Success by war, or covert stratagem,

Alike is glorious. Then, my gallant friends,

What need of words? The gen'rous call of freedom,

Your wives, your children, your invaded rights

All that can steel the patriot breast with valour,  
Expands and rouses in the swelling heart.  
Follow the impulsive ardour; follow me,  
Your king, your leader: in the friendly gloom  
Of night assault their camp: your country's love  
And fame eternal shall attend the men  
Who march'd through blood and horror, to redeem  
From the invader's pow'r, their native land.

*Cal.* Lead to the onset: Greece shall find we bear

Hearts prodigal of blood, when honour calls;  
Resolv'd to conquer, or to die in freedom.

*Dion.* Thus I've resolv'd: when the declining moon

Hath veil'd her orb, our silent march begins.  
The order thus: Calippus, thou lead forth  
Iberia's sons with the Numidian bands,  
And line the shore. Perdiccas, be it thine  
To march thy cohorts to the mountain's foot,  
Where the wood skirts the valley; there make halt,

Till brave Amyntor stretch along the vale.  
Ourself, with the embodied cavalry,  
Clad in their mail'd cuirass, will circle round  
To where their camp extends its farthest line;  
Unnumber'd torches there shall blaze at once,  
The signal of the charge; then, oh! my friends,  
On every side let the wild uproar loose,  
Bid massacre and carnage stalk around,  
Unsparring, unrelenting; drench your swords  
In hostile blood, and riot in destruction.

*Enter an Officer.*

Ha? speak; unfold thy purpose.

*Off.* Instant arm;

To arms, my liege; the foe breaks in upon us;  
The subterraneous path is theirs; that way  
Their band invades the city sunk in sleep.

*Dion.* Treason's at work; detested, treach'rous villains!

Is this their promis'd truce? Away, my friends!  
Rouse all the war; fly to your several posts,  
And instant bring all Syracuse in arms.

*[Exeunt. Warlike music.]*

SCENE III.—*The Inside of the Temple; a monument in the middle.*

*Enter EUPHRASIA, ERIXENE, and female Attendants.*

*Euph.* Which way, Erixene, which way, my virgins,  
Shall we direct our steps? What sacred altar  
Clasp on our knees?

*Erix.* Alas! the horrid tumult  
Spreads the destruction wide. On ev'ry side  
The victor's shouts, the groans of murder'd wretches,

In wild confusion rise. Once more descend  
Eudocia's tomb! there thou may'st find shelter.

*Euph.* Anon, Erixene, I mean to visit,  
Perhaps for the last time, a mother's urn.  
This dagger here, this instrument of death,  
Should fortune prosper the fell tyrant's arms;  
This dagger, then, may free me from his pow'r,  
And that drear vault entomb us all in peace.

*Erix.* Hark!

*Euph.* The din  
Of arms with clearer sound advances. Hark!  
That sudden burst! Again! They rush upon us!  
The portal opens; lo! see there; behold!  
War, horrid war, invades the sacred fane;  
No altar gives a sanctuary now. *[Warlike music.]*

*Enter DIONYSIUS and CALIPPUS, with several Soldiers.*

*Dion.* Here will I mock their seige; here stand  
at bay,  
And brave 'em to the last.  
Euphrasia here! Detested, treach'rous woman!  
For my revenge preserv'd! By heav'n 'tis woe;  
Vengeance awaits thy guilt, and this good sword  
Thus sends thee to atone the bleeding victims  
This night has massacred.

*Cal. [Holding Dionysius' arm.]* My Hege; forbear!

Her life preserv'd, may plead your cause with  
Greece,  
And mitigate your fate.

*Dion.* Presumptuous slave!  
My rage is up in arms; by heav'n she dies.

*Enter EVANDER from the tomb*

*Evan.* Horror! forbear! Thou murderer, hold thy hand!

The gods behold thee, horrible assassin!  
Restrain the blow; it were a stab to heav'n;  
All nature shudders at it! Will no friend  
Arm in a cause like this a father's hand?  
Strike at his bosom rather. Lo! Evander,  
Prostrate and grovelling on the earth before thee;  
He begs to die; exhaust the scanty drops  
That lag about his heart; but spare my child.

*Dion.* Evander! Do my eyes once more behold him?

May the fiends seize Philotas! Treach'rous slave!  
'Tis well thou liv'st; thy death were poor revenge.  
From any hand but mine. *[Offers to strike.]*

*Euph.* No, tyrant, no;

*[Rushing before Evander.]*

I have provok'd your vengeance; through this bosom

Open a passage; first on me, on me  
Exhaust your fury; ev'ry pow'r above  
Commands thee to respect that aged head;  
His wither'd frame wants blood to glut thy rage,  
Strike here; these veins are full; here's blood  
enough;

The purple tide will gush to glad thy sight.

*[Flourish of trumpets.]*

*Dion.* Ha! the fierce tide of war,  
This way comes rushing on. *[Exit, with Officers.]*

*Euph. [Embracing Evander.]* Oh! thus, my father,

We'll perish thus together.

*Dion. [Without.]* Bar the gates;  
Close every passage, and repel their force.

*Evan.* And must I see thee bleed? Oh! for a sword!

Bring, bring me daggers!

*Euph.* Ha!

*Re-enter DIONYSIUS.*

*Dion.* Guards, seize the slave,  
And give him to my rage.

*Evan. [Seized by the Guards.]* Oh! spare her, spare her,  
Inhuman villains!

*Euph.* Now, one glorious effort!

*[Aside.]*

*Dion.* Let me despatch; thou traitor, thus my arm—

*Euph.* A daughter's arm, fell monster, strikes the blow.

*[Stabs him. He falls and dies.]*  
Behold, all Sielly, behold! The point  
Glows with the tyrant's blood. Ye slaves, ye etc  
Guards! look there;



Kneel to your rightful king: the blow for freedom

Gives you the rights of men. And, oh! my father,  
My ever honour'd sire, it gives thee life.

*Evan.* My child! my daughter! sav'd again by thee!  
(*Embraces her.*)

*flourish of trumpets. Enter PHOCION, MELANTHON, PHILOTAS, &c.*

*Pho.* Now let the monster yield. My best Euphrasia!

*Euph.* My lord! my Phocion! welcome to my heart.

Lo! there the wonders of Euphrasia's arm!

*Pho.* And is the proud one fallen? The dawn shall see him

A spectacle for public view. Euphrasia!

Evander, too! Thus to behold you both—

*Evan.* To her direct thy looks: there fix thy praise,

And gaze with wonder there. The life I gave her,

Oh! she has us'd it for the noblest ends!

To fill each duty; make her father feel

The purest joy, the heart-dissolving bliss,

To have a grateful child. But has the rage

Of slaughter ceas'd?

*Pho.* It has.

*Evan.* Where is Timoleon?

*Pho.* He guards the citadel; there gives his orders

To calm the uproar, and recall, from carnage,  
His conqu'ring troops.

*Euph.* Oh! once again, my father,  
Thy sway shall bless the land. Not for himself  
Timoleon conquers; to redress the wrongs  
Of bleeding Sicily, the hero comes.

Thee, good Melanthon, thee, thou gen'rous man,  
His justice shall reward. Thee, too, Philotas,

Whose sympathizing heart could feel the touch  
Of soft humanity, the hero's bounty,

His brightest honours, shall be lavish'd on thee,  
Evander, too, will place thee near his throne;

And shew mankind, ev'n on this shore of being,  
That virtue still shall meet its sure reward.

*Phil.* I am rewarded: feelings such as mine  
Are worth all dignities: my heart repays me.

*Evan.* Come, let us seek Timoleon; to his care  
I will commend ye both: for now, alas!

Thrones and dominions now no more for me.

To thee I give my crown: yes, thou, Euphrasia,  
Shall reign in Sicily. And, oh! ye pow'rs,

In that bright eminence of care and peril,

Watch over all her ways; conduct and guide

The goodness you inspir'd; that she may prove

(If e'er distress like mine invade the land)

A parent to her people, stretch the ray

Of filial piety to times unborn,

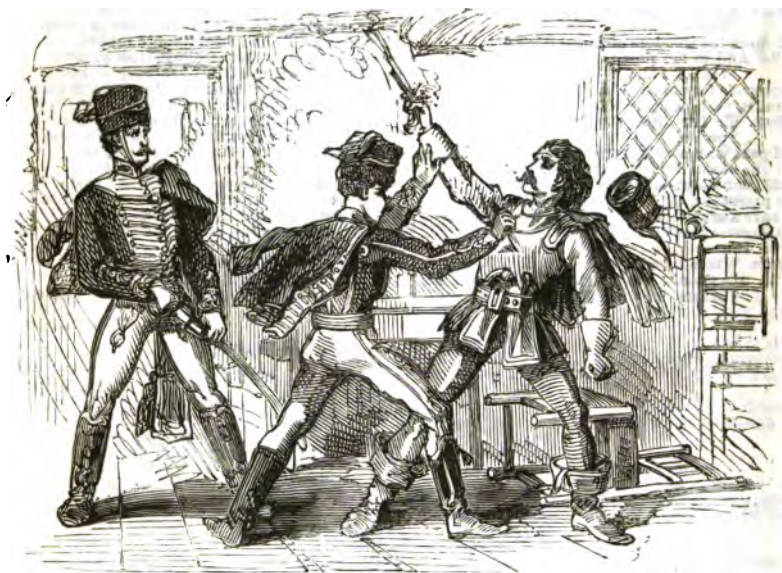
That man may hear her unexampled virtue,

And learn to emulate the Grecian Daughter.

[*Exeunt.*]

# THE MILLER AND HIS MEN.

A MELODRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY I. POCOCK.



Act II, scene 2

## Persons Represented

GRINDOFF.  
COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG.  
KARL.  
LOTHAIR.

KELMAR.  
KRUITZ.  
RIBER.  
GOLOTZ.

ZINGRA.  
CLAUDINE.  
LAURETTE.  
RAVINA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Banks of a River. On the right, in the distance, a rocky eminence, on which is a wind-mill at work—a cottage in front.—Sunset.*

MUSIC.—THE MILLER'S MEN are seen in perspective, descending the eminence—they cross the river in boats, and land near the cottage, with their sacks, singing the following

#### ROUND.

*When the wind blows,  
When the mill goes,  
Our hearts are all light and merry  
When the wind drops,  
When the mill stops,  
We drink and sing, hey down derry.*

[*Exeunt two in the boat.*]

*Enter KELMAR, from the cottage.*

*Kel.* What! more sacks, more grist to the mill! early and late the miller thrives; he that was my tenant is now my landlord; this hovel, that once sheltered him, is now the only dwelling of bankrupt broken-hearted Kelmar—well, I strove my best against misfortune, and, thanks be to heaven, have fallen respected, even by my enemies.

*Enter CLAUDINE, with a basket.*

So, Claudine, you are returned. Where stayed you so long?

*Cla.* I was obliged to wait ere I could cross the ferry—there were other passengers.

*Kel.* Amongst whom I suppose was one in whose company time flew so fast—the sun had set before you had observed it.

*Cla.* No, indeed, father: since you desired me not to meet Lothair—and I told him what you had desired—I have never seen him but in the cottage here, when you were present.

*Kel.* You are a good girl—a dutiful child, and I believe you—you never yet deceived me.

*Cla.* Nor ever will, dear father—but—

*Kel.* But what?

*Cla.* I—I find it very lonely passing the borders of the forest without—without—

*Kel.* Without Lothair?

*Cla.* You know, 'tis dangerous, father.

*Kel.* Not half so dangerous as love—subdue it, child, in time.

*Cla.* But the robbers!

*Kel.* Robbers! what then?—they cannot injure thee or thy father—alas! we have no more to lose—yet thou hast one treasure left, innocence!—guard well thy heart, for should the fatal passion there take root, 'twill rob thee of thy peace.

*Cla.* You told me, once, love's impulse could not be resisted.

*Kel.* When the object is worthless, it should not be indulged.

*Cla.* Is Lothair worthless?

*Kel.* No; but he is poor almost as you are.

*Cla.* Do riches without love give happiness?

*Kel.* Never.

*Cla.* Then I must be unhappy if I wed the miller Grindoff.

*Kel.* Not so—not so;—independence gives comfort, but love without competence is endless misery. You can never wed Lothair.

*Cla.* (Sighing.) I can never love the miller.

*Kel.* Then you shall never marry him—though to see you Grindoff's wife be the last wish of your old father's heart.—Go in, child; go in, Claudine. (Claudine kisses his hand, and exits into the cottage.) 'Tis plain her heart is rivetted to Lothair, and honest Grindoff yet must sue in vain.

*Enter* LOTHAIR, hastily.

*Lot.* Ah! Kelmar, and alone;—where is Claudine?

*Kel.* At home, in her father's house,—where should she be?

*Lot.* Then she has escap'd—she is safe, and I am happy—I did not accompany her in vain.

*Kel.* Accompany!—accompany!—Has she then told me a falsehood? Were you with her, Lothair?

*Lot.* No—yes—yes. (Aside.) I must not alarm him.

*Kel.* What mean these contradictions?

*Lot.* She knew not I was near her—you have denied our meeting, but you cannot prevent my loving her—I have watched her daily through the village and along the borders of the forest.

*Kel.* I thank you; but she needs no guard; her poverty will protect her from a thief.

*Lot.* Will her beauty protect her from a libertine?

*Kel.* Her virtue will.

*Lot.* I doubt it:—what can her resistance avail against the powerful arm of villany?

*Kel.* Is there such a wretch?

*Lot.* There is.

*Kel.* Lothair, Lothair! I fear you glance at the miller Grindoff. This is not well; this is not just.

*Lot.* Kelmar, you wrong me; 'tis true, he is my enemy, for he bars my road to happiness. Yet I respect his character; the riches that industry has gained him he employs in assisting the unfortunate

—he has protected you and your child, and I honour him.

*Kel.* If not to Grindoff, to whom do you allude?

*Lot.* Listen:—as I crossed the hollow way in the forest, I heard a rustling in the copse. Claudine had reached the bank above. As I was following, voices, subdued and whispering, struck my ear. Her name was distinctly pronounced: "She comes," said one; "Now! now we may secure her," cried the second: and instantly two men advanced; a sudden exclamation burst from my lips, and arrested their intent; they turned to seek me, and with dreadful imprecations vowed death to the intruder. Stretched beneath a bush of holly, I lay concealed; they passed within my reach; I scarcely breathed, while I observed them to be ruffians, uncouth and savage—they were banditti.

*Kel.* Banditti! are they not yet content? All that I had—all that the hand of Providence had spared, they have deprived me of; and would they take my child?

*Lot.* 'Tis plain they would. Now, Kelmar, hear the last proposal of him you have rejected. I'll seek these robbers! if I should fall, your daughter will more readily obey your wish, and become the wife of Grindoff. If I should succeed, promise her to me. The reward I shall receive will secure our future comfort, and thus your fears and your objections both are satisfied.

*Kel.* (Affected.) Lothair, thou art a good lad, a noble lad, and worthy my daughter's love; she had been freely thine, but that by sad experience I know how keen the pangs of penury are to a parent's heart.

*Lot.* Then you consent?

*Kel.* I do, I do: but pray be careful. I fear 'tis a rash attempt; you must have help.

*Lot.* Then, indeed, I fail as others have before me. No, Kelmar, I must go alone, penniless, unarmed, and secretly. None but yourself must know my purpose, or my person.

*Kel.* Be it as you will; but pray be careful; come, thou shalt see her.

(The mill stops.)

*Lot.* I'll follow; it may be my last farewell.

*Kel.* Come in—I see the mill has stopped. Grindoff will be here anon; he always visits me at night-fall, when labour ceases. Come.

[Exit Kelmar into the cottage]

*Lot.* Yes, at the peril of my life, I'll seek them. With the juice of herbs my face shall be discoloured, and, in the garb of misery, I'll throw myself within their power—the rest I leave to Providence. (Music.) But the miller comes.

[Exit to the cottage, the miller appears in perspective coming from the crag in the rock—the boat disappears on the opposite side.]

*Enter* the two Robbers, RIBER and GOLOTZ, hastily, —they rush up to the cottage, and peep in at the window.

*Rib.* (Retiring from the window.) We are too late—she has reached the cottage.

*Gol.* Curses on the interruption that detained us; we shall be rated for this failure.

*Rib.* Hush! not so loud. (Goes again cautiously to the window of the cottage.) Ha! Lothair.

*Gol.* Lothair! 'twas he, then, that marred our purpose; he shall smart for't.

*Rib.* Back! back! he comes. On his return he dies; he cannot pass us both.

*(Music.—They retire behind a tree.—A boat passes in the distance from the mouth of the cavern in the rock beneath the mill, and then draws up to the bank.—*  
*Enter GRINDOFF, THE MILLER, in the boat, who jumps ashore.*

*Re-enter LOTHAIR, at the moment, from the cottage.*

*Gri. (Disconcerted.) Lothair!*

*Lot. Ay, my visit here displeases you, no doubt.*

*Gri. Nay, we are rivals, but not enemies, I trust. We love the same girl; we strive the best we can to gain her: if you are fortunate, I'll wish you joy with all my heart; if I should have the luck on't, you'll do the same by me, I hope.*

*Lot. You have little fear; I am poor, you are rich. He needn't look far that would see the end on't.*

*Gri. But you are young and likely. I am honest and rough; the chances are as much yours as mine.*

*Lot. Well, time will show. I bear you no enmity. Farewell! (Crosses.)*

*Gri. (Aside.) He must not pass the forest. (To Lothair.) Whither go you?*

*Lot. To the village; I must haste, or 'twill be late ere I reach the ferry. (It begins to grow dark.)*

*Rib. (Who with Golots is watching them.) He will escape us yet.*

*Gri. Stay, my boat shall put you across the river. Besides, the evening looks stormy—come, it will save your journey half a league.*

*Rib. (Aside.) It will save his life.*

*Lot. Well, I accept your offer, and I thank you.*

*Gri. Your hand!*

*Lot. Farewell!*

*(He goes into the boat, and pushes off.)*

*Gri. So, I am rid of him; if he had met Claudine!—but she is safe—now, then, for Kelmur.*

*(Exit into the cottage.)*

*Re-enter RIBER and GOLOTZ.*

*Rib. Curse on this chance! we have lost him!*

*Gol. But a time may come.*

*Rib. A time shall come, and shortly, too.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*SCENE II.—The Forest—distant thunder.*

*Enter KARL, dragging after him a portmanteau.*

*Karl. Here's a pretty mess! here's a precious spot of work!—Pleasant, upon my soul—lost in a labyrinth, without love or liquor—the sun gone down, a storm got up, and no getting out of this vile forest, turn which way one will.*

*Count. (Calling without.) Halloo! Karl! Karl!*

*Karl. Ah, you may call and bawl, master of mine; you'll not disturb any thing here but a wild boar or two, and a wolf, perhaps.*

*Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG.*

*Count. Karl, where are you?*

*Karl. Where am I! that's what I want to know—this cursed wood has a thousand turnings, and not one that turns right.*

*Count. Careless coxcomb! said you not you could remember the track?*

*Karl. So I should, sir, if I could find the path—but trees will grow, and since I was here last, the place has got so bushy and briery, that—that I have lost my way.*

*Count. You have lost your senses.*

*Karl. No, sir, I wish I had; unfortunately, my senses are all in the highest state of perfection.*

*Count. Why not use them to more effect?*

*Karl. I wish I'd the opportunity; my poor stomach can testify that I taste—*

*Count. What?*

*Karl. Nothing; it's as empty as my head: but I see danger, smell a tempest, hear the cry of wild beasts, and feel—*

*Count. How?*

*Karl. Particularly unpleasant (Thunder and rain.) Oh, we are in for it: do you hear, sir?*

*Count. We must be near the river; could we but reach the ferry, 'tis but a short league to the Chateau Friberg. (Crosses.)*

*Karl. Ah, sir, I wish we were there, and I seated in the old arm-chair in the servants' hall, talking of—hollos!*

*Count. What now?*

*Karl. I felt a spot of rain on my nose as big as a bullet. (Thunder and rain.) There, there, it's coming on again; seek some shelter, sir; some hollow tree, whilst I, for my sins, endeavour once more to find the way, and endure another currying-comb among these cursed brambles. Come, sir. (The storm increases.) Lord, how it rumbles—this way, sir—this way. [Exeunt.]*

*SCENE III.—A Room in the Cottage. A Door. A Window. A Fire,—tables and chairs, &c.*

*GRINDOFF, and KELMAR, discovered sitting at the table.—Thunder and rain.*

*Kel. 'Tis a rough night, miller: the thunder roars, and, by the murmuring of the flood, the mountain torrents have descended. Poor Lothair! he'll scarcely have crossed the ferry.*

*Gri. Lothair by this is safe at home, old friend; before the storm commenced, I passed him in my boat across the river. (Aside.) He seems less anxious for his daughter than for this bold stripping.*

*Kel. Worthy man! you'll be rewarded for all such deeds hereafter. Thank heaven, Claudine is safe! Hark!*

*Gri. (Aside.) She is safe by this time, or I am much mistaken.*

*Kel. She will be here anon.*

*Gri. (Aside.) I doubt that. (To Kelmur.) Come, here's health, old Kelmur,—here's Claudine!*

*(Drinks.)*

*Gri. Ah, Kelmur, would I could once call you father!*

*Kel. You may do soon; but even your protection would now, I fear, be insufficient to—*

*Gri. What mean you?—Insufficient!*

*Kel. The robbers—this evening in the forest—*

*Gri. (Rising.) Ha?*

*Kel. (Rising.) Did not Lothair tell you?*

*Gri. Lothair?*

*Kel. Yes! but all's well: be not alarmed—see, she is here.*

*Gri. Here!*

*Enter CLAUDINE.—Grindoff endeavours to suppress his surprise.*

*Gri. Claudine! Curse on them both!*

*Kel. Both! how knew you there were two?*

*Gri. 'Sdeath!—you—you said robbers, did you not? They never have appeared but singly; therefore, I thought you meant two.*

*Kel. You are right; but for Lothair they had deprived me of my child.*

*Gri. How!—Did Lothair? Humph! he's a courageous youth.*

*Gri. That he is; but he's gentle, too. What has happened?*

*Kel.* Nothing, child, nothing. (*Aside to Grindoff.*) Do not speak on 'twill terrify her. Come, Claudine now for supper. What have you brought us?

*Cla.* Thanks to the miller's bounty, plenty.

*Kel.* The storm increases!

*Karl.* (*Calling without.*) Hullo! Hullo!

*Kel.* And hark! I hear a voice—Hasten!

*Karl.* (*Calling again without.*) Hullo!

*Cla.* The cry of some bewildered traveller.

(*The cry repeated, and a violent knock at the door.*)

*Kel.* Open the door.

*Gri.* Not so; it may be dangerous.

*Kel.* Danger comes in silence and in secret; my door was never shut against the wretched while I knew prosperity, nor shall it be closed now to my fellows in misfortune. (*To Claudine.*) Open the door, I say.

(*The knock is repeated, and Claudine opens the door.*)

*Enter KARL, with a portmanteau.*

*Karl.* Why, in the name of dark nights and tempests, didn't you open the door at first!—Have you no charity?

*Kel.* In our hearts plenty, in our gift but little; yet all we have is yours.

*Karl.* Then I'll share all you have with my master: thank you, old gentleman; you won't fare the worse for sheltering honest Karl, and Count Frederick Friberg.

*Gri.* Friberg!

*Karl.* Ay, I'll soon fetch him; he's waiting now, looking as melancholy as a mourning-coach in a snow-storm, at the foot of a tree, wet as a drowned rat; so stir up the fire, bless you! clap on the kettle, give us the best eatables and drinkables you have, a clean table-cloth, a couple of warm beds, and don't stand upon ceremony; we'll accept every civility and comfort you can bestow upon us without scruple.

(*Throws down the portmanteau, and exit.*)

*Gri.* Friberg, did he say?

*Cla.* 'Tis the young count, so long expected.

*Kel.* Can it be possible? without attendants, and at such a time too?

*Gri.* (*Looking at the portmanteau, on which is the name in brass nails.*) Is must be the same!—Kelmar, good night.

(*Going up towards the door.*)

*Kel.* Nay, not yet,—the storm rages.

*Gri.* I fear, it may increase; besides, your visitors may not like my company; good night.

*Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, followed by KARL—he stops suddenly, and eyes the Miller, as if recollecting him—Grindoff appears to avoid his scrutiny.*

*Count.* Your kindness is well timed; we might have perished; accept my thanks. (*Aside.*) I should know that face.

*Gri.* To me your thanks are not due.

*Count.* That voice, too!

*Gri.* This house is Kelmar's.

(*Karl places the portmanteau on the table.*)

*Count.* Kelmar's!

*Kel.* Ay, my dear master: my fortunes have deserted me, but my attachment to your family still remains.

*Count.* Worthy old man, how happens this: the richest tenant of my late father's land, the honest, the faithful Kelmar, in a hovel?

*Kel.* It will chill your hearts to hear.

*Karl.* (*At the fire, warming himself.*) Then don't tell

us, pray, for our bodies are cramped with cold already.

*Kel.* 'Tis a terrible tale.

*Karl.* (*Advancing.*) Then, for the love of a good appetite and a dry skin, don't tell it, for I've been terrified enough in the forest to-night to last me my life.

*Count.* Be silent, Karl. (*Retires up, with Kelmar.*)

*Gri.* In—in the forest?

*Karl.* Ay.

*Gri.* What should alarm you there?

*Karl.* What should alarm me there? come, that's a good one. Why, first, I lost my way; trying to find that, I lost the horses; then I tumbled into a quagmire, and nearly lost my life.

*Gri.* Pshaw! this is of no consequence.

*Karl.* Isn't it? I have endured more hardships since morning than a knight-errant. My head's broken, my body's bruised, and my joints are dislocated. I haven't three square inches about me but what are scarified with briars and brambles; and, above all, I have not tasted a morsel of food since sunrise. Egad! instead of my making a meal of anything, I've been in constant expectation of the wolves making a meal of me.

*Gri.* Is this all?

*Karl.* All!—No, it's not all; pretty well, too, I think. When I recovered the path, I met two polite gentlemen with long knives in their hands.

*Gri.* Hey!

*Karl.* And because I refused a kind invitation of theirs, they were affronted, and were just on the point of ending all my troubles, when up came my master.

*Gri.* Well?

*Karl.* Well! yes, it was well indeed, for after a struggle they made off; one of them left his stinging behind, though; look, here's a poker to stir up a man's courage with!

(*Showing a poniard.*)

*Gri.* A poniard!

*Karl.* Ay.

*Gri.* (*Snatching at it.*) Give it me.

*Karl.* (*Refusing the dagger.*) For what? It's lawful spoil—didn't I win it in battle? No! I'll keep it as a trophy of my victory.

(*During this time, Kelmar and Claudine have taken and hung up the Count's cloak, handed him a chair, and are conversing.*)

*Gri.* It will be safer in my possession: it may lead to a discovery of him who wore it—and—

*Karl.* It may—you are right—therefore I'll deliver it into the hands of Count Frederick: he'll soon ferret the rascals out; set a reward on their heads—five thousand crowns, dead or alive! that's the way to manœuvre 'em.

*Gri.* Indeed! humph!

*Karl.* Humph! don't half like that chap—never saw such a ferocious black muzzle in my life—that miller's a rogue in grain.

*Count.* (*Advancing.*) Nay, nay, speak of it no more. I will not take an old man's bed to ease my youthful limbs; I have slept soundly on a ruder couch—and that chair shall be my resting-place.

*Cla.* The miller's man, Riber, perhaps can entertain his excellency better;—he keeps the Fleak here, on the hill, sir.

*Gri.* His house contains but one bed.

*Karl.* Only one?

*Gri.* And that is occupied.

*Karl.* The devil it is!

*Count.* It matters not: I am contented here.

*Karl.* That's more than I am.

(*Retires up.*)

*Gri.* But stay: perchance his guest has left it; if

so, 'tis at Count Frederick's service. [They all retire up but Grindoff.] I'll go directly and bring you word. *(Aside.)* I may now prevent surprise—the storm has ceased; I will return immediately.

[Throws down the sheath of a dagger, and exit.]

Count. *(Eagerly.)* Kelmar, tell me, who is that man?

Kel. *(Advancing.)* The richest tenant, sir, you have; what Kelmar was when you departed from Bohemia, Grindoff now is.

Count. Grindoff!—I remember, in my youth, a favoured servant of my father's, who resembled him in countenance and voice—the recollection is strong upon my memory, but I hope deceives me, for he was a villain who betrayed his trust.

Kel. I have heard the circumstance; it happened just before I entered your good father's service—his name was Wolf.

Count. The same.

Kel. And if this is not the same, I suspect he is a very near relation.

Kel. *(Angrily.)* Nay, sir, you mistake—Grindoff is my friend,—come, Claudine, is all ready?

Kel. Oh, it's a sore subject, is it? *(Exit Kelmar and Claudine.)* Your friend, is he, old gentleman?—Sir—sir—

Count. *(Who has become thoughtful.)* Well! what say you?

Kel. I don't like our quarters, sir; we are in a bad neighbourhood.

Count. I fear we are; Kelmar's extreme poverty may have tempted him to league with—yet his daughter.

Kel. His daughter—a decoy!—nothing but a trap; don't believe her, sir; we are betrayed, murdered, if we stay here. I'll endure anything, everything, if you will but depart, sir. Dark nights, bad roads, hail, rain, assassins, and—hey! what's this? *(Sees and picks up the scabbard dropped by Grindoff.)* Oh, lord, what's the matter with me? My mind misgives me; and here *(He sheaths the dagger in it and finds it fits.)* fits to a hair—we are in the lion's den!

Count. 'Tis evident we are snared, caught.

Kel. O, lord, don't say so.

Re-enter KELMAR and CLAUDINE, followed by LAURETTE and KRUITZ with supper things, &c.

Kel. Come, come, youngsters, bestir—spread the cloth, and—

Count. Kelmar, I have bethought me; at every peril, I must on to-night.

Kel. To-night!

Cl. Not to-night, I beseech you; you know not half your danger.

[Goes to the table, and places her hand carelessly on the portmanteau.

Kel. Danger! *(Aside.)* Cockatrice! *(To Claudine.)* I'll thank you for that portmanteau.

Count. Let it remain—it may be an object to them, 'tis none to me,—it will be safer here with honest Kelmar.

Kel. But why so sudden?

Kel. My master has recollected something that must be done to-night—or to-morrow it may be out of his power.

Cl. Stay till the miller returns.

Kel. Till he returns! *(Aside.)* Ah, the fellow's gone to get assistance, and if he comes before we escape, we shall be cut and hashed to mince-meat.

Count. Away!

[Advancing to the door.

Enter GRINDOFF, suddenly.

Kel. It's all over with us.

Kel. Well, friend, what success?

Gri. Bad enough—the count must remain here.

Count. Must remain!

Kel. There is no resource.

Kel. I thought so.

Gri. To-morrow, Riber can dispose of you both.

Kel. Dispose of us! *(Aside.)* Ay, put us to bed with a spade—that fellow's a grave-digger.

Count. Then I must cross the ford to-night.

Gri. Impossible; the torrent has swept the ferry barge from the shore.

Kel. The ferry barge!

Gri. Yes, and driven it down the stream.

Count. Perhaps your boat—

Gri. Mine, 'twould be madness to resist the current now, and in the dark, too.

Count. What reward may tempt you?

Gri. Not all you are worth, sir, until to-morrow.

Kel. To-morrow! *(Aside.)* Ah! we are crows' meat to a certainty.

Gri. *(Aside, looking apace around the room.)* All is right: they have got the scabbard, and their suspicions now must fall on Kelmar.

[Exit Grindoff, bidding them all good night.

Count. Well, we must submit to circumstances. *(Aside to Kel.)* Do not appear alarmed! when all is still, we may escape.

Kel. Why not now? There are only two of 'em.

Count. There may be others near.

## SESTETTE.

Ola. Stay, prithee, stay—the night is dark,  
The cold wind whistles—hark! hark! hark!

Count. We must away.

Kel. Pray, come away.

Ola. The night is dark,  
The cold wind whistles,

All. Hark! hark! hark!

Ola. Stay, prithee, stay—the way is lone,  
The ford is deep—the boat is gone.

Kel. And mountain torrents swell the flood,  
And robbers lurk within the wood.

All. Here { you  
          { we } must stay till morning bright

Breaks through the dark and dismal night,  
And merry sings the rising lark,  
And hush'd the night bird—hark! hark! hark!

[Claudine tenderly detains the Count—Kelmar detains Kel, and the scene closes.

## SCENE IV.—The Depth of the Forest.—Stage dark.

Enter LOTHAIR, with his dress and complexion entirely changed—his appearance is extremely wretched.

Lot. This way, this—in the moaning of the blast, at intervals, I heard the tread of feet—and as the moon's light burst from the stormy clouds, I saw two figures glide like departed spirits to this deep glen. Now, heaven prosper me, for my attempt is desperate! *(Looking off.)* ah, they come! *(Retires.)*

MUSIC.—Enter RIBER, GOLOTZ follows—they look around cautiously, then advance to a particular rock, which is nearly concealed by underwood and roots of trees.

Lot. *(Advancing.)* Hold! *(The robbers start, and eye him with jealous surprise.)* So, my purpose is accomplished—at last I have discovered you,

*Rob. (Crosses.)* Indeed! it will cost you dear.

*Lot.* It has already—I have been hunted through the country—but now my life is safe.

*Rob. Safe!*

*Lot. Ay, is it not? Would you destroy a comrade?—Look at me, search me—I am unarmed, defenceless!*

*Got. Why come you hither?*

*Lot.* To join your brave band—the terror of Bohemia.

*Rob. How knew you our retreat?*

*Lot.* No matter—in the service of Count Friberg I have been disgraced—and fly from punishment to seek revenge.

*Got. (To Riber.)* How say you?

*Lot. (Aside.)* They hesitate, the young count is far from home, and his name I may use without danger. *(To the Robbers.)* Lead me to your chief.

*Rob. We will—not so fast, your sight must be concealed.]*

*[Offering to bind his forehead.]*

*Lot. Ah! (Hesitates.)* May I trust you?

*Got. Do you doubt?*

*Rob. Might we not despatch you as you are.*

*Lot. Enough; bind me, and lead on.*

*[They conceal his sight.]*

**MUSIC.**—*Gotz leads Lothair to the rock, pushes the brushwood aside, and all exeunt, followed by Riber, watching that they are not observed.*

#### SCENE V.—A Cavern.

**BANDITTI** discovered variously employed, chiefly sitting carousing around tables on which are flasks of wine, etc.—steps rudely cut in the rock, in the background, leading to an elevated recess, on which is inscribed “POWDER MAGAZINE.”—Other steps lead to an opening in the cave—a grated door,—stage light.

#### CHORUS.—BANDITTI

*Fill, boys, and drink about,—*

*Wine will banish sorrow;*

*Come, drain the goblet out,—*

*We'll have more to-morrow.*

*[The Robbers all rise and come forward.]*

#### SLOW MOVEMENT.

*We live free from fear,*

*In harmony here.*

*Combin'd, just like brother and brother;*

*And this be our toast,*

*The free-booter's boast,*

*Success, and good-will to each other!*

**Chorus.**

*Fill, boys, etc.*

*Enter RAVINA, through the grated door, as they conclude.*

*Rav. What, carousing yet, settling yet!*

*Zin. How now, Ravina; why so churlish?*

*Rav. To sleep, I say—or wait upon yourselves. I'll stay no longer from my couch to please you. Is it not enough that I toil from day-break, but you must disturb me ever with your midnight revelry?*

*Zin. You were not wont to be so savage, woman.*

*Rav. You were not wont to be so insolent. Look you repent it not.*

*First Robber. Paha! heed her no more. Jealousy hath soured her*

*Zin. I forgive her railing.*

*Rav. Forgive!*

*Zin. Ay: our leader seeks another mistress, and 'tis rather hard upon thee, I confess, after five years' captivity, hard service, too, and now that you are accustomed to our way of life—we pity thee.*

*Rav. Pity me! I am indeed an object of compassion; seven long years a captive, hopeless still of liberty. Miserable lost Ravina! by dire necessity become an agent in their wickedness, yet I pine for virtue and for freedom.*

*Zin. Leave us to our wine.*

*[A single note on the bugle is heard from below.]*

*Zin. Hark! 'tis from the lower cave. (No'te repeated.)* She comes; Ravina, look you receive her as becomes the companion of our chief—remember.

*Rav. I shall remember. (Crosses.)* So, another victim to hypocrisy and guilt. For wretch! she loves, perhaps, as I did, the miller Grindoff; but, as I do, may live to execrate the outlaw and the robber.

*[Music.—The trap in the floor is thrown open.]*

*Enter RIBER, through the floor, followed by GOLOTZ and LOTHAIR—they all advance.*

*Robbers. Hail to our new companion!*

*Rav. A man!*

*[Lothair tears the bandage from his eyes as he arrives in the cave—the robbers start back on perceiving a man.]*

*Lot. Thanks for your welcome.*

*Zin. Who have we here?—Speak!*

*Rob. A recruit; where is the captain?*

*Zin. Where is the captain's bride?*

*Rob. Of her hereafter. (A bugle is heard above.)*

*Robbers. Wolf! Wolf!*

*Enter GRINDOFF, in robber's apparel—he descends the opening and advances.*

*Zin.*

*&*

*Robbers.*

*Gri. (Starts at seeing Lothair.)* A stranger!

*Lot. (Aside.)* Grindoff!

*(The robbers lay hands on their swords, &c.)*

*Gri. Ha! betray'd! who has done this?*

*Rob. (Advancing.)* I brought him hither, to—

*Gri. Riber! hump! You have executed my orders well, have you not?—Where is Claudine?*

*Lot. Claudine! (Aside.)* Villain! hypocrite!

*Gri. Know you Claudine, likewise?*

*Rob. She escaped us in the forest—some meddling fool thwarted our intent, and—*

*Gri. Silence, I know it all! a word with you presently: now, stranger—(Crossing to Lothair.)* but I mistake; we should be old acquaintance—my name is so familiar to you: what is your purpose here?

*Lot. Revenge.*

*Gri. On whom?*

*Lot. On one whose cruelty and oppression well deserve it.*

*Gri. His name?*

*Lot. (Aside.)* Would I dare mention it!

*Gri. His name, I say?*

*Rob. He complains of Count Friberg.*

*Gri. Indeed! then your purpose will be soon accomplished: he arrived this night, and shelters at old Keimar's cottage; he shall never pass the river; should he once reach the Chateau Friberg, it would be fatal to our band.*

*Lot. Arrived! (Aside.) What have I done! My fatal indiscretion has destroyed him. (To Grindoff.) Let him fall by my hand.*

*Gri. It may tremble—it trembles now. The firmest of our band have failed. (Looking at Riber.) Henceforth the enterprise shall be my own.*

*(Ravina goes behind.)*

*Lot. Let me accompany you.*

*Gri. Not to-night.*

*Lot. To-night.*

*Gri. Ay, before the dawn appears, he dies—Riber!*

*(Lothair clasps his hands in agony—Riber advances. Rav. What, more blood! must Friberg's life be added to the list?)*

*Gri. It must; our safety claims it.*

*Rav. Short-sighted man! will not his death doubly arouse the sluggish arm of justice?—The whole country, hitherto kept in awe by dissension and selfish fear, will join: reflect in time; beware their retribution!*

*Gri. When I need a woman's help and counsel, I'll seek it of the compassionate Ravina. Begone! (Turning to Riber.) Riber, I say!*

*(Exit Ravina.)*

*Rib. I wait your orders.*

*Rib. Look you execute them better than the last—look to't—the Count and his companion rest at Kelmar's; it must be done within an hour: arm, and attend me: at the same time, I will secure Claudine; and, should Kelmar's vigilance interpose to mar us, he henceforth shall be an inmate here.*

*Lot. Oh, villain!*

*Gri. (Rushing towards Lothair.) How mean you?*

*Lot. Friberg—let me go with you.*

*Gri. You are too eager; I will not trust in thy inexperience: trust you! what surety have we of your faith?*

*Lot. My oath.*

*Fri. Swear, then, never to desert the object, never to betray the cause for which you sought our band—revenge on—*

*Lot. On him who has deeply, basely injured me; I swear it.*

*Gri. 'Tis well—your name?*

*Lot. Spiller!*

*Gri. (To Riber.) Quick, arm, attend me. (Riber retires.) Are those sacks in the mill disposed of as I ordered!*

*Zin. They are, captain.*

*Gri. Return with the flour to-morrow, and be careful that all assume the calmness of industry and content. With such appearance, suspicion itself is blind; 'tis the safeguard of our band. Fill me a horn, and then to business. (A robber hands him a horn of wine—he drinks.) The Miller and his Men!*

*Robbers. (Drinking.) The Miller and his Men!*

*(Grindoff and Robbers laugh heartily—Grindoff puts on his miller's frock, hat, &c.—Riber, armed with pistols in his belt, advances with a dark lantern, and exeunt with Grindoff through the rock.)*

# CHORUS—BANDITTI

*Now to the forest we repair,  
Awhile like spirits wander there;  
In darkness we secure our prey,  
And vanish at the dawn of day.*

**SCENE I.—The Interior of Kelmar's Cottage, as before.** **COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG** discovered asleep in a chair, reclining on a table, and at the opposite side, near the fire, **Karl** is likewise seen asleep,—the Count's sword lies on the table,—the fire is nearly extinguished—stage dark—Music as the curtain rises.

*Enter CLAUDINE, with a lamp, down the stairs.*

*Cla. All still, all silent! the Count and his companions are undisturbed!—What can it mean?—My father wanders from his bed, restless as myself. Alas! the infirmities of old age and sorrow afflict him sorely. Night after night I throw myself upon a sleepless couch, ready to fly to his assistance, and—hush—hush!*

*Enter KELMAR,—Claudine extinguishes the light, and avoids him.*

*Kel. They sleep—sleep soundly—are they awake, I may return from my inquiry. If Grindoff's story was correct, I still may trust him—still may the Count confide in him—but his behaviour last night, unusual and mysterious, hangs like a fearful dream upon my mind—his anxiety to leave the cottage, his agitation at the appearance of Count Friberg—but, above all, his assertion that the ferry-boat was lost, disturbs me. My doubts shall soon be ended. At this lone hour I may pass the borders unperceived, and the grey dawn that now glimmers in the east will direct my path.*

*(Looks about him, fearful of disturbing the sleepers, and exits.)*

*Cla. (Advancing.) My father appears unusually agitated. Ay, it may be! sometimes he wanders on the river's brink, watching the bright orb of day bursting from the dark trees, and breathes a prayer, a blessing for his child; yet 'tis early, very early—yet it may be—Oh, father, my dear, dear father!* *(Exit.)*

*Karl. Yaw! (Snoring.) Damn the rats! Yaw, what a noise they keep up! Hey, where am I?—Oh, in this infernal hovel; the night-mare has rode me into a jelly; then such horrible dreams, yaw! (A light from the dark lantern borne by Riber is seen passing the window,) and such a swarm of rats, damn the rats! (Lays his hand on his poniard.) They'd better keep off, for I'm hungry enough to eat one. Bew—eu! (Shivering.) I wish it were morning.*

*(Music.)*

*Enter RIBER,—he suddenly retires, observing a light occasioned by Karl's stirring the fire with his dagger.*

*Karl. What's that? (Listens.) Nothing but odd noises all night: wonder how my master can sleep for such a—yaw—aw! Damn the rats!*

*(Lies down.)*

*Music.—Enter RIBER, cautiously, holding forward the lantern—GRINDOFF follows. Riber, on seeing the Count, draws a poniard—he raises his arm, Grindoff catches it, and prevents the blow. Appropriate music.*

*Gri. Not yet; first secure my prize, Claudine; these are safe.*

*Karl. How the varmint swarm!*

*Gri. Hush! he dreams.*

*Rib. It shall be his last.*

*Karl. Rats, rats!*

*Rib. What says he?*



Karl. Rats!—they all come from the mill.

Rib. Do they so?

Karl. Ay, set traps for 'em, poison 'em.

(Riber, again attempting to advance, is detained by Grindoff.)

Gri. Again so rash—remember!

Karl. I shall never forget that fellow in the forest.

Rib. Ha! do you mark?

Karl. Fear them not; be still till I return; he is sound; none sleep so hard as those that babble in their dreams. Sir not, I charge you; yet, should Kelmar—ay—should you hear a noise without, instantly despatch. [Exit Grindoff, up the stairs.]

Rib. Enough! (Karl awakes again—he observes Riber, grasps his dagger, and, watching the motion of the robber, acts accordingly.) This delay is madness, but I must obey. (Looking at the priming of his pistol, then towards the table—Karl drops his position.) Hey, a sword! (Advancing to the table, and removing the sword.) Now, all is safe—Hark! (A noise without, as of something falling.) 'Tis time! if this should fall, my poniard will secure him.

Musio.—Riber advances hastily, and, in the act of bringing his pistol to the level against the Count, is stabbed by Karl, who has arisen and retreated behind the table to receive him.

Enter GRINDOFF.—The Count, rushing from the chair at the noise of the pistol, seizes him by the collar—the group stands amazed.

Count. Speak! what means this?

Karl. (Advancing.) They've caught a tartar, sir that's all. Hey, the miller!

Gri. Ay!

Count. How came you here?

Gri. To—to do you service.

Count. At such an hour!

Gri. 'Tis never too late to do good.

Count. Good!

Gri. Yes; you have been in danger.

Karl. Have we? Thank you for your news.

Gri. You have been watched by the banditti.

Count. So it appears.

Karl. But how did you know it?

Gri. (Confused.) There is my proof.

(Pointing to the body of Riber.)

Karl. But how the plague got you into the house?

—Through a rat-hole?

Count. Explain.

Gri. Few words will do that:—on my return to the mill, I found you might repose there better than in this house; at all events, I knew you would be safer in my care.

Count. Safer! Proceed! what mean you!

Karl. (Aside.) Safer!

Gri. Kelmar—

Count. Hah!

Gri. Had you no suspicion of him?—no mistrust of his wish to—to detain you?

Count. I confess, I—

Gri. (To Karl.) The poniard you obtained in the forest, that you refused to give me—

Karl. This?

Gri. Is Kelmar's.

Count. Wretch!

Karl. I thought so; I found the sheath here.

Gri. I knew it instantly; my suspicions were aroused—now they are confirmed: Kelmar is in league with these marauders; I found the door open—you still slept. I searched the house for him; he is no where to be found,—he and his

daughter have absconded. Now, sir, are you satisfied?

Count. I am.

Karl. I am not; I wish we were safe at home. I'm no coward by day-light, but I hate adventures of this kind in the dark. Lord, how a man may be deceived! I took you for a great rogue; but I now find you are a good Christian enough, though you are a very ill-looking man.

Gri. Indeed; we can't all be as handsome as you are, you know.

Karl. (Partly.) No; nor as witty as you are, you know.

Gri. Come, sir, follow me. (Going up to the door.) You can't mistake; see, 'tis day-break: at the cottage close to the narrow bridge that passes the ravine you will find repose.

Count. We'll follow you.

[Exit Grindoff.]

Karl. I don't half like that fellow yet. (Gets the Portmanteau from the table.) Now, the sooner we are off the better, sir. As for this fellow, the rats may take care of him.

(Claudine's shrieks heard without.)

Fri. (Drawing his sword.) Ha! a woman's voice! Karl, follow me!

Karl. What, more adventures! (Drawing his sword.) I'm ready. I say, (To the body of Riber.) take care of the portmanteau, will you? [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—The Forest.—Stage partly dark.

MUSIO.—Enter GRINDOFF, with CLAUDINE in his arms.

Count. (Without.) Karl! Karl! follow, this way!

Gri. (Resting.) Ha, so closely pursued!—Nay, then—

[Going hastily, he pushes aside the leaves of the secret pass, and they disappear.]

Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, hastily.

Count. Gone! vanished! Can it be possible? Sure, 'tis witchcraft. I was close upon him—Karl! The cries of her he dragged with him, too, have ceased, and not the faintest echo of his retiring footsteps can be heard—Karl!

Enter Karl.

Karl. Oh, Lord! Pho! that hill's a breather! Why, where is he? Didn't you overtake him?

Count. No! in this spot he disappeared, and sunk, as it should seem, ghost like, into the very earth.—Follow.

Karl. Follow!—Follow a will-o'-the-wisp!

Count. Quick—aid me to search!

Karl. Search out a ghost!—Mercy on us! I'll follow you through the world, fight for you the best cock-giant robber of 'em all, but, if you're for hunting goblins, I'm off. Hey! where the devil's the woman, though? If she was a spirit, she made more noise than any lady alive.

Count. Perchance, the villain, so closely pursued, has destroyed his victim.

Karl. No doubt on't; he's killed her, to a certainty; nothing but death can stop a woman's tongue.

Count. (Having searched in vain.) From the miller we may gain assistance; Grindoff, no doubt, is acquainted with every turn and outlet of the forest:—quick, attend me to the mill. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*The Cavern.*

**MUSIC.**—**ROBBERS** discovered asleep in different parts.—**LOTHAIR** on guard, with a carbine, stands beneath the magazine.

**Lot.** Ere this it must be daylight—yet Grindoff returns not—perchance their foul intent has failed—the fatal blow designed for Friberg may have fallen upon himself. How tedious drags the time, when fear, suspense, and doubt, thus weigh upon the heart. Oh, Kelmar, beloved Claudine, you little know my peril. (*Looks at the various groups of Banditti, and carefully rests his carbine at the foot of the rugged steps leading to the magazine—he advances.*) While yet this drunken stupor makes their sleep most death-like, let me secure a terrible, but just revenge. If their infernal purpose be accomplished, this is their reward. (*Draws a coil of fuses from his bosom.*) These caverns, that spread beneath the mill, have various outlets, and in the fissures of the rock the train will lie unnoticed. Could I but reach the magazine!

[**MUSIC.**—*Lothair retires cautiously up—he places his foot over the body of a robber, who is seen asleep on the steps leading to the magazine—by accident he touches the carbine, which slips down—the Robber, being disturbed, alters his position, while Lothair stands over him, and again reposes—Lothair advances up the steps—as he arrives at the magazine, Wolf's signal, the bugle is heard from above—the Robbers instantly start up, and Lothair, at the same moment, springs from the steps, and, seizing his carbine, stands in his previous attitude.*]

**Enter WOLF** (**GRINDOFF**), descending the steps of the opening, with **CLAUDINE** senseless in his arms.  
**Robbers.** The signal!

**Gol.** Wolf, we rejoice with you.

**Lot.** (*Advancing.*) Have you been successful?

**Wolf.** (*Setting down Claudine.*) So far, at least, I have.

**Lot.** (*Aside.*) Claudine—merciful powers! (*To Wolf.*) But Kelmar—

**Wolf.** Shall not long escape me—Kelmar once secure, his favourite, my redoubted rival, young Lothair, may next require attention—bear her in, Golotz. (*Golotz bears Claudine off.*) Where is Ravina?

**Enter RAVINA.**

Oh, you are come!

**Rav.** I am; what is your will?

**Wolf.** That you attend Claudine; treat her as you would treat me.

**Rav.** I will, be sure on't.

**Wolf.** Look you, fail not. I cannot wait her recovery—danger surrounds us.

**Robbers.** (*Advancing.*) Danger!

**Wolf.** Ay, every eye must be vigilant, every heart resolved—Riber has been stabbed.

**Lot.** Then Friberg—

**Wolf.** Has escaped.

**Lot.** Thank heaven!

**Wolf.** How?

**Lot.** Friberg is still reserved for me.

**Wolf.** Be it so—your firmness shall be proved.

**Rav.** So—one act of villany is spared you; pursue your fate no farther—desist, be warned in time.

**Wolf.** Fool! could woman's weakness urge me to retreat, my duty to our band would now make such repentance treachery.

**Robbers.** Noble captain!

**Wolf.** Mark you, my comrades: Kelmar has fled, left his house—no doubt, for the Chateau Friberg. The suspicions of the Count are upon him. All mistrust of me is banished from his mind, and I have lured him and his companion to the cottage of our lost comrade, Riber.

**Lot.** How came Claudine to fall into your power?

**Wolf.** I encountered her alone, as I left Kelmar's cottage. She had been to seek her father; I seized the opportunity, and conveyed her to the secret pass in the forest; her cries caused me to be pursued, and one instant later I had fallen into their hands—by this time they have recovered the pathway to the mill. Spiller shall supply Riber's place—be prepared to meet them at the Flask, and prove yourself—

**Lot.** The man I am; I swear it.

**Wolf.** Enough—I am content!

**Rav.** Content! such guilt as thine can never feel content. Never will thy corroded heart have rest—years of security have made you rash, incautious—wanton in thy cruelty—and you will never rest until your mistaken policy destroys your band.

**Wolf.** No more of this—her discontent is dangerous—Spiller! when you are prepared to leave the cavern, make fast the door; Ravina shall remain here confined until our work above is finished.

**Lot.** I understand—

**Wolf.** Golotz and the rest—who are wont to cheer our revels with your music, be in waiting at the Flask, as travellers, wandering Savoyards, till the Count and his follower are safe within our toils; the delusion may spare us trouble. I know them resolute and fierce; and, should they once suspect, though our numbers overpower them, the purchase may cost us dear. Away—time presses—Spiller—remember—

**Lot.** Fear me not—you soon shall know me.

[*Exit Wolf and Robbers up the steps, in flat—Lothair immediately runs up the steps to the magazine, and places the fuse within, closes the door, and directs it towards the trap by which he first entered the cave.*]

**Rav.** Now, then, hold firm, my heart and hand; one act of vengeance, one dreadful triumph, and I meet henceforth the hatred, the contempt of Wolf, without a sigh.

[*In great agitation—she advances to the table, and, taking a vial from her bosom, pours the contents into a cup, and goes cautiously across to where Claudine has been conducted.*]

**Rav.** As she revives—are yet her bewildered senses proclaim her situation, she will drink—and—

[*Lothair, who has watched the conduct of Ravina, seizes the cup, and casts it away.*]

**Lot.** (*Coming down.*) Hold, mistaken woman! is this your pity for the unfortunate—of your own sex, too?—Are you the advocate of justice and of mercy—who dare condemn the cruelty of Wolf, yet with your own hand would destroy an innocent fellow creature, broken-hearted, helpless, and forlorn?—Oh, shame! shame!

**Rav.** And who is he that dares to school me thus?

**Lot.** Who am I?

**Rav.** Ay! that dare talk of justice and of mercy yet pant to shed the blood of Friberg!

*Lot. (Aside.)* Now, dared I trust her—I must, there is no resource, for they'll be left together. *(To Ravina.)* Ravina—say, what motive urged you to attempt an act that I must believe is hateful to your nature?

*Rav.* Have I not cause—ample cause?

*Lot.* I may remove it.

*Rav.* Can you remove the pangs of jealousy?

*Lot.* I can—Claudine will never be the bride of Wolf.

*Rav.* Who can prevent it?

*Lot.* Her husband.

*Rav.* Is it possible?

*Lot.* Be convinced. *(Crossing.)* Claudine! Claudine!

*Cla. (Without.)* Ha! that voice!

*Lot.* Claudine!

*Cla. (Entering.)* 'Tis he! 'tis he! then I am safe! Ah! who are these, and in what dreadful place am I?

*Lot.* Beloved Claudine, can this disguise conceal me?

*Cla.* Lothair! I was not deceived. *(Falls into his arms.)*

*Rav.* Lothair!

*Lot.* Ay, her affianced husband. Ravina, our lives are in your power; preserve them and save yourself; one act of glorious repentance, and the blessings of the surrounding country are yours. Observe!

*[Music.—Lothair points to the magazine—shows the train to Ravina, and explains his intention—then gives a pho phorus bottle, which he shows the purpose of—she comprehends him—Claudine's action, astonishment, and terror—Lothair opens the trap up the stage.]*

*Rav.* Enough, I understand.

*Lot. (Advancing.)* Be careful, be cautious, I implore you;—convey the train where I may distinctly see you from without the mill; and, above all, let no anxiety of mind, no fear of failure, urge you to fire the train, till I give the signal. Remember, Claudine might be the victim of such fatal indiscretion.

*Rav.* But, Wolf.

*Re-enter WOLF, who hearing his name halts at the back of the cavern.*

*Lot.* Wolf, with his guilty companions, shall fall despised and execrated. *(Seeing Wolf.)* Ah! *(Aside to Claudine.)* Remove the train.

*Wolf.* Villain!

*[Wolf levels a pistol at Lothair—Ravina utters an exclamation of horror—Claudine retreats, and removes the train to the foot of the steps.]*

*Lot. (Retreating into corner.)* Hold!—you are deceived.

*Wolf.* Do you acknowledge it?—But 'tis the last time. *(Seizing Lothair by the collar.)*

*Lot.* One moment.

*Wolf.* What further deception?

*Lot.* I have used none—hear the facts.

*Wolf.* What are they?

*Lot.* Hatred to thee—jealousy of the fair Claudine, urged this woman to attempt her life.

*(Points to Claudine.)*  
*Wolf.* Indeed!—for what purpose was that pass disclosed?

*(Pointing to the trap.)*  
*Lot.* I dared not leave them altogether.

*Wolf.* Vain subterfuge—your threat of destruction on me and my companions—

*Lot.* Was a mere trick, a forgery, a fabrication to

appease her disappointed spirit—induce her to quit the cave, and leave Claudine in safety.

*Wolf. (Going up to, and closely observing Ravina.)* Plausible hypocrite, Ravina has no weapon of destruction—how then? *(Crossing back to Lothair.)*

*Lot. (Looking towards Ravina.)* Ah! *(Aside.)* We are saved. *(Crossing to Ravina, and snatching the vial which she had retained in her hand, and holding it up to Wolf.)* Behold, let conviction satisfy your utmost doubts.

*Wolf. (Looking at the label.)* Poison! you then are honest, Wolf unjust—I can doubt no longer. *(Seizes Ravina by the arm.)* Fiend! descend instantly, in darkness and despair anticipate a dreadful punishment.

*[Music.—Ravina clasps her hands in entreaty, and descends the trap, which is closed violently by Wolf.]*

*Wolf.* Now, Spiller, follow me to the Flask. *(Music.)* Be sure, make fast yon upper door.

*[He takes his broad miller's hat, for which he had returned—exit up, steps. Lothair following, and looking back significantly at Claudine, who then advances cautiously, opens the trap, and gives the train to Ravina—Appropriate Music.—Ravina and Claudine remain up in attitude, the latter watching Lothair, with uplifted hands.]*

SCENE IV.—The Cottage of Riber.—The sign of the Flask at the door.

Enter COUNT FREDERICK FRIBERG, and KARL.

*Count.* This must be the house!

*Karl.* Clear as daylight; look, sir, the "Flask!" Oh, and there stands the mill! I suppose old rough-and-tough, master Grindoff, will be here presently. Well, I'm glad we are in the right road at last; for such ins and outs, and ups and downs, and circumbendibuses in that forest I never—

*Count.* True; we may now obtain guides and assistance to pursue that ruffian!

*Karl. (Aside.)* Pursue again!—not to save all the she sex!—flesh and blood can't stand this.

*Count. (Abstracted.)* Yet, after so long an absence, delay is doubly irksome—could I but see her my heart doats on!

*Karl.* Ah! could I but see what my heart doats on.

*Count.* My sweet Laurette!

*Karl.* A dish of saur-krant!

*Count. (Crossing.)* Fool!

*Karl.* Fool! so I mustn't enjoy a good dinner even in imagination.

*Count.* Still complaining!

*Karl.* How can I help it, sir? I can't live upon air, as you do.

*Count.* You had plenty last night!

*Karl.* So I had last Christmas, sir; and what sort of a supper was it after all?—One apple, two pears, three bunches of sour grapes, and a bowl of milk: one of your forest meals—I can't abide such a cruel cold diet—oh, for a bumper of brandy! but, unfortunately, my digestion keeps pace with my appetite—I'm always hungry.—Oh! for a bumper of brandy!

*[Music heard within the Flask.]*

*Count.* Hush!

*Karl.* What's that? Somebody tickling a guitar into fits; soft music always makes me doleful.

*Count.* Go into the house—stay: remember, I would be private.

*Karl.* Private—in a public-house. Oh, I understand, incoog: but the miller knows you, sir.

*Count.* That's no reason all my people should. *Karl.* I smoke—they'd be awed by our dignity and importance—poor things, I pity 'em—they are not used to polished society.—Holloo! house! landlord! Mr. Flask.

*Enter* LOTHAIR.

*Karl.* Good entertainment here for man and beast, I'm told.

*Lot.* You are right.

*Karl.* Well; here's master and I!

*Lot.* You are welcome. (*Aside.*) I dare not say otherwise; Wolf is on the watch.

[*Wolf appears, watching at a window.*]

*Karl.* Have you got anything ready?

[*Smacking his lips.*]

*Lot.* Too much, I fear.

*Karl.* Not a bit, I'll warrant. I'm devilish sharp set.

*Lot.* Well, you are just in time.

*Karl.* Pudding-time, I hope! have you got any meat?

*Lot.* I must ask him. (*Aside, and looking around anxiously.*) Won't your master—

*Karl.* No! he lives upon love; but don't be alarmed; I'll make it worth your while; I'm six meals in arrear, and can swallow enough for both of us.

[*Exit Karl, with Lothair, to the Flask.—Wolf closes the window.*]

*Count.* Yes, I'm resolved—the necessity for passing the river must by this time have urged the peasantry to re-establish the ferry; delay is needless. I'll away instantly to the Chateau Friberg, and with my own people return to redress the wrongs of my oppressed and suffering tenantry.

*Enter* KARL.

*Count.* Well, your news?

*Karl.* Glorious!—The landlord, Mr. Flask, is a man after my own heart, a fellow of five meals a day.

*Count.* Paha!—who are the musicians?

*Karl.* Ill-looking dogs, truly;—Savoyards, I take it; one plays on a thing like a frying-pan, the other turns something that sounds like a young grindstone.

*Count.* What else?

*Karl.* As fine an imitation of a shoulder of mutton as ever I clapp'd my eyes on.

*Enter* KELMAR, exhausted by haste and fatigue.

*Count.* Kelmar!

*Kel.* Ah, the Count and his companion!—Thank heaven, I am arrived in time! my master will be saved, though Claudine, my poor unhappy child, is lost. Fly, I beseech you, fly from this spot! Do not question me; this is no time for explanations; one moment longer, and you are betrayed—your lives irrecoverably sacrificed.

*Count.* Would you again deceive us?

*Kel.* I have been myself deceived—fatally deceived! let an old man's prayers prevail with you! Leave, oh leave this accursed place, and—

*Enter* WOLF, in his miller's dress.

*Kel.* Ay, the miller! than has hope forsaken me. Yet one ray, one effort more, and—

*Wolf.* Thy treachery is known.

[*He seizes Kelmar by the collar.*]

*Kel.* One successful effort more, and death is welcome.

*Wolf.* Villain!

*Kel.* Thou art the villain—see—behold!

[*With a violent effort of strength, the old man suddenly turns upon the miller, and tears open his vest, beneath which he appears armed.—Wolf, at the same instant, dashes Kelmar from him, who, impelled forward, is caught by the Count—the Count draws his sword.—Wolf draws pistols in each hand from his side pockets, and his hat falls off at the same instant—appropriate music.*]

*Count.* 'Tis he! the same! 'tis Wolf.

*Wolf.* Spiller! Golotz!

[*Rushes out.*]

*Karl.* Is it Wolf? Damn his pistols! This shall reach him.

[*Throws down the poniard, and, catching the Count's sword, hastens after Wolf—the report of a pistol is immediately heard.*]

*Exit* Count Friberg and Kelmar. At the same moment, GOLOTZ, and another robber, disguised, followed by Lothair, burst from the house.

*Got.* We are called; Wolf called us!—Ah, they have discovered him!

*Lot.* 'Tis too late to follow him, he has reached the bridge.

*Got.* Then he is safe; but see, at the foot of the hill, armed men, in the Friberg uniform, press forward to the mill.

*Lot.* This way,—we must meet them, then; in, to the subterranean pass! [*Exit Golotz.*] Now, Claudine, thy sufferings shall cease, and thy father's wrongs shall be revenged, [*Exit.*]

SCENE V.—A near View of the Mill, standing on an elevated Projection—from the foreground a narrow Bridge passes to the rocky Promontory across the Ravine.

MUSIC.—*Enter* RAVINA, ascending the ravine with the fuses, which she places carefully in the crannies of the rock.

*Rav.* My trial is over; the train is safe. From this spot I may receive the signal from Lothair, and, at one blow, the hapless victims of captivity and insult are amply, dreadfully avenged. (*A pistol is fired without.*) Ah, Wolf!

*Enter* WOLF, as pursued, and turning, fires his remaining pistol, then hurries across the bridge, which he instantly draws up—KARL following.

*Wolf.* (*With a shout of great exultation.*) Ha, ha! you strive in vain!

*Karl.* Cowardly rascal! you will be caught at last. [*Shaking his sword at Wolf.*]

*Wolf.* By whom?

*Karl.* Your only friend, Beelzebub: run as fast as you will, he'll trip up your heels at last.

*Wolf.* Fool-hardy slave, I have sworn never to descend from the spot alive, unless with liberty.

*Karl.* Oh, we'll accommodate you; you shall have liberty to ascend from it; the wings of your own mill shall be the gallows, and fly with every rascal of you into the other world.

*Wolf.* Golotz!—Golotz, I say!

[*Calling towards the mill.*]

*Enter* COUNT FRIBERG, with KELMAR and the Attendants from the Chateau Friberg, in uniform, and armed with sabres.

*Count.* Wretch! your escape is now impossible. Surrender to the injured laws of your country.

*Wolf.* Never! the brave band that now await my commands within the mill double your number. Golotz!

*Enter GOLOTZ, from a small door in the Mill.*

*Wolf.* Quick! let my bride appear.

*[Exit Golotz.]*

*Enter RAVINA—Wolf starts.*

*Rav.* She is here! What would you?

*Wolf.* Ravina!—Traitor!

*Rav.* Traitor! What, then, art thou? But I come not here to parley; ere it be too late, make one atonement for thy injuries,—restore this old man's child.

*Kel.* Does she still live?

*Wolf.* She does: but not for thee, or for the youth Lothair.

*Rav.* Obdurate man! then do I know my course.

*Re-enter LOTHAIR, conducting CLAUDINE from the mill, his cloak still concealing him.*

*Cla.* Oh, my dear father!

*Kel.* My child—Claudine! Oh, spare, in pity spare her!

*Wolf.* Now mark me, Count; unless you instantly

withdraw your followers, and let my troop pass free, by my hand she dies!

*Kel.* Oh, mercy!

*Count.* Hold yet a moment!

*Wolf.* Withdraw your followers.

*Count.* Till thou art yielded up to justice, they never shall depart.

*Wolf.* For that threat, be this your recompense!

*Lot.* (Throwing aside his cloak.) And this my triumph.

*[MUSIC.—Lothair places himself before Claudine, and receives Wolf's attack—the Robber is wounded, staggers back, sounds his bugle, and the Mill is crowded with Banditti—Lothair throws back the bridge, catches Claudine in his arms, upon his release from Wolf and hurries upon the bridge.]*

*Lot.* (Crossing the bridge with Claudine in his arms.)

*Ravina, fire the train.*

*Rav.* I cannot.

*Lot.* Nay, then give me the match!

*[Lothair instantly sets fire to the fuses, the flash of which is seen to run down the side of the rock into the gully under the bridge, from which Ravina has ascended, and the explosion immediately takes place—Kelman, rushing forward, catches Claudine in his arms.]*

# THE HONEYMOON.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOHN TOBIN.



*Jaques.*—"WHY, YOU BAGAMUFFINS! WHAT D'YE TITTER AT?"—*Act III, scene 2.*

## Persons Represented.

DUKE OF ARANZA.  
COUNT MONTALBIN.  
BALTSAZAR.

ROLANDO.  
LAMPEDO.  
JAQUES.

CAMPILLO.  
LOPEZ.  
JULIANA.

VOLANTE.  
ZAMORA.  
HOSTESS.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—A Street in Madrid.

*Enter* DUKE OF ARANZA, and COUNT MONTALBAN, followed by a Servant.

*Duke.* (*Speaking to Servant.*) This letter you will give my steward; this To my old tenant, Lopez. Use despatch, sir; Your negligence may ruin an affair Which I have much at heart. [*Exit Servant.*]

Why, how now, Count! You look but dull upon my wedding day, Nor show the least reflection of that joy Which breaks from me, and should light up my friend.

*Count.* If I could set my features to my tongue, I'd give your highness joy. Still, as a friend, Whose expectation lags behind his hopes, I wish you happy.

*Duke.* You shall see me so.

Is not the lady I have chosen fair?

*Count.* Nay, she is beautiful.

*Duke.* Of a right age? [*womanhood.*]

*Count.* In the fresh prime of youth, and bloom of

*Duke.* A well-proportioned form, and noble pre-

*Count.* True. [*sence?*]

*Duke.* Then her wit;—Her wit is admirable!

*Count.* There is a passing shrillness in her voice.

*Duke.* Has she not wit?

*Count.* A sharp-edged tongue, I own!

But uses it as bravoes do their swords— [*ness!*]

Not for defence, but mischief. Then, her gentle-

You had almost forgot to speak of that

*Duke.* Ay, there you touch me! Yet, though she

be prouder

Then the vexed ocean at its topmost height,

And every breeze will chafe her to a storm,

I love her still the better. Some prefer

Smoothly o'er an unwrinkled sea to glide;

Others to ride the cloud-aspiring waves,

And hear, amid the rending tackle's roar,  
The spirit of an equinoctial gale.  
What, though a patient and enduring lover—  
Like a tame spaniel, that, with crouching eye,  
Meets buffets, and carresses—I have ta'en,  
With humble thanks, her kindness and her scorn;  
Yet, when I am her husband, she shall feel  
I was not born to be a woman's slave!  
Can you be secret?

*Count.* You have found me so  
In matters of some moment.

*Duke.* Listen, then:

I have prepar'd a penance for her pride,  
To which a cell and sackcloth, and the toils  
Of a barefooted pilgrimage, were pastime.  
As yet she knows me, as I truly am,  
The Duke Aranza: in which character  
I have fed high her proud and soaring fancy  
With the description of my state and fortunes,  
My princely mansions, my delicious gardens,  
My carriages, my servants, and my pomp.  
Now, mark the contrast. In the very height  
And fullest pride of her ambitious hopes,  
I take her to a miserable hut,  
(All things are well digested for the purpose),  
Where, throwing off the title of a duke,  
I will appear to her a low-born peasant.  
There, with coarse raiment, household drudgery,  
Laborious exercise, and cooling viands,  
I will so lower her distempered blood,  
And tame the devil in her, that, before  
We have burnt out our happy honeymoon,  
She, like a well-train'd hawk, shall, at my whistle,  
Quit her high flights, and perch upon my finger,  
To wait my bidding.

*Count.* Most excellent! A plot of rare invention!

*Duke.* When, with a bold hand, I have weeded  
out

The rank growth of her pride, she'll be a garden  
Lovely in blossom, rich in fruit; till then,  
An unprun'd wilderness. But to your business.  
How thrives your suit with her fair sister, Count?

*Count.* The best advancement I can boast of in it  
Is, that it goes not backward. She's a riddle,  
Which he that solved the sphinx's, would die  
I but mention love, she starts away, [guessing.  
And wards the subject off with so much skill,  
That whether she be hurt or tickled most,  
Her looks leave doubtful. Yet I fondly think  
She keeps me (as the plover from her nest,  
Fearful, misleads the traveller) from the point  
Where live her warmest wishes, that are breath'd  
For me in secret.

*Duke.* You've her father's voice?

*Count.* Yes, and we have concerted, that this  
Instead of Friar Dominio, her confessor, [evening,  
Who from his pious office is disabled,  
By sudden sickness, I should visit her;  
And, as her mind's physician feel the pulse  
Of her affection.

*Duke.* May you quickly find  
Her love to you the worst of her offences!

For then her absolution will be certain.

Farwell! I see Rolando.

He is a common railer against women;  
And, on my wedding day, I will hear none  
Blaspheme the sex. Besides, as once he fall'd  
In the same suit that I have thriven in,  
'Twill look like triumph. 'Tis a grievous pity  
He follows them with such a settled spleen,  
For he has noble qualities.

*Count.* Most rare ones—

A happy wit, and independent spirit,

*Duke.* And then he is a brave, too,

*Count.* Of as tried a courage  
As ever walk'd up to the roaring throats  
Of a deep rang'd artillery; and planted,  
'Midst fire and smoke, upon an enemy's wall,  
The standard of his country.

*Duke.* Farewell, Count.

*Count.* Success attend your schemes!

*Duke.* Fortune crown yours!

[Exit.

Enter ROLANDO.

*Count.* Signor Rolando, you seem melancholy.

*Rol.* As an old cat in the mumps. I met three  
women—

I marvel much they suffer them to walk  
Loose in the streets, whilst other untam'd monsters  
Are kept in cages—three loud talking women!  
They were discoursing of the newest fashions,  
And their tongues went like—I have since been  
thinking,

What most that active member of a woman  
Of mortal things resembles.

*Count.* Have you found it? [smoke-jack!

*Rol.* Umph! not exactly—something like a  
For it goes ever without winding up:

But that wears out in time—there 'galls the simile.

Next I bethought me of a water-mill;

But that stands still on Sundays; woman's tongue

Needs no reviving sabbath—and besides,

A mill, to give it motion, waits for grist;

Now, whether she has sought to say or no,

A woman's tongue will go for exercise.

In short, I came to this conclusion:

Most earthly things have their similitudes,

But a woman's tongue is yet incomparable,—

Was't not the duke that left you?

*Count.* 'Twas.

*Rol.* He saw me,

And hurried off!

*Count.* Ay! 'twas most wise in him,

To shun the bitter flowing of your gall.

You know he's on the brink of matrimony.

*Rol.* Why now, in reason, what can he expect?

To marry such a woman!

A thing so closely pack'd with her own pride,

She has no room for any thought of him.

Why, she ne'er threw a word of kindness at him,

But when she quarrell'd with her monkey. Then,

As he with nightly minstrelsy dol'd out

A lying ballad to her peerless beauty,

Unto his whining lute, and, at each turn,

Sigh'd like a paviour, the kind lady, sir,

Would lift the casement up—to laugh at him,

And vanish like a shooting star; whilst he

Stood gazing on the spot whence she departed:

Then, stealing home, went supperless to bed,

And fed all night upon her apparition.

Now, rather than espouse a thing like this,

I'd wed a bear that never learnt to dance,

Though her first hug were mortal.

*Count.* Peace, Rolando!

You rail at women as priests cry down pleasure;

Who, for the penance which they do their tongues,

Give ample licence to their appetites.

Come, come, however you may mask your nature,

I know the secret pulses of your heart

Beat towards them still. A woman hater! Pahaw!

A young and handsome fellow, and a brave one—

*Rol.* Go on.

*Count.* Had I a sister, mother, nay, my grandam,

I'd no more trust her in a corner with thee,

Than cream within the whiskers of a cat.

*Rol.* Right! I should beat her. You are very

I have a sneaking kindness for the sex; [right,

And, could I meet a reasonable woman,

Fair without vanity, rich without pride,

Discreet though witty, learn'd, yet very humble;  
That has no ear for flattery, no tongue  
For scandal: one who never reads romances;  
Who loves to listen better than to talk,  
And rather than be gadding would sit quiet:  
Hates cards and cordials, goes ill-dress'd to  
church:—

I'd marry certainly. You shall find two such,  
And we'll both wed together.

*Count.* You are merry.

Where shall we dine together?

*Rol.* Not to-day.

*Count.* Nay, I insist.

*Rol.* Where shall I meet you, then?

*Count.* Here, at the Mermaid.

*Rol.* I don't like the sign;

A mermaid is half woman.

*Count.* Pahaw, Rolando!

You strain this humour beyond sense or measure.

*Rol.* Well, on condition that we're very private,  
And that we drink no toast that's feminine,  
I'll waste some time with you.

*Count.* Agreed.

*Enter ZAMORA, disguised.*

*Rol.* Go on, then;

I will but give directions to my page,  
And follow you.

*Count.* A pretty smooth-fac'd boy:

*Rol.* The lad is handsome, and for one so young—  
Save that his heart will flutter at a drum,  
And he would rather eat his sword than draw it—  
He is the noblest youth in Christendom,  
The kindest and most gentle. Talk of woman!  
Not all the rarest virtues of the sex,  
If any cunning chemist could compound them,  
Would make a tythe of his. When before Tunis  
I got well scratch'd for leaping on the walls  
Too nimbly, that same boy attended me,  
'Twould bring an honest tear into thine eye,  
To tell thee how, for ten days, without sleep,  
And almost nourishment, he waited on me;  
Cheer'd the dull time, by reading merry tales;  
And when my festering body smarted most,  
Sweeter than a fond mother's lullaby  
Over her peevish child, he sung to me,  
That the soft cadence of his dying tones  
Dropp'd like an oily balsam on my wounds,  
And breath'd an healing influence throughout me.  
But this is womanish! Order our dinner,  
And I'll be with you presently.

*Count.* I will not fail.

*[Exit Count.]*

*ZAMORA comes forward.*

*Rol.* The wars are ended, boy.

*Zam.* I'm glad of that, sir.

*Rol.* You should be sorry, if you love your master.

*Zam.* Then I am very sorry.

*Rol.* We must part, boy!

*Zam.* Part?

*Rol.* I am serious.

*Zam.* Nay, you cannot mean it.

Have I been idle, sir, or negligent?

Saucy I'm sure I have not. If aught else,  
It is my first fault; chide me gently for it—  
Nay heavily; but do not say, we part!

*Rol.* I'm a disbanded soldier, without pay;  
Fit only now with rusty swords and helmets  
To hang up in the armoury, till the war  
New-burnish me again; so poor, indeed,  
I can but leanly cater for myself,  
Much less provide for thee.

*Zam.* Let not that

Divide us, sir; thought of how I far'd  
Never yet troubled me, and shall not now.  
Indeed, I never follow'd you for hire,

But for the simple and the pure delight  
Of serving such a master. If we must part,  
Let me wear out my service by degrees;  
To-day omit some sweet and sacred duty,  
Some dearer one to-morrow: slowly thus  
My nature may be wean'd from her delight;  
But suddenly to quit you, sir! I cannot!  
I should go broken-hearted.

*Rol.* Pahaw, those tears!

Well, well, we'll talk of this some other day.  
I dine with Count Montalban at the Mermaid;  
In the mean time, go, and amuse yourself  
With what is worthiest note in that fam'd city.  
But hark, Eugenio! 'Tis a wicked place;  
You'll meet (for they are weeds of ev'ry soil)  
Abundance here of—women; kept aloof!  
For they are like the smooth, but brittle ice,  
That tempts th' unpractis'd urchin to his ruin.  
Keep aloof, boy! keep aloof!  
They are like comets, to be wonder'd at,  
But not approach'd. Go not within their reach.

*[Exit Rolando.]*

*Zam.* Doubt me not, sir.

What a hard fate is mine! to follow thus  
With love a gentleman that scorns my sex,  
And swears no great or noble quality  
Ever yet liv'd in woman! When I read to him  
The story of Lucretia, or of Portia,  
Or other glorious dame, or some rare virgin, (ter,  
Who, cross'd in love, has died, 'mid peals of laugh—  
He praises the invention of the writer;  
Or, growing angry, bids me shut the book,  
Nor with such dull lies wear his patience out.  
What opposition has a maid like me  
To turn the headstrong current of his spleen!  
For though he sets off with a lavish tongue  
My humble merits, thinking me a boy,  
Yet, should I stand before his jaundic'd sight  
A woman, all that now is fair in me  
Might turn to ugliness; all that is good  
Appear the smooth gloss of hypocrisy:  
Yet, I must venture the discovery,  
Though, 'tis a fearful hazard. This perplexity  
Of hopes and fears makes up too sad a life;  
I will or lose him quite or be his wife.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Room in Balthazar's House.

*Enter VOLANTE and BALTHAZAR.*

*Balth.* Not yet apparell'd?

*Vol.* 'Tis her wedding-day, sir:

On such occasions women claim some grace.

*Balth.* How bears she

The coming of her greatness?

*Vol.* Bravely, sir.

Instead of the high honours that await her,  
I think that, were she now to be enthron'd,  
She would become her coronation:  
For, when she has adjusted some stray lock,  
Or fix'd at last some sparkling ornament,  
She views her beauty with collected pride,  
Musters her whole soul in her eyes, and says,  
"Look I not like an empress?" But, she comes.

*Enter JULIANA, in her wedding dress.*

*Jul.* Well, sir, what think you? do I to the life  
Appear a duchess, or will the people say,  
She does but poorly play a part which nature  
Never design'd her for? But, where's the duke?

*Balth.* Not come yet.

*Jul.* How! not come? the duke not come!

*Vol.* Patience, sweet sister; oft without a mur-  
It has been his delight to wait for you. *[mug]*

*Jul.* It was his duty. Man was born to wait.  
On woman, and attend her sov'reign pleasure!  
This tardiness upon his wedding-day  
Is but a sorry sample of obedience.



*Balth.* Obedience, girl!

*Jul.* Ay, sir, obedience.

*Vol.* Why, what a wire-drawn puppet you will  
The man you marry! I suppose, ere long, [make  
You'll choose how often he shall walk abroad  
For recreation; fix his diet for him;  
Bespeak his clothes, and say on what occasions  
He may put on his finest suit.

*Jul.* Proceed.

*Vol.* Keep all the keys, and when he bids his  
Mets out a modicum of wine to each. [friends,  
Had you not better put him on a livery  
At once, and let him stand behind your chair?  
Why, I would rather wed a man of dough,  
Such as some splasher, when the pie is made,  
To amuse her childish fancy, kneads at hazard  
Out of the remnant paste—a paper man,  
Cut by a baby. Heavens preserve me ever  
From that dull blessing—an obedient husband!

*Jul.* And make you an obedient wife! a thing  
For lordly man to vent his humours on;  
A dull domestic drudge. To be abus'd  
Or fondled as the fit may work upon him:  
"If you think so, my dear;" and, "As you please;"  
And, "You know best;" even when he nothing  
knows.

I have no patience—that a free-born woman  
Should sink the high tone of her noble nature  
Down to a slavish whisper, for that compound  
Of frail mortality they call a man,  
And give her charter up to make a tyrant!

*Balth.* You talk it most heroically. Pride  
May be a proper bait to catch a lover,  
But, trust me daughter, 'twill not hold a husband.

*Jul.* Leave that to me. And what should I have  
If I had fish'd with your humility? [caught  
Some pert apprentice, or rich citizen. [man,  
Who would have bought me? Some poor gentle-  
Whose high patrician blood would have descended  
To wed a painter's daughter, and—her ducats.  
I felt my value, and still kept aloof;  
Nor stoop'd my eye till I had met the man,  
Pick'd from all Spain, to be my husband, girl:  
And him I have so manag'd, that he feels  
I have conferr'd an honour on his house,  
By coyly condescending to be his. (Knocking.)

*Balth.* He comes.

*Vol.* Smooth your brow, sister.

*Jul.* For a man!

He must be one not made of mortal clay, then.

*Enter DUKE OF ARANZA and two Attendants.*  
Oh! you are come, sir? I have waited for you!  
Is this your gallantry! at such a time, too?

*Duke.* I do entreat your pardon—if you knew  
The pressing cause—

*Vol.* Let me entreat for him.

*Balth.* Come, girl, be kind.

*Jul.* Well, sir, you are forgiven.

*Duke.* You are all goodness; let me on this hand—  
(Taking her hand, which she withdraws.)

*Jul.* Not yet, sir; 'tis a virgin hand as yet,  
And my own property: forbear awhile,  
And, with this humble person, 'twill be yours.

*Duke.* Exquisite modesty! Come, let us on!  
All things are waiting for the ceremony;  
And, till you grace it, Hymen's wasting torch  
Burns dim and sickly. Come, my Juliana.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Cottage.

*Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, leading in Juliana.*

*Duke.* You are welcome home.

*Jul.* Home! you are merry; this retired spot  
Would be a palace for an owl!

*Duke.* 'Tis ours.

*Jul.* Ay, for the time we stay in it.

*Duke.* By heaven,

This is the noble mansion that I spoke of! [bear it  
*Jul.* This! You are not in earnest, though you  
With such a sober brow. Come, come, you jest.

*Duke.* Indeed I jest not; were it ours in jest,  
We should have none, wife.

*Jul.* Are you serious, sir?

*Duke.* I swear, as I'm your husband, and no duke.

*Jul.* No duke!

*Duke.* But of my own creation, lady.

*Jul.* Am I betray'd? Nay, do not play the fool!  
It is too keen a joke.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Jul.* You are no duke, then?

*Duke.* None.

*Jul.* Have I been cozen'd?

(Aside.)

And have you no estate, sir?  
No palaces, nor houses?

*Duke.* None but this:

A small, snug dwelling, and in good repair.

*Jul.* Nor money, nor effects?

*Duke.* None, that I know of.

*Jul.* And the attendants that have waited on us?  
*Duke.* They were my friends; who, having done  
my business,

Are gone about their own.

*Jul.* Why, then, 'tis clear.

(Aside.)

That I was ever born! What are you, sir?

*Duke.* I am an honest man, that may content  
you:

Young, nor ill-favour'd. Should not that content  
you?

I am your husband, and that must content you.

*Jul.* I will go home!

(Going.)

*Duke.* You are at home, already. (Staying her.)

*Jul.* I'll not endure it! But, remember this—  
Duke, or no duke, I'll be a duchess, sir!

*Duke.* A duchess! you shall be queen, to all  
Who, of their courtesy, will call you so.

*Jul.* And I will have attendance.

*Duke.* So you shall,

When you have learnt to wait upon yourself.

*Jul.* To wait upon myself! must I bear this?

I could tear out my eyes, that bade you woo me,  
And bite my tongue in two, for saying yes!

*Duke.* And if you should, 'twould grow again.  
I think, to be an honest yeoman's wife

(For such, my would-be duchess, you will find  
You were cut out by nature. [me,])

*Jul.* You will find then,

That education, sir, has spoil'd me for it.

Why! do you think I'll work?

*Duke.* I think 'twill happen, wife.

*Jul.* What! rub and scrub

Your noble palace clean?

*Duke.* Those taper fingers

Will do it daintily.

*Jul.* And dress your victuals

(If there be any)? Oh! I could go mad.

*Duke.* And mend my hose, and darn my night-  
caps neatly;

Wait, like an echo, till you're spoken to—

*Jul.* Or, like a clock, talk only once an hour?

*Duke.* Or like a dial; for that quietly

Performs its work, and never speaks at all.

*Jul.* To feed your poultry and your hogs!  
oh, monstrous!

And when I stir abroad, on great occasions,

Carry a squeaking tithe pig to the vicar;

Or jolt with bigglers' wives the market trot,

To sell your eggs and butter!

*Duke.* Excellent!

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How well you sum the duties of a wife!

Why, what a blessing I shall have in you!

*Jul.* A blessing!

*Duke.* When they talk of you and me,  
Darby and Joan shall be no more remember'd;  
We shall be so happy!

*Jul.* Shall we?

*Duke.* Wondrous happy!

Oh, you will make an admirable wife!

*Jul.* I'll make a devil.

*Duke.* What?

*Jul.* A very devil.

*Duke.* Oh, no! we'll have no devils.

*Jul.* I'll not bear it.

I'll to my father's!

*Duke.* Gentle; you forget

You are a perfect stranger to the road.

*Jul.* My wrongs will find a way, or make one.

*Duke.* Softly!

You stir not hence, except to take the air;

And then I'll breathe it with you.

*Jul.* What, confine me?

*Duke.* 'Twould be unsafe to trust you yet abroad.

*Jul.* Am I a truant school-boy?

*Duke.* Nay not so;

But you must keep your bounds.

*Jul.* And if I break them,

Perhaps you'll beat me.

*Duke.* Beat you!

The man, that lays his hand upon a woman  
Save in the way of kindness, is a wretch  
Whom 'twere gross flattery to name a coward.

No, madam, I'll talk to you, I'll not beat you.

*Jul.* Well, if I may not travel to my father's,

I may write to him surely! and I will—

If I can meet within your spacious dukedom

Three such unhop'd-for miracles at once,

As pens, and ink, and paper.

*Duke.* You will find them

In the next room. A word, before you go.

You are my wife, by ev'ry tie that's sacred;

The partner of my fortune and my bed—

*Jul.* Your fortune!

*Duke.* Peace! no fooling, idle woman!  
Beneath the attesting eye of heav'n I've sworn  
To love, to honour, cherish, and protect you.  
No human pow'r can part us. What remains,  
To fret, and worry, and torment each other, [then?]  
And give a keener edge to our hard fate  
By sharp upbraidings, and perpetual jars?  
Or, like a loving and a patient pair,  
[Wak'd from a dream of grandeur, to depend  
Upon their daily labour for support],  
To soothe the taste of fortune's lowliness  
With sweet content, and mutual fond endearment?  
Now to your chamber; write whate'er you please;  
But pause before you stain the spotless paper,  
With words that may inflame, but cannot heal!

*Jul.* Why what a patient worm you take me for!

*Duke.* I take you for a wife; and ere I've done,  
I'll know you for a good one.

*Jul.* You shall know me

For a right woman, full of her own sex; [anger;  
Who, when she suffers wrong, will speak her  
Who feels her own prerogative, and scorn,  
By the proud reason of superior man,  
To be taught patience when her swelling heart  
Cries out revenge! [Exit.

*Duke.* Why, let the flood rage on!

There is no tide in woman's wildest passion  
But hath an ebb. I've broke the ice, however.  
Write to her father! She may write a folio—  
But if she send it! 'Twill divert her spleen;  
The flow of ink may save her blood letting;

Perchance she may have fits, they're seldom  
Save when the doctor's sent for.— [mortal  
Though I have heard some husbands say, and  
A woman's honour is her safest guard, [wisely,  
Yet there's some virtue in a lock and key.

[Locks the door.]

So thus begins our honeymoon, 'Tis well!  
For the first fortnight, ruder than march winds!  
She'll blow a hurricane. The next, perhaps,  
Like April, she may wear a changeable face  
Of storm and sunshine; and, when that is past,  
She will break glorious as unclouded May;  
And where the thorns grew bare, the spreading  
blossoms  
Meet with no lagging frost to kill their sweetness.  
Whilst others for a month's delicious joy,  
Buy a dull age of penance, we, more wisely,  
Taste first the wholesome bitter of the cup,  
That after to the very less shall relish;  
And to the close of this frail life prolong  
The pure delights of a well govern'd marriage.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*Balthazar's House.*

Enter BALTHAZAR, followed by the Count, disguised  
as a Friar.

*Balth.* These things premis'd, you have my full  
consent

To try my daughter's humour: to that end

I have sent for her. But observe me, sir!

I will use no compulsion with my child:

Though of a merry spirit, I have found her,

In weighty matters, of so ripe a judgment,

That she shall choose a husband for herself.

If I had tendered thus her sister Zamora,

I should not now have mourned a daughter lost!

Enter VOLANTE.

*Vol.* What is your pleasure?

*Balth.* Know this holy man;

[Introducing the Count to her:]

It is the father confessor I spoke of.

Though he looks young, in all things which respect  
His sacred function, he is deeply learn'd. [Aside.]

*Vol.* It is the Count!

*Balth.* I leave you to his guidance:

And do not, with that wild wing you were wont,

Fly from his questions; act as may best

The sober purpose of his visit here:

And, without diminution or concealment,

To his examination and free censure,

Commit your actions and your private thoughts.

*Vol.* I shall observe, sir.

[Exit Balthazar.

*Nay,* 'tis he, I'll swear! [Aside.]

*Count.* 'Pray heaven she don't suspect a me!  
Well, young lady, you have heard your father's  
commands?

*Vol.* Yes: and now he has left us alone, what  
are we to do?

*Count.* I am to listen, and you are to confess.

*Vol.* What! and then you are to confess, and I  
am to listen? I'll take care you shall do penance  
though.

*Count.* Pshaw!

[Aside.]

*Vol.* Well; but what am I to confess?

*Count.* Your sins, daughter; your sins.

*Vol.* What! all of them?

*Count.* Only the great ones.

*Vol.* The great ones! Oh, you must learn those  
of my neighbours, whose business it is, like yours,  
to confess everybody's sins but their own. If now  
you would be content with a few trifling peccadilloes,  
I would own them to you with all the frank-  
ness of an author, who gives his reader the paltry  
errata of the press, but leaves him to find out all  
the capital blunders of the work himself.

*Count.* Nay, lady, this is trifling: I am in haste.  
*Vol.* In haste! then suppose I confess my virtues? you shall have the catalogue of them in a single breath.

*Count.* Nay, then I must call your father.

*Vol.* Why, then, to be serious: If you will tell me of any very enormous offences which I may have lately committed, I shall have no objection in the world to acknowledge them to you.

*Count.* It is publicly reported, daughter, you are in love?

*Vol.* So, so; are you there! (*Aside.*) That I am in love.

*Count.* With a man—

*Vol.* Why, what should a woman be in love with?

*Count.* You interrupt me, lady. A young man?

*Vol.* I'm not in love with an old one, certainly. But is love a crime, father?

*Count.* Heaven forbid!

*Vol.* Why, then, you have nothing to do with it.

*Count.* Ay, but the concealing it is a crime?

*Vol.* Oh, the concealing it is a crime?

*Count.* Of the first magnitude.

*Vol.* Why, then, I confess—

*Count.* Well, what?

*Vol.* That the Count Montalban—

*Count.* Go on!

*Vol.* Is—

*Count.* Proceed.

*Vol.* Desperately in love with me.

*Count.* Pahaw! That's not to the point.

*Vol.* Well, well, I'm coming to it: and not being able in his own person to learn the state of my affections, has taken the benefit of clergy, and assumed the disguise of a friar.

*Count.* Discovered!

*Vol.* Ha, ha, ha! You are but a young masquerader, or you wouldn't have left your vizor at home. Come, come, Count, pull off your lion's apparel, and confess yourself an ass.

*Count.* Nay, Volante, hear me!

*Vol.* Not a step nearer. The snake is still dangerous though he has cast his skin. I believe you're the first lover on record that ever attempted to gain the affections of his mistress by discovering her faults. Now, if you had found out more virtues in my mind than there will ever be room for, and more charms in my person than even my looking-glass can create, why, then, indeed—

*Count.* What then?

*Vol.* Then I might have confessed what it is now impossible I can ever confess: and so farewell, my noble count confessor. [*Exit.*]

*Count.* Farewell!

And when I've hit upon the longitude, And p'und'd the yet unfathom'd ocean, I'll make another venture for thy love. Here comes her father. I'll be fool'd no longer.

*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

*Balth.* Well, sir, how thrive you?

*Count.* E'en as I deserve:

Your daughter has discovered, laughed at, and left

*Balth.* Yet I've another scheme. [*me.*]

*Count.* What is't?

*Balth.* My daughter,

Being a lover of my art, of late

Has vehemently urged too see your portrait;

Which, now 'tis finish'd, I stand pledged, she shall

Go to the picture room—stand there conceal'd:

Here is the key. I'll send my daughter straight:

And if, as we suspect, her heart leans towards you,

In some unguarded gesture, speech, or action,

Her love will suddenly break out. Away!

I hear her coming.

*Count.* There's some hope in this.

*Balth.* It shall do wonders. Hence. [*Exit Count.*]  
 I'll tax her home.

*Enter VOLANTE.*

*Vol.* What, is he gone, sir?

*Balth.* Gone! d'ye think the man is made of marble? Yes, he is gone.

*Vol.* For ever?

*Balth.* Ay, for ever. [*you,*]

*Vol.* Alas, poor Count! or, has he only left To study some new character? Pray, tell me! What will he next appear in?

*Balth.* This is folly.

'Tis time to call your wanton spirits home;

You are too wild of speech.

*Vol.* My thoughts are free, sir;

And those I utter.

*Balth.* Far too quickly, girl:

Your shrewdness is a scare-crow to your beauty.

*Vol.* It will fright none but fools, sir: men of sense must naturally admire in us the quality they most value in themselves; a blockhead only protests against the wit of a woman, because he can't answer her drafts upon his understanding. But now we talk of the Count, don't you remember your promise, sir?

*Balth.* Umph! (*Aside.*) What promise, girl?

*Vol.* That I should see your picture of him.

*Balth.* So you shall, when you can treat the original with a little more respect.

*Vol.* Nay, sir, a promise.

*Balth.* Well, you'll find the door open: but, before you go, tell me honestly, how do you like the Count, his person, and understanding?

*Vol.* Why, as to his person, I don't think he's handsome enough to pine himself to death for his own shadow, like the youth in the fountain: nor yet so ugly as to be frightened to dissolution if he should look at himself in a glass. Then, as to his understanding, he has hardly wit enough to pass for a madman, nor yet so little as to be taken for a fool. In short, sir, I think the Count is very well worth any young woman's serious contemplation, when she has no other earthly thing to think about. (*Runs off.*)

*Balth.* So the glad bird, that flutters from the net,

Grown wanton with the thought of his escape,

Flies to the lime bush, and there is caught,

I'll steal and watch their progress. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—*The Picture Room.*

(*The Count concealed behind his Portrait.*)

*Enter VOLANTE.*

*Vol.* Confess that I love the Count! A woman may do a more foolish thing than fall in love with such a man, and a wiser one than to tell him of it. (*Looks at the picture.*) 'Tis very like him; the hair is a shade too dark, and rather too much complexion for a despairing innamorato. Confess that I love him! Now there is only his picture; I'll see if I can't play the confessor a little better than he did. "Daughter, they tell me you are in love?" "Well, father, there is no harm in speaking the truth." "With the Count Montalban, daughter?" "Father, you are not a confessor, but a conjuror!" "They add, moreover, that you have named the day for your marriage?" "There, father, you are misinformed; for, like a discreet maiden, I have left that for him to do." Then he should throw off his disguise; I should gaze at him with astonishment: he should open his arms, whilst I sunk gently into them. (*The Count catches her in his arms.*) The Count!

Enter BALTHAZAR.

My father, too! Nay, then, I am fairly hunted into the toll. There, take my hand, Count, while I am free to give it.

Enter a Servant, with a letter.

Serv. A letter, sir.

Balth. From Juliana!

(Opens the letter.)

Vol. Well, what says she, sir?

Count. This will spoil all.

(Aside.)

Vol. It bears untoward news:

Is she not well, sir?

Balth. 'Tis not that.

Vol. What then, sir?

See how he knits his brow!

Balth. Here must be throats cut.

Vol. What moves you thus, sir?

Balth. That would stir a statue.

Your friend's a villain, sir! (To the Count.) Read,

And you, if I mistake not, are another. [read it out.]

Vol. What can this mean?

Balth. Peace! Hear him read the letter.

Count. (Reads.) Dearest father! I am deceived, betrayed, insulted!

The man, whom I have married, is no duke!

Vol. No duke!

Balth. I'll be revenged! Read, sir: read!

Count. (Reads.) He has neither fortune, family, nor friends.

Balth. You must have known all this, sir. But proceed.

Count. (Reads.) He keeps me prisoner here, in a miserable hotel; from whence, unless I am speedily rescued by your interference, you may never hear more of your forlorn, abused JULIANA.

Balth. What answer you to this, sir?

Count. Nothing.

Vol. How!

Balth. 'Tis plain you are a partner in the trick That robb'd a dotting father of his child.

Count. Suspend your anger but a few short days, And you shall find, though now a mystery Involves my friend—

Balth. A mystery! What mystery?

There are no mysteries in honest men:

What mystery I say, can solve this conduct?

Is he a duke?

Count. I cannot answer that.

Balth. Then he's a villain!

Count. Nay, upon my soul,

He means you fairly, honourably, nobly.

Balth. I will away to-night. Olmedo! Perez!

Perhaps your Countship means me fairly too,

Nobly and honourably!

Get my horses!

[Exeunt Servants]

You have some mystery too, sir; but ere I set

My sole surviving hope on such a hazard,

I'll look into your countship's pedigree:

And for your noble, honourable duke,

I'll travel night and day until I reach him!

And he shall find I am not yet so old,

But that my blood will flame at such an insult,

And my sword leap into my grasp. Believe me,

I will have full revenge!

Count. You shall.

Balth. I will, sir!

And speedily!

Count. Proceed, then, on your journey.

With your good leave, I'll bear you company:

And as the traveller, perplex'd a while

In the benighted mazes of a forest,

Breaks up a champaign country, smooth and level,

And sees the sun shine glorious; so shall you, sir,

Behold a bright close, and a golden end,

To this now dark adventure.

Vol. Go, my father!

Balth. You speak in riddles, sir; yet you speak fairly.

Count. And, if I speak not truly, may my hope

In this fair treasure be extinct for ever!

Balth. Then quickly meet us here, prepar'd for

If, from the cloud that overhangs us now, [travel

Such light should break as you have boldly pro-

mis'd,

My daughter and my blessing still are yours, sir.

Count. Blest in that word, I quit you. [Exit,

Balth. Come, girl!

This shall be sifted thoroughly: till then

You must remain a fresh, ungather'd flow'r.

Vol. Well, sir; I am not yet so overblown,

But I may hang some time upon the tree,

And still be worth the plucking.

Balth. True, my girl.

And better 'twere to wither on thy stem,

And scatter on the earth thy maiden leaves,

Than graft thee where thy sweetness and thy

beauty

Would all be wasted. Come, we must prepare.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—The Cottage.

Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, in a Peasant's Dress.

Duke. She hath compos'd a letter; and, what's

Contriv'd to send it by a village boy [worse,

That pass'd the window. Yet she now appears

Profoundly penitent.

'Tis a conversion too miraculous.

Her cold disdain yields with too free a spirit;

Like ice, which, melted by unnatural heat—

Not by the gradual and kindly thaw

Of the resolving elements—give it air,

Will straight congeal again—She comes—I'll try

her.

Enter JULIANA, in a Peasant's Dress.

Why, what's the matter now?

Jul. That foolish letter!

Duke. What! you repent of having written it?

Jul. I do, indeed. I could cut off my fingers

For being partners in the act.

Duke. No matter;

You may indite one in a milder spirit,

That shall pluck out its sting.

Jul. I can.

Duke. You must.

Jul. I can.

Duke. You shall.

Jul. I will, if 'tis your pleasure.

Duke. Well replied!

I now see plainly you have found your wits,

And are a sober, metamorphos'd woman.

Jul. I am, indeed.

Duke. I know it: I can read you.

There is a true contrition in your looks;

Yours is no penitence in masquerade—

You are not playing on me.

Jul. Playing, sir!

Duke. You have found out the vanity of those

For which you lately sighed so deep. (things

Jul. I have, sir.

Duke. A dukedom! pshaw! it is an idle thing.

Jul. I have begun to think so.

Duke. That's a lie!

(Aside.)

Is not this tranquil and retired spot

More rich, in real pleasures, than a palace?

Jul. I like it infinitely.

Duke. That's another!

(Aside.)

The mansion's small, 'tis true, but very snug.

Jul. Exceeding snug.

Duke. The furniture not splendid,

But then all useful.

*Jul.* All exceeding useful.

There's not a piece on't but serves twenty purposes. *(Aside.)*

*Duke.* And, though we're seldom plagued by vi-  
We have the best of company—ourselves. *[sitors,*  
Nor, whilst our limbs are full of active youth,  
Need we loiter in a carriage, to provoke  
A lazy circulation of the blood;

When walking is a nobler exercise.

*Jul.* More wholesome, too.

*Duke.* And far less dangerous.

*Jul.* That's certain.

*Duke.* Then for servants, all agree,  
They are the greatest plagues on earth.

*Jul.* No doubt on't.

*Duke.* Who then, that has a taste for happiness,  
Would live in a large mansion, only fit  
To be an habitation for the winds;  
Keep gilded ornaments for dust and spiders;

See everybody, care for nobody;

When they could live as we do?

*Jul.* Who, indeed?

*Duke.* Here we want nothing.

*Jul.* Nothing. Yes, one thing.

*Duke.* Indeed! what's that?

*Jul.* You will be angry.

*Duke.* Nay—

Not if it be a reasonable thing.

*Jul.* What wants the bird, who, from his wiry  
Sings to the passing travellers of air *[prison,*  
A wistful note—that she were with them, sir?

*Duke.* Umph! What, your liberty! I see it now. *(Aside.)*

*Jul.* 'Twere a pity that in such a paradise  
I should be cag'd.

*Duke.* Why, whither would you, wife?

*Jul.* Only to taste the freshness of the air,  
That breathes a wholesome spirit from without;  
And weave a chaplet for you, of those flow'rs  
That throw their perfume through my window bars,  
And then I will return, sir.

*Duke.* You are free!

But use your freedom wisely.

*Jul.* Doubt me not, sir!

I'll use it quickly, too. *[Aside, and exit.]*

*Duke.* But I do doubt you.

There is a lurking devil in her eye,  
That plays at bopeep there, in spite of her.  
Her anger is but smother'd, not burnt out,  
And ready, give it vent, to blaze again.

You have your liberty—

But I will watch you closely, lady,  
And see that you abuse it not. *[Exit.]*

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—An Inn.

*BOLANDO sitting at a table.*

*Rol.* 'Sdeath, that a reasonable thinking man  
Should leave his friend and bottle for a woman!  
Here is the Count, now, who, in other matters,  
Has a true judgment, only seethe his blood  
With a full glass beyond his usual stint,  
And women, like a wildfire, runs throughout him.  
Immortal man is but a shuttlecock,  
And wine and woman are but the battledores  
That keep him going! What! Eugene!

*Enter AMORA.*

*Zam.* Your pleasure, sir?

*Rol.* I am alone, and wish

One of your songs to bear me company.

*Zam.* A merry or a sad one, sir?

*Rol.* No matter.

*Zam.* I have but one that you have ever heard.

*Rol.* Let it be that.

*Zam.* I shall obey you, sir.

Now woman's wit assist me.

*(Sings.)*

*In vain the tears of anguish flow,  
In vain I mourn, in vain I sigh;  
For he, alas! will never know,  
That I must live for him, or die.  
Ah! could I dare myself reveal!  
Would not my tale his pity move?  
And sighs of pity seldom fail  
In noble hearts to awaken love.  
But should he view, without a tear,  
My altering form, my waning bloom,  
Then, what is left me but despair!  
What refuge but the silent tomb!*

*Rol.* It is a mournful ditty, yet 'tis pleasing.

*Zam.* It was, indeed, a melancholy tale

From which I learnt it.

*Rol.* Lives it with you still? *(sir :*

*Zam.* Faintly, as would an ill-remember'd dream,  
Yet so far I remember—Now my heart— *(Aside.)*

'Twas of a gentleman—a soldier, sir,  
Of a brave spirit: and his outward form  
A frame to set a soul in. He had a page,  
Just such a boy as I, a faithful stripling,  
Who, out of pure affection, and true love,  
Follow'd his fortune to the wars.

*Rol.* Why this

Is our own history.

*Zam.* So far, indeed,

But not beyond, it bore resemblance, sir.

For in the sequel (if I well remember)

This loving boy (so, sir, the story ran)

Turn'd out to be a woman.

*Rol.* How! a woman!

*Zam.* Yes, sir, a woman. *[find the secret out!]*

*Rol.* Live with him a twelvemonth, and he not

*Zam.* 'Twas strange.

*Rol.* Strange! 'twas impossible! At the first  
A palpable and most transparent lie! *[blush,*

Why, if the soldier had been such an ass,

She had herself betray'd it.

*Zam.* Yet, 'tis said,

She kept it to her death; that, oft as love  
Would heave the struggling passion to her lips,  
Shame set a seal upon them: thus long time  
She nourish'd, in this strife of love and modesty,  
An inward slow-consuming martyrdom,  
'Till in the sight of him her soul most cherish'd—  
Like flow'rs, that on a river's margin, fading  
Through lack of moisture, drop into the stream.  
So, sinking in his arms, her parting breath  
Reveal'd her story.

*Rol.* You have told it well, boy.

*Zam.* I feel it deeply, sir; I know the lady.

*Rol.* Know her! you don't believe it?

*Zam.* What regards

Her death, I will not vouch for. But the rest—

Her hopeless love, her silent patience.

The struggle 'twixt her passion and her pride—

I was a witness to. Indeed, her story

Is a most true one.

*Rol.* She should not have died;

A wench like this were worth a soldier's love:

And were she living now.

*Enter COUNT MONTALBAN.*

*Zam.* 'Tis well! *(Aside.)*

*Count.* Strange things have happen'd, since we  
parted, captain!

I must away to-night.

*Rol.* To-night! and whither? *[know :*

*Count.* 'Tis yet a secret. Thus much you shall

If a short fifty miles you'll bear me company,

You shall see—

*Col.* What?

*Count.* A woman tam'd.

*Col.* No more;

I'll go a hundred. Do I know the lady?

*Count.* What think you of our new-made duchess?

*Col.* She?

What mortal man has undertaken her?

Perhaps the keeper of the beasts, the fellow

That puts his head into the lion's mouth.

Or else some tiger-tamer to a nabob.

*Count.* Who, but her husband?

*Col.* With what weapons?

*Count.* Words.

[language

*Col.* With words? why then he must invent a

Which yet the learned have no glimpses of.

Fasting and fustigation may do something;

I've heard that death will quit some of them;

But words! mere words! cool'd by the breath of

He may preach tame a howling wilderness; [man!

Silence a full-mouth'd battery with snow-balls;

Quench fire with oil; with his repelling breath

Flout back the northern blast; whistle 'gainst

thunder:

These things are feasible. But still a woman

With the nine parts of speech!—

*Count.* You know him not.

*Col.* I know the lady.

*Count.* Yet, I tell you

He has the trick to draw the serpent's fang,

And yet not spoil her beauty.

*Col.* Could he discourse, with fluent eloquence,

More languages than Babel sent abroad,

The simple rhetoric of her mother tongue

Would pose him presently; for woman's voice

Sounds like a fiddle in a concert, always

The shrillest, if not loudest instrument.

But we shall see. [Exit *Count* and *Rolando*.

*Zam.* He was touch'd surely, with the piteous

Which I deliver'd; and, but that the *Count* [tale

Prevented him, would have broke freely out

Into a full confession of his feeling

Towards such a woman as I painted to him.

Why then, my boy's habiliments, adieu!

Henceforth, my woman's tire—I'll trust to you.

[Exit.

SCENE II.—*The Duke's Palace.*

Enter *CAMPILLO*, the *Duke's Steward* and another

*Servant*.

*Serv.* But can no one tell the meaning of this fancy?

*Camp.* No: 'tis the duke's pleasure, and that's enough for us. You shall hear his own words:—

For reasons, that I shall hereafter communicate, it is necessary that *Jaques* should, in all things, at present, act as my representative: you will, therefore, command my household to obey him as myself, until you hear further from (Signed) *ARANZA*.

*Serv.* Well, we must wait the upshot. But how bears *Jaques* his new dignity?

*Camp.* Like most men in whom sudden fortune combats against long-established habit.

(Laughing without.)

*Serv.* By their merriment, this should be he.

*Camp.* Stand aside, and let us note him.

Enter *JACQUES*, dressed as the *Duke*, followed by six Attendants, who in vain endeavour to restrain their laughter. [Exit *Servant*.

*Jaques.* Why, you ragamuffins! what d'ye titter at? Am I the first great man that has been made off-hand by a tailor? Show your grinders again, and I'll hang you like onions, fifty on a rope. I can't think what they see ridiculous about me, except, indeed, that I feel as if I was in amour, and

my sword has a trick of getting between my legs, like a monkey's tail, as if it was determined to trip up my nobility. And now, villains! don't let me see you tip the wink to each other, as I do the honours of my table. If I tell one of my best stories, don't any of you laugh before the jest comes out, to show that you have heard it before: take care that you don't call me by my christian name, and then pretend it was by accident; that shall be transportation at least: and when I drink a health to all friends, don't fancy that any of you are in the number.

Enter a *Servant*.

Well, sir?

*Serv.* There is a lady without, presses vehemently to speak to your grace.

*Jaques.* A lady?

*Serv.* Yes, your highness.

*Jaques.* Is she young?

*Serv.* Very, your grace!

*Jaques.* Handsome?

*Serv.* Beautiful, your highness!

*Jaques.* Send her in.—[Exit *Servant*.]—You may retire; I'll finish my instructions by-and-by. Young and handsome! I'll attend to her business in *propria persona*. Your old and ugly ones I shall despatch by deputy. Now to alarm her with my consequence, and then sooth her with my condescension. I must appear important; big as a country pedagogue, when he enters the school-room with—a hem! and terrifies the apple-munching urchins with the creaking of his shoes. I'll swell like a shirt bleaching in a high wind; and look burly as a Sunday beadle, when he has kicked down the unhallowed stall of a profane old apple-woman. Bring my chair of state! Hush!

Enter *JULIANA*.

*Jul.* I come, great duke, for justice!

*Jaques.* You shall have it.

Of what do you complain?

*Jul.* My husband, sir!

*Jaques.* I'll hang him instantly! What's his offence?

*Jul.* He has deceived me.

*Jaques.* A very common case; few husbands answer their wives' expectations.

*Jul.* He has abused your grace.

*Jaques.* Indeed! If he has done that he swings most loftily. But how, lady, how?

*Jul.* Shortly thus, sir;

Being no better than a low-born peasant, He has assum'd your character and person.

Enter *DUKE ARANZA*.

Oh! you are here, sir? This is he, my lord.

*Jaques.* Indeed! (Aside.) Then I must tickle him. Why, fellow, d'ye take this for an ale-house, that you enter with such a swagger? Know you where you are, sir? [had forgot.

*Duke.* The rogue reproves me well! (Aside.) I must humbly I entreat your grace's pardon, For this unusher'd visit; but the fear Of what this wayward woman might allege Beyond the truth—

*Jul.* I have spoken naught but truth.

*Duke.* Has made me thus unmannerly.

*Jaques.* 'Tis well. You might have us'd more Proceed. [ceremony. (To *Juliana*.)

*Jul.* This man, my lord, as I was saying, Passing himself upon my inexperience For the right owner of this sumptuous palace, Obtain'd my slow consent to be his wife; And cheated by this shameful perfidy, Me of my hopes—my father of his child.

*Jaques.* Why, this is swindling; obtaining another man's goods under false pretences; that is, if a woman be a good: that will make a very intricate point for the judges. Well, sir, what have you to say in your defence?

*Duke.* I do confess I put this trick upon her; And for my transient usurpation Of your most noble person, with contrition I bow me to the rigour of the law. But for the lady, sir, she can't complain.

*Jul.* How! not complain? To be thus vilely And not complain! [cozen'd, *Jaques.* Peace, woman! Though Justice be blind, she is not deaf.

*Duke.* He does it to the life! [*Aside.*] Had not her most exceeding pride been doting, She might have seen the difference, at a glance, Between your grace and such a man as I am.

*Jaques.* She might have seen that certainty. Proceed.

*Duke.* For did I fall so much beneath her sphere. Being what I am, as she had soar'd above it Had I been that which I have only feign'd.

*Jaques.* Yet, you deceiv'd her. *Jul.* Let him answer that. [wiver]

*Duke.* I did: most men in something cheat their Wives gall their husbands; 'tis the course of Now, bating that my title and my fortune [wooing. Were evanescent in all other things I acted like a plain and honest suitor.

I told her she was fair, but very proud; That she had taste in music, but no voice; That she danc'd well, yet still might borrow grace From such or such a lady. To be brief; I praise'd her for no quality she had not, Nor over-pris'd the talents she possess'd: Now, save in what I have before confess'd, And I challenge her worst spite to answer me, Whether, in all attentions, which a woman, A gentle and a reasonable woman, Looks for, I have not to the height fulfill'd, If not outgone her expectations?

*Jaques.* Why, if she has no cause of complaint since you were married—

*Duke.* I dare her to the proof on't.

*Jaques.* Is it so, woman? [*To Juliana.*] *Jul.* I don't complain of what has happened The man has made a tolerable husband, [since; But for the monstrous cheat he put upon me, I claim to be divorc'd.

*Jaques.* It cannot be.

*Jul.* Cannot, my lord?

*Jaques.* No. You must live with him.

*Jul.* Never!

*Duke.* Or, if your grace will give me leave— We have been wedded yet a few short days— Let us wear out a month as man and wife; If, at the end on't, with uplifted hands, Morning and evening, and sometimes at noon, And bended knees, she doesn't plead more

*Jul.* If I do— [warmly—

*Duke.* Then let her will be done, that seeks to part *Jul.* I do implore your grace to let it stand [na. Upon that footing.

*Jaques.* Humph! Well it shall be so; with this proviso, that either of you are at liberty to hang yourselves in the meantime. [*Rises.*] [*Ilans—*

*Duke.* We thank your providence, Come, *Jul.* Well, there's my hand: a month's soon past I am your humble servant, sir. [and then,

*Duke.* For ever.

*Jul.* Nay, I'll be hang'd first.

*Duke.* That may do as well. Come, you'll think better on't

*Jul.* By all—

*Duke.* No swearing.

*Jaques.* No, no; no swearing.

*Duke.* We humbly take our leaves.

[*Exit with Juliana, and Servants.*

*Jaques.* I begin to find, by the strength of my nerves, and the steadiness of my countenance, that I was certainly intended for a great man; for what more does it require to be a great man; than boldly to put on the appearance of it? How many sage politicians are there, who can scarce comprehend the mystery of a mousetrap; valiant generals, who wouldn't attack a bulrush, unless the wind were in their favour; profound lawyers, who would make excellent wrigblocks; and skillful physicians, whose knowledge extends no further than writing death-warrants in Latin; and are shining examples that a man would never want gold in his pocket, who carries plenty of brass in his face. It will be rather awkward to be sure, to resign at the end of a month: but, like other great men in office, I must make most of my time, and retire with a good grace, to avoid being turned out; as a well-bred dog always walks down stairs, when he sees preparations ripe for kicking him into the street

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Inn.*

*Enter BALTHAZAR, as having fallen from his horse, supported by VOLANTE, COUNT MONTALBAN, &c., and preceded by the Hostess.*

*Hostess.* This way, this way, if you please. Alas! poor gentleman! [*Brings a chair.*] How do you feel now, sir? [*They set him down.*]

*Balth.* I almost think my brains are where they should be—

Confound the jade!—though they dance merrily To their own music.

*Count.* Is a surgeon sent for?

*Hostess.* Here he comes, sir.

*Enter LAMPEDO.*

*Lamp.* Is this the gentleman?

*Balth.* I want no surgeon; all my bones are Vol. Pray, take advice. [whole.

*Balth.* Well! Doctor I have doubts

Whether my soul be shaken from my body: Else I am whole.

*Lamp.* Then you are safe, depend on't; Your soul and body are not yet divorc'd; Though if they were, we have a remedy. Nor have you fracture, sir, simple or compound; Yet very feverish! I begin to fear

Some inward bruise—a very raging pulse!

We must phlebotomize.

*Balth.* You won't. Already There is too little blood in these old veins To do my cause full justice.

*Lamp.* Quick and feverish; He must lie down a little; for, as yet, His blood and spirits being all in motion, There is too great confusion in the symptoms, To judge discreetly from.

*Balth.* I'll not lie down.

*Vol.* Nay; for an hour or so.

*Balth.* Well, be it so.

*Hostess.* I'll shew you to a chamber: this way, this way, if you please. [*Exeunt all but Lampedo.*

*Lamp.* 'Tis the first patient save the miller's And an old lady's cat, that has the phthisic, [mare, That I have touch'd these six weeks. Well, good

*Enter Hostess.*

[hostess!

How fares your guest?

*Hostess.* He must not go to-night.

*Lamp.* No; nor to-morrow—

*Hostess.* Nor the next day, neither.

*Lamp.* Leave that to me.  
*Hostess.* He has no hurt, I fear. [doctor,  
*Lamp.* None: but as you're his cook, and I'm his  
 Such things may happen. You must make him ill.  
 And I must keep him so; for, to say truth,  
 'Tis the first biped customer I've handled  
 This many a day: they fall but slowly in,  
 Like the subscribers to my work on fevers.

*Hostess.* Hard times, indeed! No business stirring  
 my way.

*Lamp.* So I should guess, from your appearance,  
 You look as if, for lack of company, [hostess.  
 You were obliged to eat up your whole larder.

*Hostess.* Alas! 'tis so:  
 Yet I contrive to keep my spirits up.

*Lamp.* Yes; and your flesh, too. Look at me.

*Hostess.* Why, truly,

You look half starv'd.

*Lamp.* Half starv'd! I wish you'd tell me  
 Which half of me is fed. I shew more points  
 Than an old horse, that has been three weeks  
 Yet I do all to tempt them into sickness. [pounded:  
 Have I not, in the jaws of bankruptcy,  
 And to the desolation of my person,  
 Painted my shop, that it looks like a rainbow?  
 New double-gilt my pestle and my mortar,  
 That some, at distance, take it for the sun?  
 And blaz'd in flaming letters o'er my door,  
 Each one a glorious constellation!

"Surgeon, apothecary, accoucheur?"  
 [For midwife is grown vulgar. Yet they all not:  
 Phials and gallipots st-ll keep their ranks,  
 As if there were no cordial virtue in them.  
 The healing chime of pulverizing drugs  
 They shun as 'twere a tolling bell, or death-watch.  
 I never give a dose, or set a limb!  
 But, come, we must devise, we must devise  
 How to make much of this same guest, sweet  
 hostess. [them.]

*Hostess.* You know I always make the most of  
*Lamp.* Spoke like an ancient tapstress! Come,  
 let's in;

And, while I sooth my bowels with an omelette,  
 (For, like a nest of new-wak'd rooklings, hostess,  
 They caw for provender,) and take a glass  
 Of thy Falernian, we will think of means;  
 For though to cure men be beyond our skill,  
 'Tis hard, indeed, if we can't keep them ill.

[Ereunt.]

SCENE IV.—*The Cottage.*  
*Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, bringing in JULIANA,*  
*having overtaken her in an attempt to escape.*

*Duke.* Nay, no resistance: for a month, at least,  
 I am your husband.

*Jul.* True! and what's a husband?

*Duke.* Why, as some wives would metamorphose  
 A very miserable ass, indeed! [him,

*Jul.* True, there are many such.

*Duke.* And there are men  
 Whom not a swelling lip, or wrinkled brow,  
 Or the loud rattle of a woman's tongue,  
 Or, what's more hard to parry, the warm pressure  
 Of lips, that from the inmost heart of man  
 Plucks out his stern resolves, can move one jot  
 From the determined purpose of his soul,  
 Or stir an inch from his prerogative.

Ere it be long, you'll dream of such a man.

*Jul.* Where, waking, shall I see him?

*Duke.* Look on me.

Come to your chamber.

*Jul.* I won't be confin'd.

*Duke.* Won't! Say you so?

*Jul.* Well, then, I do request  
 You won't confine me.

*Duke.* You'll leave me?

*Jul.* No, indeed;  
 As there is truth in language, on my soul  
 I will not leave you!

*Duke.* You've deceiv'd me once—

*Jul.* And, therefore, do not merit to be trusted.

I do confess it: but, by all that's sacred,  
 Give me my liberty, and I will be

A patient, drudging, most obedient wife.

*Duke.* Yes; but a grumbling one.

*Jul.* No, on my honour,

I will do all you ask, ere you have said it.

*Duke.* And with no secret murmuring of your

*Jul.* With none, believe me. [spirit?

*Duke.* Have a care;

For if I catch thee on the wing again,

I'll clip ye closer than a garden hawk,

And put ye in a cage where daylight comes not;

Where you may first your pride against the bars,

Until your heart break. [Knocking at the door.]

See who's at the door. See who's at the door.

[She goes and returns.]

Enter LOPEZ.

My neighbour Lopez! Welcome, sir! My wife—  
 A chair. [Introducing her.]

[To Juliana. She brings a chair to Lopez,  
 and throws it down.]

Your pardon; you'll excuse her, sir;

A little awkward, but exceeding willing.

One for your husband. [She brings another chair,  
 and is going to throw it down as before; but  
 the Duke looking steadfastly at her, she des-

sists, and places it gently by him.]

Pray, be seated, neighbour.

Now, you may serve yourself.

*Jul.* I thank you, sir.

*Duke.* I'd rather you should sit.

*Jul.* If you will have it so. 'Would I were dead!  
 [Aside. Brings a chair, and sits down.]

*Duke.* Though, now I think again, 'tis fit you  
 stand,

That you may be more free to serve our guest.

*Jul.* Even as you command. [Rises.]

*Duke.* You will eat something? [To Lopez.]

*Lopez.* Not a morsel, thankya. [Least?

*Duke.* Then you will drink? a glass of wine, at  
*Lopez.* Well, I am warm with walking, and care  
 not if I do taste your liquor.

*Duke.* You have some wine, wife?

*Jul.* I must e'en submit. [Exit.]

*Duke.* This visit, sir, is kind and neighbourly,

*Lopez.* I came to ask a favour of you. We have,

to-day, a sort of merry-making on the green hard  
 by—'twere too much to call it a dance—and as you  
 are a stranger here—

*Duke.* Your patience for a moment.

Re-enter JULIANA, with a horn of liquor.

*Duke.* [Taking it.] What have we here?

*Jul.* 'Tis wine; you call'd for wine.

*Duke.* And did I bid you bring it in a nutshell?

*Lopez.* Nay, there is plenty.

*Duke.* I can't suffer it. [drink with us,

You must excuse me. [To Lopez.] When friends

'Tis usual, love, to bring it in a jug,

Or else they may suspect we grudge our liquor.

Your understand—a jug.

*Jul.* I shall remember. [Exit.]

*Lopez.* I am ashamed to give you so much

trouble. [sir:

*Duke.* No trouble; she must learn her duty,

I'm only sorry you should be kept waiting.

But you were speaking—

*Lopez.* As I was saying, it being the conclusion of



our vintage, we have assembled the lads and lasses of the village—

*Re-enter JULIANA.*

*Duke.* Now we shall do.

*(Pours out.)*

Why, what the devil's this?

*Jul.* Wine, sir.

*Duke.* This wine? 'Tis foul as ditch-water!

Did you shake the cask?

*Jul.* What shall I say? *(Aside.)* Yes, sir.

*Duke.* You did?

*Jul.* I did.

*Duke.* I thought so.

Why, do you think, my love, that wine is physio,

That must be shook before 'tis swallow'd?

Come, try again.

*Jul.* I'll go no more.

*Duke.* You won't?

*Jul.* I won't.

*Duke.* You won't!

*(Shewing the key.)*

You had forgot yourself, my love.

*Jul.* Well, I obey!

*[Exit.]*

*Duke.* Was ever man so plagued!

I am aham'd to try your patience, sir;

But women, like watches, must be set with care,

To make them go well.

*Re-enter JULIANA.*

Ay, this looks well.

*(Pouring it out.)*

*Jul.* The heavens be prais'd!

*Duke.* Come, sir, your judgment.

*Lopez.* 'Tis excellent! But, as I was saying, to-day we have some country pastimes on the green; will it please you both to join our simple recreations?

*[draught, sir.]*

*Duke.* We will attend you. Come, renew your

*Lopez.* We shall expect you presently: till then, good even, sir. *[and make you ready.]*

*Duke.* Good even, neighbour. *[Exit Lopez.]* Go

*Jul.* I take no pleasure in these rural sports.

*Duke.* Then you shall go to please your husband.

Hold!

I'll have no glittering gewgaws stuck about you, To stretch the gaping eyes of idiot wonder, And make men stare upon a piece of earth As on a star-wrought firmament; no feathers, To wave as streamers to your vanity; Nor cumbrous silk, that with its rustling sound, Makes proud the flesh that bears it. She's adorn'd Ample, that in her husband's eye looks lovely— The truest mirror that an honest wife Can see her beauty in.

*Jul.* I shall observe, sir.

*Duke.* I should like well to see you in the dress I last presented you.

*Jul.* The blue one, sir?

*Duke.* No, love, the white. Thus modestly attir'd, An half-blown rose stuck in thy braided hair, With no more diamonds than those eyes are made No deeper rubies than compose thy lips, *[of,* Nor pearls more precious than inhabit them; With the pure red and white, which that same hand

Which blends the rainbow mingles in thy cheeks; This well proportion'd form, (think not I flatter,) In graceful motion to harmonious sounds, And thy free tresses dancing in the wind—

Thou'lt fix as much observance as chaste dames Can meet without a blush. *[Exit Jul.]*

I'll trust her with these bumpkins. There no cox- Shall buz his fulsome praises in her ear, *[comb*

And swear she has in all things, save myself, A most especial taste. No meddling gossip

(Who, having claw'd, or cuddled into bondage The thing misnam'd a husband, privately

Instructs less daring spirits to revolt)

Shall, from the fund of her experience, teach her When lordly man can best be made a fool of; And how, and when, and where, with most success, Domestic treaties, on the woman's side, Are made and ratified. Ye that would have obedient wives, beware Of meddling woman's kind, officious care. *[Exit.]*

# ACT IV.

## SCENE I.—The Inn.

*Enter Hostess, followed by LAMPEDO.*

*Hostess.* Nay, nay; another fortnight.

*Lamp.* It can't be.

The man's as well as I am: have some mercy!

He hath been here almost three weeks already.

*Hostess.* Well, then, a week.

*Lamp.* We may detain him a week.

*Enter BALTHAZAR behind, in his nightgown, with a drawn sword.*

You talk now like a reasonable hostess, *[science.* That sometimes has a reck'ning with her con-

*Hostess.* He still believes he has an inward bruise.

*Lamp.* I would to heaven he had! or that he'd

His shoulder-blade, or broke a leg or two, *[slipp'd*

*(Not that I bear his person any malice,)*

Or luv'd an arm, or even sprain'd his ancle!

*Hostess.* Ay, broken anything except his neck.

*Lamp.* However, for a week I'll manage him:

Though he has the constitution of a horse—

A farrier should prescribe for him.

*Balth.* A farrier!

*(Aside.)*

*Lamp.* To-morrow we phlebotomize again;

Next day, my new invented patent draught;

Then I have some pills prepar'd;

On Thursday we throw in the bark; on Friday—

*Balth. (Coming forward.)* Well, sir, on Friday—

Proceed. *[what on Friday? come,*

*Lamp.* Discovered!

*Hostess.* Mercy, noble sir!

*(They fall on their knees.)*

*Lamp.* We crave your mercy!

*Balth.* On your knees? 'tis well!

Pray, for your time is short.

*Hostess.* Nay, do not kill us.

*Balth.* You have been tried, condemn'd, and only

For execution. Which shall I begin with? *[wait*

*Lamp.* The lady, by all means, sir.

*Balth.* Come, prepare. *(To the Hostess.)*

*Hostess.* Have pity on the weakness of my sex!

*Balth.* Tell me, thou quaking mountain of gross

flesh,

Tell me, and in a breath, how many poisons—

If you attempt it—*(to Lamp, who is endeavouring to*

*snake off)—*you have cook'd up for me?

*Hostess.* None, as I hope for mercy!

*Balth.* Is not thy wine a poison?

*Hostess.* No, indeed, sir;

'Tis not, I own, of the first quality;

But—

*Balth.* What?

*Hostess.* I always give short measure, sir,

And ease my conscience that way.

*Balth.* Ease your conscience!

I'll ease your conscience for you.

*H. stee.* Mercy, sir!

*Balth.* Rise, if thou canst, and hear me.

*Hostess.* Your commands, sir?

*Balth.* If in five minutes all things are prepar'd

For my departure, you may yet survive.

*Hostess.* It shall be done in less.

*Balth.* Away, thou lump-fish! *[Exit Hostess.]*

*Lamp.* So! now comes my turn! 'tis all over

with me!

There's dagger, rope, and ratabane in his looks!

*Balth.* And now, thou sketch and outline of a  
Thou thing that hast no shadow in the sun! [man]  
Thou eat in a consumption, eldest born  
Of Death on Fame! thou anatomy  
Of a starv'd piteous!

*Lamp.* I do confess my leanness. I am spare;  
And, therefore, spare me.

*Balth.* Why! wouldst thou have made me  
A thoroughfare for thy whole shop to pass  
*Lamp.* Man, you know, must live. [through?]

*Balth.* Yes: he must die, too.

*Lamp.* For my patients' sake—

*Balth.* I'll send you to the major part of them.

The window, sir, is open; come, prepare.

*Lamp.* Pray, consider;

I may hurt some one in the street.

*Balth.* Why, then,

I'll rattle thee to pieces in a dice-box.

Or grind thee in a coffee-mill to powder,

For thou must sup with Pluto: so, make ready:

Whilst I, with this good small-sword for a lancet,

Let thy starv'd spirit out, (for blood thou hast none.)

And nail thee to the wall, where thou shalt look

Like a dry'd beetle, with a pin stuck through him.

*Lamp.* Consider my poor wife.

*Balth.* Thy wife!

*Lamp.* My wife, sir.

*Balth.* Hast thou dar'd think of matrimony, too?

No flesh upon thy bones, and take a wife!

*Lamp.* I took a wife because I wanted flesh.

I have a wife, and three angelic babes,

Who, by those looks, are well nigh fatherless.

*Balth.* Well, well! your wife and children shall  
plead for you.

Come, come; the pills! where are the pills? pro-

*Lamp.* Here is the box. [duces them.]

*Balth.* Were it Pandora's, and each single pill

Had ten diseases in it, you should take them.

*Lamp.* What, all?

*Balth.* Ay, all; and quickly too. Come, sir, begin

*Lamp.* One's a dose. [—that's well! Another.]

*Balth.* Proceed, sir.

*Lamp.* What will become of me?

Let me go home, and set my shop to rights,

And, like immortal Caesar, die with decency.

*Balth.* Away! and thank thy lucky star I have not

Bray'd thee in thy own mortar, or expos'd thee

For a large specimen of the lizard genus. [sir.]

*Lamp.* Would I were one! for they can feed on

*Balth.* Home, sir, and be more honest. [Exit.]

*Lamp.* If I am not,

I'll be more wise, at least. [Exit.]

SCENE II.—A Wood.

*Enter ZAMORA, in woman's apparel, veiled.*

*Zam.* Now, all good spirits, that delight to prosper

The undertakings of chaste love, assist me!

Yonder he comes: I'll rest upon this bank.

If I can move his curiosity,

The rest may follow

[She reclines upon the bank, pretending to sleep.]

*Enter ROLANDO.*

*Rol.* What, ho! Eugenio!

He is so little apt to play the truant,

I fear some mischief has befallen him.

(Sees Zamora.)

What have we here? a woman! By this light,

Or rather, by this darkness, 'tis a woman!

Doing no mischief—only dreaming of it.

It is the stillest, most inviting spot!

We are alone: if, without waking her,

I could just brush the fresh dew from her lips,

As the first blush of morn salutes the rose—

Hold, hold, hold, Rolando! art thou not forsworn,

If thou but touchest even the finger's end

Of fickle woman? I have sworn an oath,  
That female flesh and blood should ne'er provoke  
That is, in towns, or cities: I remember [me;  
There was a special clause, or should have been,  
Touching a woman sleeping in a wood;  
For though, to the strict letter of the law,  
We bind our neighbours, yet, in our own cause,  
We give a liberal and large construction  
To its free spirit. Therefore, gentle lady—

(She stirs, as if waking.)

Hush! she prevents me. Pardon, gentle fair one,  
That I have broke thus rudely on your slumbers;  
But, for the interruption I have caus'd,  
You see me ready, as a gentleman,  
To make you all amends.

*Zam.* To a stranger

You offer fairly, sir; but from a stranger—

*Rol.* What shall I say? Not so; you are no

Stranger. (Aside.)

*Zam.* Do you, then, know me? Heav'n forbid!

*Rol.* Too well.

*Zam.* How, sir? [month;

*Rol.* I've known you, lady, 'bove a twelve-

And, from report, lov'd you an age before.

Why, is it possible you never heard

Of my sad passion?

*Zam.* Never.

*Rol.* You amaze me!

*Zam.* What can he mean? (Aside.)

*Rol.* The sonnets I have written to your beauty

Have kept a paper-mill in full employ!

And then the letters I have given by dozens

Unto your chambermaid! But I begin,

By this unlook'd-for strangeness you put on,

Almost to think she ne'er deliver'd them.

*Zam.* Indeed she never did. He does but jest.

I'll try. (Aside.) Perhaps you misdirected them?

What superscription did you put upon them?

*Rol.* What superscription? None.

*Zam.* None!

*Rol.* Not a tittle.

Think ye, fair lady, I have no discretion?

I left a blank, that, should they be mislaid,

Or lost, you know—

*Zam.* And in your sonnets, sir,

What title was I honour'd by?

*Rol.* An hundred!

All but your real one.

*Zam.* What is that?

*Rol.* She has me.

'Faith, lady, you've run me to a stand.

I know you not; never before beheld you;

Yet I'm in love with you extempore:

And though, by a tremendous oath, I'm bound

Never to hold communion with your sex,

Yet has your beauty and your modesty—

Come, let me see your face.

*Zam.* Nay; that would prove

I had no modesty; perhaps, nor beauty.

Besides, I, too, have taken a rash oath,

Never to love but one man—

*Rol.* At a time?

*Zam.* One at all times.

*Rol.* You're right: I am the man.

*Zam.* You are, indeed, sir.

*Rol.* How? now you are jesting.

*Zam.* No, on my soul! I have sent up to heav'n

A sacred and irrevocable vow;

And if, as some believe, there does exist

A spirit in the waving of the woods,

Life in the leaping torrent, in the hills

And seated rocks a contemplative soul,

Brooding on all things round them, to all nature

I here renew the solemn covenant,

Never to love but you, sir.

*Vol.* And who are you?

*Zam.* In birth and breeding, sir, a gentlewoman: And, but I know the high pitch of your mind From such low thoughts maintains a tow'ring dis- I would add, rich; yet is it no misfortune. (tance, Virtuous, I will say boldly. Of my shape, Your eyes are your informers. For my face, I cannot think of that so very meanly, For you have often prais'd it.

*Vol.* Unveil, then.

That I may praise it once again.

*Enter VOLANTE*

*Zam.* Not now, sir.

We are observ'd

*Vol.* (Seeing Volante.) Confusion! this she devil! 'Tis time, then, to redeem my character. (Aside.)

I tell you, lady, you must be mistaken;

I'm not the man you want. (To Zam.) Meet me to- night (Apart.)

Will not that answer serve?—At eight precisely. (Apart.)

I tell you, 'tis not I.—Here, on this spot. (Apart.)

*Zam.* I humbly beg your pardon.

*Vol.* Well, you have it—

Remember!

*Zam.* Trust me. (Exit.)

*Vol.* A most strange adventure! Pray, lady, do you know who that importunate woman is that just left us?

*Vol.* No, signor.

*Vol.* (They walk by each other, he whistling, and she humming a tune.) Have you any business with me?

*Vol.* I wanted to see you, that's all. They tell me you are the valiant captain that have turned woman-hater, as the boy left off eating nuts, because he met with a sour one.

*Vol.* Would I were in a freemason's lodge!

*Vol.* Why there?

*Vol.* They never admit women,

*Vol.* It must be a dull place.

*Vol.* Exceeding quiet. How shall I shake off this gad-fly? Did you ever see a man mad?

*Vol.* Never.

*Vol.* I shall be mad presently.

*Vol.* I hope it won't be long first. I can wait an

*Vol.* I tell you, I shall be mad. (hour or so.

*Vol.* Will it be of the merry sort? mad!

*Vol.* Stark-staring, maliciously, mischievously

*Vol.* Nay, then I can't think of leaving you; for you'll want a keeper.

*Vol.* 'Would thou hadst one! If it were valiant now to beat a woman—

*Vol.* Well, why don't you begin? Paha! you have none of the right symptoms. You don't stare with your eyes, nor foam at the mouth. Mad, indeed! You're as much in your sober senses as I am.

*Vol.* Then I am mad incurably! Will you go forward?

*Vol.* No.

*Vol.* Backward?

*Vol.* No.

*Vol.* Will you stay where you are?

*Vol.* No. Rank and file, captain: I mean to be one of your company.

*Vol.* Impossible! You're not tall enough for anything but a drummer: and then, the noise of your tongue would drown the stoutest sheepskin in Christendom.

*Vol.* Can you find any employment for me?

*Vol.* No: you are fit for nothing but to beat hamp in a workhouse, to the tune of the accompaniment of a beadle's whip.

*Vol.* I could be content to be so employed, if I were sure you would reap the full benefit of my labour.

*Vol.* Nay, then, I'll go another way to work with you—What, ho! Eugenio, sergeant, corporal!

*Vol.* Nay, then, 'tis time to scamper: he's bringing his whole regiment on me. (Exit.)

*Vol.* She's gone; and has left me happy.

But this other—How is her absence irksome!

There is such magic in her graceful form,

Such sweet persuasion in her gentle tongue,

As thaws my firm resolves, and changes me

To that same soft and pliant thing I was,

Ere yet I knew a haughty woman's scorn. (Exit.)

## SCENE III.—A Rural Scene.

A dance of Rustics. LOPEZ comes forward.

*Lopez.* (Seeing the Duke and Juliana approach.)

Hold! our new guests.

*Enter DUKE OF ARANZA and JULIANA.*

Neighbours, you're kindly welcome!

Will't please you join the dance, or be mere gazers?

*Duke.* I am for motion, if this lady here

Would trip it with me.

*Lopez.* My wife, sir, at your service.

If it be no offence, I'll take a turn with yours.

*Duke.* By all means. Lady, by your leave— (Salutes Lopez's wife.)

*Lopez.* A good example—

(Attempts to salute Juliana; she boxes his ears.)

*Jul.* Badly follow'd, sir.

*Lopez.* Zounds! what a tingler!

*Duke.* Are you not ashamed?

(To Juliana.) My wife is young, sir; she'll know better soon

Than to return a courtesy so tartly.

Yours has been better tutor'd. (Salutes her.)

*Lopez.* Tutor'd! Zounds!

I only meant to ape your husband, lady:

He kisses where he pleases.

*Jul.* So do I, sir;

Not where I have no pleasure.

*Duke.* Excellent! (Aside.)

*Jul.* My lips are not my own. My hand is free, sir. (Offering her hand.)

*Lopez.* Free! I'll be sworn it is!

*Jul.* Will't please you take it?

*Duke.* Excuse her rustic breeding: she is young; And you will find her nimble in the dance. (delay.)

*Lopez.* Come, then, let's have a stirring round— [They dance; Jul. at first perceiving, but afterwards entering into the spirit of it.

Exeunt.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—The Cottage.

JULIANA, sitting at her needle, sings; during which the DUKE OF ARANZA steals in behind.

SONG.—JULIANA.

At the front of a cottage, with woodbine grown o'er,

Fair Lucy sat turning her wheel,

Unconscious that William was just at the door,

And heard her her passion reveal.

The bells rung,

And she sung,

Ding, dong, dill,

It were well.

If they rung for dear William and me.

But when she look'd up, and her lover espied,

Ah! what was the maiden's surprise!

She blush'd as he woo'd her and call'd her his bride,

And answer'd him only with sighs.

*The bells rung,  
And she sung,  
Ding, dong, dell,  
It is well;*

*They shall ring for dear William and me!*

Duke. Ay, this looks well, when, like the humming bee,

We lighten labour with a cheerful song. [the last Come, no more work to-night. *(Sits by her.)* It is That we shall spend beneath this humble roof; Our fleeting month of trial being past, To-morrow you are free.

Jul. Nay, now you mock me, And turn my thoughts upon my former follies. You know, that to be mistress of the world, I would not leave you.

Duke. No!

Jul. No, on my honour!

Duke. I think you like me better than you did: And yet, 'tis natural—come, come, be honest; You have a sort of hank'ring,—no wild wish, Or vehement desire, yet a slight longing, A simple preference, if you had your choice, To be a duchess, rather than the wife Of a low peasant?

Jul. No, indeed, you wrong me.

Duke. I mark'd you closely at the palace, wife. In the full tempest of your speech, your eye Would glance to take the room's dimensions, And pause upon each ornament; and then [sigh, There would break from you a half-smother'd Which spoke distinctly—"these should have been mine!" *(spirit.)*

And, therefore, (though with a well-temper'd You have some secret swellings of the heart When these things rise to your imagination.

Jul. No, never; sometimes in my dreams, I You know we cannot help our dreams. *[own;*

Duke. What then?

Jul. Why, I confess that, sometimes, in my A noble house and splendid equipage, *[dreams,* Diamonds and pearls, and gilded furniture, Will glitter, like an empty pageant, by me; And then I'm apt to rise a little feverish.

But never do my sober, waking thoughts, As I'm a woman worthy of belief,

Wander to such forbidden vanities.

Yet, after all, it was a scurvy trick!

Your palace, and your pictures, and your plate!

Your fine plantations, your delightful gardens,

That were a second paradise—for fools!

And then, your grotto, so divinely cool!

Your gothic summer-house, and Roman temple!

'Twould puzzle much an antiquarian

To find out their remains.

Duke. No more of that.

Jul. You had a dozen spacious vineyards, too!

Alas! the grapes are sour: and above all,

The Barbary courser that was breaking for me!

Duke. Nay, you shall ride him yet.

Jul. Indeed!

Duke. Believe me,

We must forget these things.

Jul. They are forgot.

And by this kiss we'll think of them no more,

But when we want a theme to make us merry.

Duke. It was an honest one, and spoke thy soul;

And by the fresh lip and unsullied breath

Which join'd to give it sweetness—

*Enter BALTHAZAR.*

Jul. How! my father!

Duke. Signor Balthazar! You are welcome, sir,

To our poor habitation.

Balth. Welcome, villain!

I come to call your dukedom to account, And to reclaim my daughter.

Duke. You will find her

Reclaim'd already; or I've lost my pains. *(Aside.)*

Balth. Let me come at him!

Jul. Patience, my dear father!

Duke. Nay, give him room. Put up your weapon, 'Tis the worst argument a man can use; *[sne;*

So let it be the last. As for your daughter,

She passes by another title here,

In which your whole authority is sunk—

My lawful wife.

Balth. Lawful! his lawful wife!

I shall go mad! Did you not basely steal her, Under a vile pretence?

Duke. What I have done,

I'll answer to the law.

Of what do you complain?

Balth. Are you not

A most notorious, self-confess'd impostor?

Duke. True, I am somewhat dwindled from the In which you lately knew me; nor alone *[state*

Should my exceeding change provoke your wonder,

You'll find your daughter is not what she was.

Balth. How, Juliana?

Jul. 'Tis, indeed, most true.

I left you, sir, a froward, foolish girl, Full of capricious thoughts and fiery spirits,

Which, without judgment, I would vent on all.

But I have learned this truth indelibly,

That modesty, in deed, in word, and thought,

Is the prime grace of woman; and with that,

More than by frowning looks, and saucy speeches,

She may persuade the man that rightly loves her,

Whom she was ne'er intended to command.

Balth. Amazement! Why, this metamorphosis Exceeds his own! What spells, what cunning

Has he employ'd? *[witchcraft*

Jul. None: he has simply taught me

To look into myself: his powerful rhetoric

Hath with strong influence impress'd my heart,

And made me see, at length, the thing I have been,

And what I am, sir.

Balth. And are you, then, content

To live with him?

Jul. Content! I am most happy!

Balth. Can you forget your crying wrongs?

Jul. Not quite, sir.

They sometimes serve us to make merry with.

Balth. How like a villain he abus'd my father?

Jul. You will forgive him that for my sake.

Balth. Never!

Duke. Why, then, 'tis plain, you seek your own And not your daughter's happiness. *[revenge,*

Balth. No matter.

I charge you, on your duty as my daughter, Follow me!

Duke. On a wife's obedience,

I charge you, stir not!

Jul. You, sir, are my father;

At the bare mention of that hallow'd name,

A thousand recollections rise within me,

To witness you have ever been a kind one:

This is my husband, sir—

Balth. Thy husband! well—

Jul. 'Tis fruitless now to think upon the means

He us'd—I am irrevocably his:

And when he pluck'd me from my parent tree,

To graft me on himself, he gather'd with me

My love, my duty, my obedience;

And, by adoption, I am bound as strictly

To do his reasonable bidding now,

As once to follow yours.

*Balth.* Yet I will be reveng'd

*Duke.* You would have justice.

(*To Balth.*)

*Balth.* I will.

*Duke.* Then forthwith meet me at the duke's.

*Balth.* What pledge have I for your appearance there?

*Duke.* Your daughter, sir: Nay, go, my Juliana!

Tis my request: within an hour at farthest,

I shall expect to see you at the palace. [*sir.*]

*Balth.* Come, Juliana. You shall find me there,

*Duke.* Look not thus sad at parting, Juliana:

All will run smooth yet.

*Balth.* Come!

*Jul.* Heav'n grant it may!

*Duke.* The duke shall right us all, without delay.

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE II.—A Wood.

*Enter VOLANTE and four of Count Montalban's servants masked.*

*Vol.* That's he, stealing down the pathway yonder.

Put on your visors; and remember, not a word.

(*They retire.*)

*Enter ROLANDO.*

Now I shall be even with your hemp-beating.

[*Exit.*]

*Rol.* Here am I come to be a woman's toy,

And spite of sober reason, play the fool.

Tis a most grievous thing, that a man's blood

Will ever thwart his noble resolution,

And make him deaf to other argument

Than the quick beating of his pulse. [*Heyday!*]

(*Count's Servants come forward, and surround him.*)

Why, what are these? If it be no offence,

May I enquire your business?

(*They hold a pistol to each side of his head.*)

Now I can guess it. Pray, reserve your fire.

(*They proceed to bind him.*)

What can this mean? Mute, gentlemen; all mute!

Pray, were ye born of women? Still ye are mute!

Why, then, perhaps, you mean to strangle me.

(*They bind him to a tree, and go off.*)

How! gone? Why, what the devil can this mean?

It is the oddest end to an amour!

*Enter VOLANTE, and three other Women.*

*Vol.* This is the gentleman we're looking for.

*Rol.* Looking for me! You are mistaken, ladies:

What can you want with such a man as I am?

I am poor, ladies, miserably poor;

I am old, too, though I look young; quite old;

The ruins of a man. Nay, come not near me!

I would for you I were a porcupine,

And every quill a death!

*Vol.* By my faith, he rails valiantly, and has a valiant sword, too, if he could draw it. Was ever poor gentleman so near a rope without being able to hang himself!

*Rol.* I could bear being bound in every limb,

So ye were tongue-ty'd.

That I could cast out devils to torment you!

Though ye would be a match for a whole legion.

*Vol.* Come, come.

*Rol.* Nay, ladies, have some mercy: drive me not to desperation, though, like a bear,

I'm fix'd to the stake, and must endure the baiting.

(*After repeated struggles, disengages his right arm, with which he draws his sword, and cuts the ropes that bind him.*)

*Vol.* The bear is breaking his chain. 'Tis time to run, then. (*The Women run off; Rolando extricates himself, and comes forward.*)

*Rol.* So, they are gone! What a damnable condition I am in! The devils that worried St. Anthony

were a tame set to these! My blood boils! By all

that's mischievous, I'll carbonado the first woman I meet! If I do not, why, I'll marry her. Here's one already!

*Enter ZAMORA, veiled.*

*Zam.* I've kept my word, sir.

*Rol.* So much the worse! for I must keep my oath. Are you prepar'd to die?

*Zam.* Not by your hand.

I hardly think, when you have seen my face,

You'll be my executioner.

*Rol.* Thy face!

What, you are handsome? Don't depend on that:

For if those rosy fingers, like Aurora's,

Lifting the veil from day, should usher forth

Twin sparkling stars, to light men to their ruin;

Balm-breathing lips, to seal destruction on;

An alabaster forehead, hung with locks

That glitter like Hyperion's; and a cheek,

Where the live crimson steals upon the white,

You have no hope of mercy!

*Zam.* (*Unveiling.*) Now, then, strike!

*Rol.* Eugenio?

*Zam.* Your poor boy, sir.

*Rol.* How, a woman!

A real woman!

What a dull ass have I been! Nay, 'tis so!

*Zam.* You see the sister of that scornful lady,

Who, with such fix'd disdain, refus'd your love,

Which, like an arrow failing of its aim,

Glancing from her impenetrable heart,

Struck deep in mine: in a romantic hour,

Unknown to all, I left my father's house,

And follow'd you to the war. What has since

It better may become you to remember [*happen'd,*

Than me to utter.

*Rol.* I am caught at last!

Ought by a woman! excellently caught,

Hamper'd beyond redemption! Why, thou witch!

That, in a brace of minutes, hast produc'd

A greater revolution in my soul

Than thy whole sex could compass! thou enchan-

Prepare: for I must kill thee certainly; [*tress,*

(*Throws away his sword.*)

But it shall be with kindness. My poor boy!

(*They embrace.*)

I'll marry thee to-night. Yet, have a care!

For I shall love thee most unmercifully.

*Zam.* And as a wife, should you grow weary of

I'll be your page again. [*me,*

*Rol.* We'll to your father.

*Zam.* Alas! I fear I have offended him

Beyond the reach of pardon.

*Rol.* Think not so.

In the full flood of joy at your return,

He'll drown his anger, and absolving tears

Shall warmly welcome his poor wanderer home.

What will they say to me? Why, they may say,

And truly, that I made a silly vow,

But was not quite so foolish as to keep it. [*Exeunt.*

#### SCENE III.—Duke of Aranda's Palace.

*Enter BALTHAZAR and JULIANA, COUNT MONTALBAN and VOLANTE, preceded by a*

*Servant.*

*Balth.* You'll tell his highness I am waiting for

*Serv.* What name, sir? [*him.*]

*Balth.* No matter; tell him, an old man,

Who has been basely plunder'd of his child,

And has perform'd a weary pilgrimage

In search of Justice, hopes to find it here.

*Serv.* I will deliver this. [*Exit.*

*Balth.* And he shall right me;

Or I will make his dukedom ring so loud

With my great wrongs, that—

*Jul.* Pray, be patient, sir.

*Balth.* Where is your husband?

*Jul.* He will come, no doubt. [quickly.]

*Count.* I'll pawn my life for his appearance,  
*Enter Servant.*

*Balth.* What news, sir?

*Serv.* The duke will see you presently.

*Balth.* 'Tis well!

Has there been here a man to seek him lately?

*Serv.* None, sir.

*Balth.* A tall, well-looking man enough,  
Though a rank knave, dress'd in a peasant's garb?

*Serv.* There has been no such person.

*Balth.* No, nor will be.

It was a trick to steal off safely,  
And get the start of justice. He has reach'd,  
Ere this, the nearest sea-port, or inhabits  
One of his air-built castles. [Trumpets, &c.]

*Serv.* Stand aside!

*Enter DUKE OF ARANZA, superbly dressed, preceded by JACQUES, and followed by Attendants and Six Ladies.*

*Duke.* Now, sir, your business with me?

*Balth.* How?

*Jul.* Amazement!

*Duke.* I hear you would have audience.

*Jacques.* Exactly my manner. [Aside.]

*Balth.* Of the duke, sir.

*Duke.* I am the duke.

*Balth.* The jest is somewhat stale, sir.

*Duke.* You'll find it true.

*Balth.* Indeed!

*Jacques.* Nobody doubted my authority. [Aside.]

*Jul.* Be still, my heart. [Aside.]

*Balth.* I think you would not trifle with me now.

*Duke.* I am the Duke Aranza.

*Count.* 'Tis e'en so.

*Duke.* And what's my greater pride, this lady's  
husband;

Whom, having honestly redeem'd my pledge,  
I thus take back again. You now must see  
The drift of what I have been lately acting,  
And what I am. And though, being a woman  
Giddy with youth and unrestrained fancy,  
The domineering spirit of her sex  
I have rebuk'd too sharply; yet, 'twas done,  
As skilful surgeons cut beyond the wound,  
To make the cure complete.

*Balth.* You have done most wisely,  
And all my anger dies in speechless wonder.

*Jacques.* So does all my greatness. [Aside.]

*Duke.* What says my Juliana?

*Jul.* I am lost, too,

In admiration, sir: my fearful thoughts  
Rise, on a trembling wing, to that rash height,  
Whence, growing dizzy once, I fell to earth;  
Yet since your goodness, for the second time,  
Will lift me, though unworthy, to that pitch  
Of greatness, there to hold a constant flight,  
I will endeavour so to bear myself,  
That in the world's eye, and my friends' observance,  
And, what's far dearer, your most precious judgment,  
I may not shame your dukedom. [ment,]

*Duke.* Bravely spoken!

Why, now you shall have rank and equipage;  
Servants, for you can now command yourself;  
Glorious apparel, not to swell your pride,  
But to give lustre to your modesty.  
All pleasures, all delights, that noble dames  
Warm their chaste fancies with, in full abundance  
Shall flow upon you; and it shall go hard  
But you shall ride the Barbary courser, too.  
Count, you have kept my secret, and I thank you.

*Count.* Your grace has reason; for, in keeping  
that,

I well nigh lost my mistress. On your promise,  
I now may claim her, sir. [To Balthazar.]

*Balth.* What says my girl?

*Vol.* Well, since my time is come, sir—

*Balth.* Take her, then. [Joins their hands.]

*Duke.* But who comes yonder?

*Count.* 'Sdeath! why, 'tis Rolando!

*Duke.* But that there hangs a woman on his arm  
I'd swear 'twas he.

*Vol.* Nay, 'tis the gentleman.

*Duke.* Then have the poles met!

*Vol.* Oh! no; only two of the planets have jostled  
each other. Venus has had too much attraction  
for Mars.

*Enter ROLANDO, with ZAMORA, veiled.*

*Count.* Why, captain!

*Duke.* Signor Rolando! [a woman]

*Rol.* *(After they have laughed some time.)* Nay, 'tis  
And one that has a soul, too, I'll be bound for't.

*Vol.* He must be condemned to her for some of  
fence, as a truant horse is tied to a log, or a great  
school-boy carries his own rod to the place of ex-  
ecution. [still]

*Rol.* Laugh till your lungs crack, 'tis a woman!

*Count.* I'll not believe it till I see her face.

*Vol.* It is some boy dress'd up to cozen us.

*Rol.* It was a boy dress'd up to cozen me.  
Suffice it, sir, that being well convinc'd,

In what I lately was a stubborn sceptic,  
That women may be reasonable creatures:

And finding that your grace, in one fair instance,  
Has wrought a wondrous reformation in them,

I am resolv'd to marry; *(all laugh)* for 'tis odds  
*(Our joint endeavours lab'ring to that end)*

That, in another century or two,  
They may become endurable. What say you?

[To the Duke.]

Have I your free consent?

*Duke.* Most certainly.

*Rol.* Yours sir? [To the Count.]

*Count.* Most readily.

*Rol.* And yours? [To Balthazar.]

*Balth.* Most heartily.

*Jacques.* He does not ask mine. [Aside.]

*Rol.* Add but your blessing, sir, and we are  
What think you of my page? [happy:]

[Zamora unveils, and kneels to Balthazar.]

*Vol.* How!

*Balth.* Zamora!

*Zam.* Your daughter, sir: who, trembling at your

*Balth.* Come to my heart! [feet—]

You knew how deeply you were rooted there,  
Or scarce had ventur'd such a frolic.

*Zam.* That, sir,

Should have prevented me.

*Balth.* There: she is yours sir;

If you are still determin'd.

*Rol.* Fix'd as fate!

Nor in so doing do I change my mind;  
I swore to wed no woman—she's an angel.

*Vol.* Ay, so are all women before marriage; and  
that's the reason their husbands so soon wish them  
in heaven afterwards.

*Duke.* Those who are tartly tongued: but our ex-  
treme truth shall manifest—A gentle wife [ample]

Is still the sterling comfort of man's life;

To foists a torment, but a lasting boon

To those who wisely keep the Honey-moon.

[Exeunt.]

# THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY R. B. SHERIDAN.



*Sir Peter.*—"LADY TEAZLE, BY ALL THAT'S DAMNABLE."—Act IV, scene 3.

## Persons Represented.

SIR PETER TEAZLE.  
SIR OLIVER SURFACE.  
SIR BENJAMIN BACKRITE.  
SIR HARRY BUMPER.  
JOSEPH SURFACE.

CHARLES SURFACE.  
CRABTREE.  
BOWLEY.  
CARELESS.  
MOSES.

SNAKE.  
LADY TEAZLE.  
LADY SNEERWELL.  
MRS CANDOUR.  
MARIA.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*Lady Sneerwell's House.*

LADY SNEERWELL and SNAKE discovered  
*drinking chocolate.*

*Lady S.* The paragraphs, you say, Mr. Snake, were all inserted?

*Snake.* They were, madam; and as I copied them myself in a feigned hand, there can be no suspicion whence they came.

*Lady S.* Did you circulate the report of Lady Brittle's intrigue with Captain Boastall?

*Snake.* That's in as fine a train as your ladyship could wish. In the common course of things, I

think it must reach Mrs. Clackitt's ears within four and twenty hours; and then, you know, the business is as good as done.

*Lady S.* Why, truly, Mrs. Clackitt has a very pretty talent, and a great deal of industry.

*Snake.* True, madam, and has been tolerably successful in her day. To my knowledge, she has been the cause of six matches being broken off, and three sons being disinherited; of four forced elopements, as many close confinements, nine separate maintenances, and two divorces. Nay, I have more than once traced her causing a *little à l'île* in the Town and Country Magazine, when the parties, perhaps, had never seen each other's face before in the course of their lives.

NO. 7.—THE BRITISH DRAMA.

*Lady S.* She certainly has talents, but her manner is gross.

*Snake.* 'Tis very true. She generally designs well, has a free tongue, and a bold invention; but her colouring is too dark, and her outlines often extravagant. She wants that delicacy of mellowness of sneer, which distinguishes your ladyship's scandal.

*Lady S.* Ah! you are partial, Snake.

*Snake.* Not in the least; every body allows that Lady Sneerwell can do more with a word or a look than many can with the most laboured detail, even when they happen to have a little truth on their side to support it.

*Lady S.* Yes, my dear Snake; and I am no hypocrite to deny the satisfaction I reap from the success of my efforts. *(They rise.)* Wounded myself, in the early part of my life, by the venomous tongue of slander, I confess I have since known no pleasure equal to the reducing others to the level of my own reputation.

*Snake.* Nothing can be more natural. But, Lady Sneerwell, there is one affair in which you have lately employed me, wherein, I confess, I am at a loss to guess your motives.

*Lady S.* I conceive you mean with respect to my neighbour, Sir Peter Teazle, and his family?

*Snake.* I do. Here are two young men, to whom Sir Peter has acted as a kind of guardian since their father's death; the eldest possessing the most amiable character, and universally well spoken of; the youngest, the most dissipated and extravagant young fellow in the kingdom, without friends or character; the former an avowed admirer of your ladyship, and apparently your favourite; the latter attached to Maria, Sir Peter's ward, and confessedly beloved by her. Now, on the face of these circumstances, it is utterly unaccountable to me, why you, the widow of a city knight, with a good jointure, should not close with the passion of a man of such character and expectations as Mr. Surface; and more so why you should be so uncommonly earnest to destroy the mutual attachment subsisting between his brother Charles and Maria.

*Lady S.* Then at once to unravel this mystery, I must inform you, that love has no share whatever in the intercourse between Mr. Surface and me.

*Snake.* No!

*Lady S.* His real attachment is to Maria, or her fortune; but finding in his brother a favoured rival, he has been obliged to mask his pretensions, and profit by my assistance.

*Snake.* Yet still I am more puzzled why you should interest yourself in his success.

*Lady S.* Heavens! how dull you are! Cannot you surmise the weakness which I hitherto, through shame, have concealed even from you? Must I confess, that Charles, that libertine, that extravagant, that bankrupt in fortune and reputation, that he it is for whom I'm thus anxious and malicious, and to gain whom I would sacrifice every thing!

*Snake.* Now, indeed, your conduct appears consistent: but how came you and Mr. Surface so confidential?

*Lady S.* For our mutual interest. I have found him out a long time since. I know him to be artful, selfish, and malicious; in short, a sentimental knave; while, with Sir Peter, and indeed with all his acquaintance, he passes for a youthful miracle of prudence, good sense, and benevolence.

*Snake.* Yes: yet Sir Peter vows he has not his

equal in England; and above all, he praises him as a man of sentiment.

*Lady S.* True; and with the assistance of sentiment and hypocrisy, he has brought him entirely into his interest with regard to Maria; while poor Charles has no friend in the house, though I fear, he has a powerful one in Maria's heart, against whom we must direct our schemes.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Surface.

*Lady S.* Shew him up. *[Exit Servant.]* He generally calls about this time. I don't wonder at people giving him to me for a lover.

*Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.*

*Joseph.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how do you do to day? Mr. Snake, your most obedient.

*Lady S.* Snake has just been rallying me on our mutual attachment; but I have informed him of our real views. You know how useful he has been to us; and, believe me, the confidence is not misplaced.

*Joseph.* Madam, 'tis impossible for me to respect a man of Mr. Snake's sensibility and disengagement.

*Lady S.* Well, sell, no compliments now. Tell me when you saw your mistress, Maria; she is more material to me, your brother.

*Joseph.* I have not seen either since I left; but I can inform you that they never meet.

*Lady S.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of your stories have had a good effect on Mr.

*Lady S.* Ah! my dear Snake! the merit of your stories belongs to you; but do your brother's distresses increase?

*Joseph.* Every hour. I am told he has had another execution in the house yesterday. In his dissipation and extravagance exceed any I ever heard of.

*Lady S.* Poor Charles!

*Joseph.* True, madam; notwithstanding his vices, one cannot help feeling for him. Poor Charles! I'm sure I wish it were in my power to be of any essential service to him; for the man who does not feel for the distresses of a friend, even though merited by his own misconduct, deserves—

*Lady S.* Oh, lud! you are going to be moral, and forget that you are among friends.

*Joseph.* Egad, that's true! I'll keep that sentiment till I see Sir Peter; however, it is certainly a charity to rescue Maria from such a libertine, who, if he is to be reclaimed, can be so only by one of your ladyship's superior accomplishments and understanding.

*Snake.* I believe, Lady Sneerwell, here's company coming. I'll go and copy the letter I mentioned to you. Mr. Surface, your most obedient.

*Joseph.* *(To Snake.)* Your very devoted. *(Exit Snake.)* Lady Sneerwell, I'm very sorry you have put any further confidence in that fellow.

*Lady S.* Why so?

*Joseph.* I have lately detected him in frequent conference with old Rowley, who was formerly my father's steward, and has never, you know, been a friend of mine.

*Lady S.* And do you think he would betray us?

*Joseph.* Nothing more likely: take my word for't, Lady Sneerwell, that fellow hasn't virtue enough to be faithful even to his own villany. Ah! Maria!

*Enter MARIA.*

*Lady S.* Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

*Maria.* Oh! there is that disagreeable lover of



mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's, with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipped out, and ran hither to avoid them.

*Lady S.* Is that all?

*Joseph.* If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

*Lady S.* Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard you were here. But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done, that you should avoid him so?

*Maria.* Oh! he has done nothing; but 'tis for what he has said; his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

*Joseph.* Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him; for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree is as bad.

*Lady S.* Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

*Maria.* For my part I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me, when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph.* Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

*Lady S.* Psha! there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the herb that makes it stick. What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph.* To be sure, madam; that conversation, where the spirit of raillery is suppressed will ever appear tedious and insipid.

*Maria.* Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure, it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalry, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

*Lady S.* Beg her to walk in. *[Exit Servant.]* Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, every body allows her to be the best natured and best sort of woman—

*Maria.* Yes; with a very gross affectation of good nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

*Joseph.* I faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell: whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

*Lady S.* Hush! here she is!

*Enter MRS. CANDOUR.*

*Mrs. C.* My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century? Mr. Surface, what news do you hear? though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

*Joseph.* Just so, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* *(To Maria.)* Oh, Maria! child, what is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume; the town talks of nothing else.

*Maria.* I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

*Mrs. C.* True, true, child; but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, but I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that

your guardian, Sir Peter, and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

*Maria.* 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

*Mrs. C.* Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk, there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Cadabong had eloped with Sir Filigree Flirt. But, lord! there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

*Maria.* Such reports are highly scandalous.

*Mrs. C.* So they are, child; shameful, shameful! But the word is so censorious, no character escapes. Lord, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopped her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

*Maria.* I'll answer for't, there are no grounds for that report.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month, of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

*Joseph.* The licence of invention some people take is monstrous, indeed.

*Maria.* 'Tis so; but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as tale-makers: 'tis an old observation, and a very true one; but what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackit assured me, Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. She likewise, hinted that a certain widow, in the next street, had got rid of her dropsy, and recovered her shape in a most surprising manner. And at the same time, Miss Tattle, who was by, affirmed, that Lord Buffalo had discovered his lady at a house of no extraordinary fame; and that Sir Harry Bouquet and Tom Saunter were to measure swords on a similar provocation. But, lord! do you think I would report these things? No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as tale-makers.

*Joseph.* Ah! Mrs. Candour, if every body had your forbearance and good-nature!

*Mrs. C.* I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. *(Lady Sneerwell and Maria retire.)* By-the-by, I hope 'tis not true that your brother is absolutely ruined?

*Joseph.* I am afraid his circumstances are very bad, indeed, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* Ah! I heard so. But you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way. Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so if Charles be undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined, too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

*Joseph.* Doubtless, ma'am: a very great one.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

*Lady S.* So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively, you shan't escape.

*Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.*

*Crab.* Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand! Mrs.

Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite? Egad, ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty post, too; isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

*Sir B.* Oh, fie, uncle!

*Crab.* Nay, egad! it is true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymers in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire. Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversation. Come now; your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and—

*Sir B.* Uncle, now—pr'ythee—

*Crab.* I faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at these things.

*Lady S.* I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

*Sir B.* To say the truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print: and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public.

*Crab.* 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalize you! they will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Saccarissa.

*Sir B.* Yes, Madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad! they will be the most elegant things of their kind.

*Crab.* But, ladies, have you heard the news?

*Mrs. C.* What, sir, do you mean the report of—

*Crab.* No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her own footman.

*Mrs. C.* Impossible!

*Crab.* Ask Sir Benjamin.

*Sir B.* 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoken.

*Crab.* Yes; and they do say there were very pressing reasons for it.

*Lady S.* Why, I have heard something of this before.

*Mrs. C.* It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story, of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

*Sir B.* Oh, lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

*Mrs. C.* Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp, as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of puny sickly reputation, that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robust characters of a hundred pruders.

*Sir B.* True, madam; there are true valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

*Mrs. C.* Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

*Crab.* That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. Did you ever hear how Miss Piper came to lose her lover and her character last summer at Tunbridge? Sir Benjamin, you remember it.

*Sir B.* Oh, to be sure; the most whimsical of circumstances.

*Lady S.* How was it, pray?

*Crab.* Why, one evening, at Miss Ponto's assembly, the conversation happened to turn on the breeding Nova Scotia sheep in this country. Says a young lady in company, I have known instances of it! for Miss Letitia Piper, a first cousin of mine, had a Nova Scotia sheep that produced her twins. What! cries the lady dowager Dundizy, (who you know is as deaf as a post,) has Miss Piper had twins? This mistake, as you may imagine, threw the whole company into a fit of laughter. However, 'twas the next day everywhere reported, and in a few days believed by the whole town, that Miss Letitia Piper had actually been brought to bed of a fine boy and girl; and, in less than a week, there were some people who could name the father, and the farm-house where the babies were put to nurse.

*Lady S.* Strange, indeed!

*Crab.* Matter of fact, I assure you. Oh, lud! Mr. Surface, pray is it true, that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

*Joseph.* Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

*Crab.* He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe? Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

*Joseph.* Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

*Sir B.* To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say; and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

*Crab.* That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry were a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there, 'fore gad! I hear he pays as many annuities, as the Irish tontine; and that whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health, in all the synagogues.

*Sir B.* Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the ante-chamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

*Joseph.* This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen, but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

*Maria.* Their malice is intolerable. Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good morning. I'm not very well.

[Exit.

*Mrs. C.* Oh, dear! she changes colour very much.

*Lady S.* Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

*Mrs. C.* That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be?

[Exit.

*Lady S.* 'Twas nothing but that she could not bear to hear Charles reflected on, notwithstanding their difference.

*Sir B.* The young lady's penchant is obvious.

*Crab.* But, Benjamin, you must not give up the pursuit for that: follow her, and put her into good humour. Repeat her some of your own verses. Come, I'll assist you.

*Sir B.* Mr. Surface, I did not mean to hurt you; but depend on't, your brother is utterly undone.

*Crab.* Oh, lud! ay, undone as ever man waa.—  
Can't raise a guinea!

*Sir B.* And every thing sold, I'm told, that was moveable.

*Crab.* I have seen one that was at his house. Not a thing left but some empty bottles that were overlooked, and the family pictures, which I believe are framed in the wainscot!

*Sir B.* And I'm very sorry, also, to hear some bad stories against him.

*Crab.* Oh! he has done many mean things, that's certain.

*Sir B.* But, however, as he's your brother—

*Crab.* We'll tell you all another opportunity.

[*Exit with Sir Benjamin.*]

*Lady S.* Ha, ha! 'tis very hard for them to leave a subject they have not quite run down.

*Joseph.* And I believe the abuse was no more acceptable to your ladyship than Maria.

*Lady S.* I doubt her affections are farther engaged than we imagine. But the family are to be here this evening, so you may as well dine where you are, and we shall have an opportunity of observing farther; in the meantime, I'll go and plot mischief, and you shall study sentiment.

[*Ereunt.*]

## SCENE II.—*Sir Peter's House.*

*Enter SIR PETER.*

*Sir P.* When an old bachelor marries a young wife, what is he to expect? 'Tis now six months since Lady Teazle made me the happiest of men; and I have been the most miserable dog ever since! We tiffed a little going to church, and came to a quarrel before the bells had done ringing. I was more than once nearly choked with gall during the honey-moon, and had lost all comfort of life before my friends had done wishing me joy. Yet I chose with caution; a girl bred wholly in the country, who never knew luxury beyond one silk gown, nor dissipation above the annual gala of a race-ball. Yet now she plays her part in all the extravagant fopperies of the fashion and the town, with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square! I am sneered at by all my acquaintance, and paragraphed in the newspapers. She dissipates my fortune, and contradicts all my humours; yet, the worst of it is, I doubt I love her, or I should never bear all this. However, I'll never be weak enough to own it.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Row.* Oh! Sir Peter, your servant: how is it with you, sir?

*Sir P.* Very bad, master Rowley, very bad! I meet with nothing but crosses and vexations.

*Row.* What can have happened since yesterday?

*Sir P.* A good question to a married man!

*Row.* Nay, I'm sure, Sir Peter, your lady cannot be the cause of your uneasiness.

*Sir P.* Why, has anybody told you she is dead?

*Row.* Come, come, Sir Peter; you love her, notwithstanding your tempers don't exactly agree.

*Sir P.* But the fault is entirely hers, master Rowley, I am, myself, the sweetest tempered man alive, and hate a teasing temper: and so I tell her a hundred times a day.

*Row.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* Ay; and what is very extraordinary, in all our disputes she is always in the wrong! But Lady Sneerwell, and the set she meets at her house, encourage the perverseness of her disposition. Then, to complete my vexation, Maria, my ward,

whom I ought to have the power of a father over, is determined to turn rebel, too, and absolutely refuses the man whom I have long resolved on for her husband: meaning, I suppose, to bestow herself on his profligate brother.

*Row.* You know, sir, I have always taken the liberty to differ with you on the subject of these two young gentlemen. I only wish you may be deceived in your opinion of the elder. For Charles, my life on't! he will retrieve his errors yet. Their worthy father, once my honoured master, was, at his years, nearly as wild a spark; yet, when he died, he did not leave a more benevolent heart to lament his loss.

*Sir P.* You are wrong, master Rowley. On their father's death, you know, I acted as a kind of guardian to them both, till their uncle Sir Oliver's liberality gave them an early independence: of course, no person could have more opportunities of judging of their hearts, and I was never mistaken in my life. Joseph is indeed a model for the young men of the age. He is a man of sentiment, and acts up to the sentiments he professes; but for the other, take my word for't, if he had any grain of virtue by descent, he has dissipated it with the rest of his inheritance. Ah! my old friend, Sir Oliver, will be deeply mortified when he finds how part of his bounty has been misapplied.

*Row.* I am sorry to find you so violent against the young man, because this may be the most critical period of his fortune. I came hither with news that will surprise you.

*Sir P.* What! let me hear.

*Row.* Sir Oliver is arrived, and at this moment in town.

*Sir P.* How! you astonish me! I thought you did not expect him this month.

*Row.* I did not; but his passage has been remarkably quick.

*Sir P.* Egad! I shall rejoice to see my old friend. 'Tis sixteen years since we met. We have had many a day together. But does he still enjoin us not to inform his nephews of his arrival?

*Row.* Most strictly. He means, before it is known, to make some trial of their dispositions.

*Sir P.* Ah! there needs no art to discover their merits: however, he shall have his way. But, pray, does he know I am married?

*Row.* Yes, and will soon wish you joy.

*Sir P.* What, as we drink health to a friend in a consumption. Ah! Oliver will laugh at me. We used to rail at matrimony together: but he has been steady to his text. Well, he must be at my house, though! I'll instantly give orders for his reception. But, master Rowley, don't drop a word that Lady Teazle and I ever disagree.

*Row.* By no means.

*Sir P.* For I should never be able to stand Noll's jokes; so I'd have him think, Lord forgive me! that we are a very happy couple.

*Row.* I understand you: but then you must be very careful not to differ while he is in the house with you.

*Sir P.* Egad! and so we must: and that's impossible. Ah! master Rowley, when an old bachelor marries a young wife, he deserves—no—the crime carries its punishment along with it.

[*Ereunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Sir Peter's House.*

*Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE.*

*Sir P.* Lady Teazle, Lady Teazle, I'll not bear it!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter, Sir Peter, you may bear it or not, as you please; but I ought to have my own way in every thing; and what's more, I will, too. What! though I was educated in the country, I know very well that women of fashion in London are accountable to nobody after they are married.

*Sir P.* Very well, ma'am, very well! so a husband is to have no influence, no authority?

*Lady T.* Authority! No, to be sure: if you wanted authority over me, you should have adopted me, and not married me: I am sure you were old enough.

*Sir P.* Old enough! ay, there it is. Well, well, Lady Teazle, though my life may be made unhappy by your temper, I'll not be ruined by your extravagance.

*Lady T.* My extravagance! I'm sure I'm not more extravagant than a woman of fashion ought to be.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam, you shall throw away no more sums on such unmeaning luxury. 'Sill! to spend as much to furnish your dressing-room with flowers in winter as would suffice to turn the Pantheon into a green-house, and give a *fête champêtre* at Christmas.

*Lady T.* Lord, Sir Peter, am I to blame, because flowers are dear in cold weather? You should find fault with the climate, and not with me. For my part, I'm sure, I wish it were spring all the year round, and that roses grew under our feet!

*Sir P.* Oons! madam, if you had been born to this, I shouldn't wonder at your talking thus; but you forget what your situation was when I married you.

*Lady T.* No, no, I don't; 'twas a very disagreeable one, or I should never have married you.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, madam, you were then in somewhat a humbler style: the daughter of a plain country squire. Recollect, Lady Teazle, when I first saw you sitting at your tambour, in a pretty figured linen gown, with a bunch of keys at your side; your hair combed smooth over a roll, and your apartment hung round with fruits in worsted, of your own working.

*Lady T.* Oh, yes! I remember it very well, and a curious life I led. My daily occupation to inspect the dairy, superintend the poultry, make extracts from the family receipt-book, and comb my aunt Deborah's lap-dog.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, ma'am, 'twas so, indeed.

*Lady T.* And then, you know, my evening amusements! To draw patterns for ruffles, which I had not materials to make up; to play Pope Joan with the curate; to read a novel to my aunt; or to be stuck down to an old spinet to strum my father to sleep after a fox-chase.

*Sir P.* I am glad you have got so good a memory. Yes, madam, these were the recreations I took you from; but now you must have your coach, vis-a-vis, and three powdered footmen before your chair; and, in the summer, a pair of white cats to draw you to Kensington Gardens. No recollection I suppose, when you were content to ride double, behind the butler, on a dock'd coach horse.

*Lady T.* No; I swear I never did that: I deny the butler and the coach-horse.

*Sir P.* This, madam, was your situation; and what have I done for you? I have made you a woman of fashion, of fortune, of rank; in short, I have made you my wife.

*Lady T.* Well, then, and there is but one thing more you can make me to add to the obligation, and that is—

*Sir P.* My widow, I suppose?

*Lady T.* Hem! hem!

*Sir P.* I thank you, madam; but don't flatter yourself; for though your ill conduct may disturb my peace of mind, it shall never break my heart, I promise you; however, I am equally obliged to you for the hint.

*Lady T.* Then why will you endeavour to make yourself so disagreeable to me, and thwart me in every little elegant expense?

*Sir P.* 'Sill! madam, I say, had you any of these little elegant expenses when you married me?

*Lady T.* Lad, Sir Peter! would you have me out of the fashion?

*Sir P.* The fashion, indeed! What had you to do with the fashion before you married me?

*Lady T.* For my part I should think you would like to have your wife thought a woman of taste.

*Sir P.* Ay, there again; taste! 'sounds, madam, you had no taste when you married me.

*Lady T.* That's very true, indeed, Sir Peter; and after having married you, I should never pretend to taste again, I allow. But now, Sir Peter, since we have finished our daily jangle, I presume I may go to my engagement at Lady Snearwell's.

*Sir P.* Ay, there's another precious circumstance? a charming set of acquaintance you have made there.

*Lady T.* Nay, Sir Peter, they are all people of rank and fortune, and remarkably tenacious of reputation.

*Sir P.* Yes, egad, they are tenacious of reputation with a vengeance: for they don't choose anybody should have a character but themselves! Such a crew: Ah! many a wretch has rid on a hurdle who has done less mischief than these utterers of forged tales, coiners of scandal, and clippers of reputation.

*Lady T.* What! would you restrain the freedom of speech?

*Sir P.* Ah! they have made you just as bad as any one of the society.

*Lady T.* Why, I believe I do bear a part with a tolerable grace.

*Sir P.* Grace, indeed!

*Lady T.* But I vow I bear no malice against the people I abuse. When I say an ill-natured thing, 'tis out of pure good humour; and I take it for granted, they deal in exactly the same manner with me. But, Sir Peter, you know you promised to come to Lady Snearwell's, too.

*Sir P.* Well, well, I'll call in just to look after my own character.

*Lady T.* Then, indeed, you must make haste after me, or you'll be too late. So, good-bye.

[Exit.]

*Sir P.* So, I have gained much by my intended expostulations; yet, with what a charming air she contradicts every thing I say, and how pleasantly she shows her contempt for my authority! Well, though I can't make her love me, there is great satisfaction in quarrelling with her; and I think she never appears to such advantage as when she is doing everything in her power to plague me.

[Exit.]

SCENE II. — Lady Snearwell's House. — Company sitting at the back of the stage at card tables.

LADY SNEERWELL, MRS. CANDOUR, CRABTREE, SIR BENJAMIN HOOKBITE, and JOSEPH SURFACE, discovered: Servants attending with tea, &c.

*Lady S.* Nay, positively, we will hear it.

*Joseph.* Yes, yes; the epigram, by all means.

*Sir B.* O plague on't, uncle, 'tis mere nonsense.

*Crab.* No, no; 'fore gad, very clever for an extemporé!

*Sir B.* But, ladies, you should be acquainted with the circumstance. You must know, that one day last week, as Lady Betty Curriculo was taking the dust in Hyde Park, in a sort of duodecimo phaeton, she desired me to write some verses on her ponies; upon which I took out my pocket-book, and in one moment, produced the following:

*Sure never were seen two such beautiful ponies;  
Other horses are clowns, but these macaronies:  
To give them this title I'm sure is not wrong,  
Their legs are so slim, and their tails are so long.*

*Crab.* There, ladies, done in the smack of a whip, and on horseback, too.

*Joseph.* A very Phœbus, mounted, indeed, Sir Benjamin!

*Sir B.* Oh, dear, sir! trifles, trifles!

*Enter MARIA and LADY TEAZLE.*

*Mrs. C.* I must have a copy.

*Lady S.* Lady Teazle, I hope we shall see Sir Peter?

*Lady T.* I believe he'll wait on your ladyship presently.

*Lady S.* Maria, my dear, you look grave. Come, you shall sit down to piquet with Mr. Surface.

*Maria.* I take very little pleasure in cards; however, I'll do as your ladyship pleases.

*Lady T.* I am surprised Mr. Surface should sit down with her; I thought he would have embraced this opportunity of speaking to me, before Sir Peter came. *(Aside.)*

*Mrs. C.* Now, I'll die, but you are so scandalous, I'll forswear your society.

*Lady T.* What's the matter, Mrs. Candour?

*Mrs. C.* They'll not allow our friend, Miss Ver-milion, to be handsome.

*Lady S.* Oh! surely she is a pretty woman.

*Crab.* I am very glad you think so, ma'am.

*Mrs. C.* She has a charming fresh colour.

*Lady T.* Yes, when it is fresh put on.

*Mrs. C.* Oh, fie! I'll swear her colour is natural; I have seen it come and go.

*Lady T.* I dare swear you have, ma'am: it goes off at night, and comes again in the morning.

*Mrs. C.* Ha, ha, ha! how I hate to hear you talk so! But surely, now, her sister is, or was, very handsome.

*Crab.* Who? Mrs. Evergreen? O lord! she's six and fifty if she's an hour!

*Mrs. C.* Now, positively, you wrong her; fifty-two or fifty-three is the utmost; and I don't think she looks more.

*Sir B.* Ah! there's no judging by her looks, unless one could see her face.

*Lady S.* Well, well; if Mrs. Evergreen does take some pains to repair the ravages of time, you must allow she effects it with great ingenuity; and surely that's better than the careless manner in which the widow Ochre caulkers her wrinkles.

*Sir B.* Nay, now, Lady Sneerwell, you are severe upon the widow. Come, come, 'tis not that she paints so ill; but when she has finished her face, she joins it on so badly to her neck, that she looks like a mended statue, in which the connoisseur may see at once that the head is modern, though the trunk's antique.

*Crab.* Ha, ha, ha! Well said, nephew!

*Mrs. C.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, you may make me

laugh; but I vow I hate you for it. What do you think of Miss Simper?

*Sir B.* Why, she has very pretty teeth.

*Lady T.* Yes, and on that account, when she is neither speaking or laughing, (which very seldom happens,) she never absolutely shuts her mouth, but leaves it always on a jar, as it were—thus. *(Shows her teeth.)*

*Mrs. C.* How can you be so ill-natured?

*Lady T.* Nay, I allow even that's better than the pains Mrs. Prim takes to conceal her losses in front. She draws her mouth till it positively resembles the aperture of a poor box, and all her words appear to slide out edgewise, as it were; thus—*How do you do, madam! Yes, madam. (Mimics.)*

*Lady S.* Very well, Lady Teazle; I see you can be a little severe.

*Lady T.* In defence of a friend it is but justice. But here comes Sir Peter to spoil our pleasantry.

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.*

*Sir P.* Ladies, your most obedient. Mercy on me! here is the whole set! a character dead at every word, I suppose. *(Aside.)*

*Mrs. C.* I am rejoiced you are come, Sir Peter. They have been so censorious, they'll allow good qualities to nobody.

*Sir P.* That must be very distressing to you, indeed, Mrs. Candour.

*Mrs. C.* Not even good nature to our friend Mrs. Popsy.

*Lady T.* What, the fat dowager who was at Mrs. Quadrille's last night?

*Mrs. C.* Nay, but her bulk is her misfortune; and when she takes such pains to get rid of it, you ought not to reflect on her.

*Lady S.* That's very true, indeed.

*Lady T.* Yes, I know she almost lives on acids and small whey; laces herself by pullicies; and often in the hottest noon in summer, you may see her on a little squat pony, with her hair plaited up behind like a drummer's, and puffing round the ring on a full trot.

*Mrs. C.* I thank you, Lady Teazle, for defending her.

*Sir P.* Yes, a good defence, truly!

*Mrs. C.* But, Sir Benjamin is as censorious as Miss Sallow.

*Crab.* Yes, and she is a curious being to pretend to be censorious; an awkward gawky, without any one good point under heaven.

*Mrs. C.* Positively, you shall not be so very severe. Miss Sallow is a near relation of mine by marriage, and as for her person, great allowance is to be made; for, let me tell you, a woman labours under many disadvantages who tries to pass for a girl at six-and-thirty.

*Lady S.* Though, surely, she is handsome still; and for the weakness in her eyes, considering how much she reads by candlelight, it is not to be wondered at.

*Mrs. C.* True; and then as to her manner; upon my word, I think it is particularly graceful, considering she never had the least education; for you know her mother was a Welsh milliner, and her father a sugar-baker at Bristol.

*Sir B.* Ah! you are both of you too good-natured!

*Sir P.* Yes, d—d good-natured! This their own relation! mercy on me! *(Aside.)*

*Crab.* Oh, to be sure: she has herself the oddest countenance that ever was seen; 'tis a collection of features from all the different countries of the globe.

*Sir B.* So she has, indeed—*an Irish front—*

*Crab.* Caledonian locks—

*Sir B.* Dutch nose—

*Crab.* Austrian lips—

*Sir B.* Complexion of a Spaniard—

*Crab.* And teeth à la Chinois—

*Sir B.* In short, her face resembles a *table d'hôte* at Spa, where no two guests are of a nation—

*C. ab.* Or a congress at the close of a general war, wherein all the members, even to her eyes, appear to have a different interest, and her nose and chin are the only parties likely to join issue.

*Mrs C.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir P.* Mercy on my life! a person they dine with twice a week. *(Aside.)*

*Mrs C.* Nay, but I vow you shall not carry the laugh off so; for, give me leave to say, that Mrs. Ogle—

*Sir P.* Madam, madam, I beg your pardon; there's no stopping these good gentlemen's tongues. But when I tell you, Mrs. Candour, that Lady they are abusing is a particular friend of mine, I hope you'll not take her part.

*Lady S.* Ha, ha, ha! Well said, Sir, Peter! but you are a cruel creature; too phlegmatic yourself for a jest, and too peevish to allow wit in others.

*Sir P.* Ah! madam, true wit is more nearly allied to good-nature, than your ladyship is aware of.

*Lady T.* True, Sir Peter; I believe they are so near akin that they can never be united.

*Sir B.* Or rather, suppose them man and wife, because one so seldom sees them together.

*Lady T.* But Sir Peter is such an enemy to scandal, I believe he would have it put down by parliament.

*Sir P.* Fore heaven, madam, if they were to consider the sporting with reputation of as much importance as posching on manors, and pass an act for preservation of fame, as well as game, I believe many would thank them for the bill.

*Lady S.* Oh, lud! Sir Peter, would you deprive us of our privileges?

*Sir P.* Ay, madam; and then no person should be permitted to kill characters and run down reputations, but qualified old maids and disappointed widows.

*Lady S.* Go, you monster!

*Mrs C.* But, surely, you would not be quite so severe on those who only report what they hear?

*Sir P.* Yes, madam, I would have law merchant for them, too; and in all cases of slander currency, whenever the drawer of the lie was not to be found, the injured parties should have a right to come on any of the endorsers. *(Servant enters, and whispers to Sir Peter.)*

*Crab.* Well, for my part, I believe there never was a scandalous tale without some foundation.

*Lady S.* Come, ladies shall we sit down to cards in the next room?

*Sir P.* *(To Serv.)* I'll be with them directly. I'll get away unperceived. *(Apart.)* *[Exit Serv.]*

*Lady S.* Sir Peter, you are not going to leave us? *Sir P.* Your ladyship must excuse me; I'm called away by particular business. But I leave my character behind me. *[Exit.]*

*Sir B.* Well—certainly, Lady Teazle, that lord of yours is a strange being: I could tell you some stories of him would make you laugh heartily, if he were not your husband.

*Lady T.* Oh! pray don't mind that;—why don't you?—come, do let's hear them. *(Joins the rest of the company going into the next room.)*

*Joseph.* Maria, I see you have no satisfaction in this society.

*Maria.* How is it possible I should? If to raise malicious smiles at the infirmities or misfortunes of those who have never injured us, be the province of wit or humour, heaven grant me a double portion of dullness!

*Joseph.* Yet they appear more ill-natured than they are,—they have no malice at heart.

*Maria.* Then is their conduct still more contemptible; for, in my opinion, nothing could excuse the intemperance of their tongues, but a natural and uncontrollable bitterness of mind.

*Joseph.* But can you, Maria, feel thus for others, and be unkind to me alone? Is hope to be denied the tenderest passion?

*Maria.* Why will you distress me by renewing this subject?

*Joseph.* Ah, Maria! you would not treat me thus, and oppose your guardian, Sir Peter's will, but that I see that prodigal Charles is still a favoured rival.

*Maria.* Ungenerously urged! But whatever my sentiments are for that unfortunate young man, be assured I shall not feel more bound to give him up, because his distresses have lost him the regard even of a brother.

*Joseph.* Nay, but Maria, do not leave me with a frown: by all that's honest, I swear—Gad's life! here's Lady Teazle! *(Aside.)* You must not—no, you shall not—for, though I have the greatest regard for Lady Teazle—

*Maria.* Lady Teazle!

*Joseph.* Yet, were Sir Peter to suspect—

*Enter LADY TEAZLE.*

*Lady T.* What is this, pray? *(Aside.)* Does he take her for me? Child, you are wanted in the next room. *[Exit Maria.]* What is all this, pray?

*Joseph.* Oh! the most unlucky circumstance in nature! Maria has somehow suspected the tender concern I have for your happiness, and threatened to acquaint Sir Peter with her suspicions, and I was just endeavouring to reason with her when you came in.

*Lady T.* Indeed! but you seemed to adopt a very tender method of reasoning—do you usually argue on your knees?

*Joseph.* O, she's a child, and I thought a little bombast! But, Lady Teazle, when are you to give me your judgment on my library, as you promised?

*Lady T.* No, no; I begin to think it would be imprudent, and you know I admit you as a lover no further than fashion requires.

*Joseph.* True—a mere platonic cicisbeo—what every London wife is entitled to.

*Lady T.* Certainly, one must not be out of the fashion. However, I have so many of my country prejudices left, that, though Sir Peter's ill-humour may vex me ever so, it never shall provoke me to—

*Joseph.* The only revenge in your power. Well I applaud your moderation.

*Lady T.* Go—you are an insinuating wretch. But we shall be missed; let us join the company.

*Joseph.* But we had best not return together.

*Lady T.* Well—don't stay; for Maria shan't come to hear any more of your reasoning, I promise you.

*Joseph.* A curious dilemma, truly, my politics have run me into! I wanted, at first, only to ingratiate myself with Lady Teazle, that she might not be my enemy with Maria; and I have, I don't

know how, become her serious lover. Sincerely, I begin to wish I had never made such a point of gaining so very good a character, for it has led me into so many d-d rogueries, that I doubt I shall be exposed at last.

SCENE III.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

*Sir O.* Ha, ha, ha! So, my old friend is married, eh?—a young wife out of the country. Ha, ha, ha! That he should have stood bluff to old bachelor so long, and sink into a husband at last.

*Row.* But you must not rally him on the subject, Sir Oliver; 'tis a tender point, I assure you, though he has been married only seven months.

*Sir O.* Then he has been just half a year on the stool of repentance! Poor Peter! But you say he has entirely given up Charles—never sees him?

*Row.* His prejudice against him is astonishing, and I am sure greatly increased by a jealousy of him with Lady Teazle, which he had been industriously led into by a scandalous society in the neighbourhood, who have contributed not a little to Charles's ill name. Whereas, the truth is, I believe, if the lady be partial to either of them, his brother is the favourite.

*Sir O.* Ay, I know there are a set of malicious, prating prudent gossips, both male and female, who murder characters to kill time; and will rob a young fellow of his good name, before he has years to know the value of it. But I am not to be prejudiced against my nephew by such, I promise you. No, no!—if Charles has done nothing false or mean, I shall compound for his extravagance.

*Row.* Then, my life on't, you will reclaim him. Ay, sir! it gives me new life to find that your heart is not turned against him; and that the son of my good old master has one friend, however, left.

*Sir O.* What, shall I forget, Master Rowley, when I was at his years myself? Egad, my brother and I were neither of us very prudent youths; and yet, I believe, you have not seen many better men than your old master was.

*Row.* Sir, 'tis this reflection gives me assurance that Charles may yet be a credit to his family.—But here comes Sir Peter.

*Sir O.* Egad, so he does. Mercy on me!—he's greatly altered—and seems to have a settled married look! One may read husband in his face at this distance.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

*Sir P.* Ha! Sir Oliver—my old friend! Welcome to England a thousand times!

*Sir O.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Peter! and 'faith, I am glad to find you well, believe me.

*Sir P.* Oh! 'tis a long time since we met—fifteen years, I doubt, Sir Oliver, and many a cross accident in the time.

*Sir O.* Ay, I have had my share. But, what? I find you are married, eh, my old boy?—Well, well, it can't be helped—and so—I wish you joy with all my heart.

*Sir P.* Thank you, thank you, Sir Oliver. Yes, I have entered into—the happy state; but we'll not talk of that now.

*Sir O.* True, true, Sir Peter: old friends should not begin on grievances at first meeting—no, no, no.

*Row.* (*Apert.*) Take care, pray, sir—

*Sir O.* Well, so one of my nephews is a wild rogue, I find, eh?

*Sir P.* Wild! Ah, my old friend, I grieve for your disappointment there; he's a lost young man, indeed. However, his brother will make you amends; Joseph is, indeed, what a youth should be. Everybody in the world speaks well of him.

*Sir O.* I am sorry to hear it; he has too good a character to be an honest fellow. Everybody speaks well of him! Faha! then he has bowed as low to knaves and fools as to the honest dignity of genius and virtue.

*Sir P.* What, Sir Oliver! do you blame him for not making enemies.

*Sir O.* Yes, if he have merit enough to deserve them.

*Sir P.* Well, well; you'll be convinced when you know him. 'Tis edification to hear him converse; he professes the noblest sentiments.

*Sir O.* Oh! plague of his sentiments! if he salute me with a scrap of morality in his mouth, I shall be sick directly.—But, however, don't mistake me, Sir Peter; I don't mean to defend Charles's errors; but, before I form my judgment of either of them, I intend to make a trial of their hearts: and my friend Rowley and I have planned something for the purpose.

*Row.* And Sir Peter shall own for once he has been mistaken.

*Sir P.* Oh! my life on Joseph's honour.

*Sir O.* Well, come, give us a bottle of good wine, and we'll drink the lad's health, and tell you our scheme.

*Sir P.* Allons, then!

*Sir O.* And don't Sir Peter, be so severe against your old friend's son. Ods my life! I am not sorry that he has run out of the course a little: for my part, I hate to see prudence clinging to the green suckers of youth; 'tis like ivy round a sapling, and spoils the growth of the tree. [*Exeunt.*]

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE, SIR PETER TEAZLE, and ROWLEY.

*Sir P.* Well, then, we will see this fellow first, and have our wine afterwards: but how is this, master Rowley? I don't see the jet of your scheme.

*Row.* Why, sir, this Mr. Stanley, whom I was speaking of, is nearly related to them by their mother. He was once a merchant in Dublin, but has been ruined by a series of undeserved misfortunes. He has applied, by letter, since his confinement, both to Mr. Surface and Charles; from the former he has received nothing but evasive promises of future service, while Charles has done all that his extravagance has left him power to do; and he is, at this time, endeavouring to raise a sum of money, part of which, in the midst of his own distresses, I know he intends for the service of poor Stanley.

*Sir O.* Ah! he is my brother's son.

*Sir P.* Well, but how is Sir Oliver personally to—

*Row.* Why, sir, I will inform Charles and his brother, that Stanley has obtained permission to apply personally to his friends, and as they have neither of them ever seen him, let Sir Oliver assume his character, and he will have a fair opportunity of judging, at least, of the benevolence of their dispositions; and, believe me, sir, you will find in the

youngest brother, one who, in the midst of folly and dissipation, has still, as our immortal bard expresses it, "A heart to pity, and a hand open as day, for melting charity."

*Sir P.* Psha! What signifies his having an open hand or purse either, when he has nothing left to give? Well, well; make the trial, if you please. But where is the fellow whom you brought Sir Oliver to examine, relative to Charles's affairs?

*Row.* Below, waiting his commands, and no one can give him better intelligence. This, Sir Oliver, is a friendly Jew, who, to do him justice, has done everything in his power to bring your nephew to a proper sense of his extravagance.

*Sir P.* Pray, let us have him in.

*Row.* Desire Mr. Moses to walk up stairs.

*Sir P.* But, pray, why should you suppose he will speak the truth?

*Row.* Oh! I have convinced him that he has no chance of recovering certain sums advanced to Charles, but through the bounty of Sir Oliver, who he knows is arrived; so that you may depend on his fidelity to his own interests. I have also another evidence in my power, one Snake, whom I detected in a matter little short of forgery; and shall shortly produce to remove some of your prejudices, Sir Peter, relative to Charles and Lady Teazle.

*Sir P.* I have heard too much on that subject.

*Row.* Here comes the honest Israelite.

*Enter MOSES.*

This is Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Sir, I understand you have lately had great dealings with my nephew, Charles?

*Moses.* Yes, Sir Oliver, I have done all I could for him; but he was ruined before he came to me for assistance.

*Sir O.* That was unlucky, truly; for you have had no opportunity of shewing your talents.

*Moses.* None at all; I hadn't the pleasure of knowing his distresses till he was some thousands worse than nothing.

*Sir O.* Unfortunate, indeed! But I suppose you have done all in your power for him, honest Moses.

*Moses.* Yes, he knows that; this very evening I was to have brought him a gentleman from the city, who does not know him, and will, I believe, advance him some money.

*Sir P.* What! one, Charles never had money from before?

*Moses.* Yes; Mr. Premium, of Crutched Friars, formerly a broker.

*Sir P.* Egad! Sir Oliver, a thought strikes me. Charles, you say, does not know Mr. Premium?

*Moses.* Not at all.

*Sir P.* Now then, Sir Oliver, you may have a better opportunity of satisfying yourself than by an old romancing tale of a poor relation: go with my friend Moses, and represent Premium; and then, I'll answer for it, you'll see your nephew in all his glory.

*Sir O.* Egad! I like this idea better than the other, and I may visit Joseph afterwards as old Stanley.

*Sir P.* True; so you may.

*Row.* Well, this is taking Charles rather at a disadvantage, to be sure; however, Moses, you understand Sir Peter, and will be faithful?

*Moses.* You may depend upon me. *(Looks at his watch.)* This is near the time I was to have gone.

*Sir O.* I'll accompany you as soon as you please, Moses. But, hold! I have forgot one thing: how the plague shall I be able to pass as a Jew?

*Moses.* There's no need: the principal is Christian.

*Sir O.* Is he? I'm very sorry to hear it. But then again, isn't I rather too smartly dressed to look like a money-lender?

*Sir P.* Not at all: 'twould not be out of character, if you went in your own carriage: would it, Moses?

*Moses.* Not in the least.

*Sir O.* Well, but how must I talk? there's certainly some cant of usury and mode of treating that I ought to know.

*Sir P.* Oh! there's not much to learn. The great point, as I take it, is to be exorbitant enough in your demands. Eh! Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, that's a very great point.

*Sir O.* I'll answer for't, I'll not be wanting in that. I'll ask him eight or ten per cent. on the loan, at least.

*Moses.* If you ask him no more than that, you'll be discovered immediately.

*Sir O.* Eh! what the plague! how much, then?

*Moses.* That depends upon the circumstances. If he appear not very anxious for the supply, you should require only forty or fifty per cent.; but if you find him in great distress, and want the monies very bad, you may ask double.

*Sir P.* A good, honest trade you're learning, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* Truly, I think so; and not unprofitable.

*Moses.* Then, you know, you haven't the monies yourself, but are forced to borrow them for him of a friend.

*Sir O.* Oh! I borrow it of a friend, do I?

*Moses.* Yes; and your friend is an unconscionable dog: but you can't help that.

*Sir O.* My friend an unconscionable dog, is he?

*Moses.* Yes; and he himself has not the monies by him, but is forced to sell stock at a great loss.

*Sir O.* He is forced to sell stock at a great loss, is he? Well, that's very kind of him.

*Sir P.* Faith! Sir Oliver—Mr. Premium, I mean, you'll soon be master of the trade.

*Sir O.* Moses shall give me farther instructions as we go together.

*Sir P.* You will not have much time, for your nephew lives hard by.

*Sir O.* Oh! never fear: my tutor appears so able, that though Charles lived in the next street, it must be my own fault if I am not a complete rogue before I turn the corner.

*[Exit with Moses.]*

*Sir P.* So, now, I think Sir Oliver will be convinced: you are partial, Rowley, and would have prepared Charles for the other plot.

*Row.* No, upon my word, Sir Peter.

*Sir P.* Well, go bring me this Snake, and I'll hear what he has to say presently. I see Maria, and want to speak with her. *[Exit Rowley.]* I should be glad to be convinced my suspicions of Lady Teazle and Charles were unjust. I have never yet opened my mind on this subject to my friend Joseph; I am determined I will do it; he will give me his opinion sincerely.

*Enter MARIA.*

So child, has Mr. Surface returned with you?

*Maria.* No, Sir; he was engaged.

*Sir P.* Well, Maria, do you not reflect, the more you converse with that amiable young man, what return his partiality for you deserves?

*Maria.* Indeed, Sir Peter, your frequent importunity on this subject distresses me extremely; you compel me to declare, that I know no man who has



ever paid me a particular attention, whom I would not prefer to Mr. Surface.

*Sir P.* So; here's perverseness! No, no, Maria; 'tis Charles only whom you would prefer. 'Tis evident his vices and follies have won your heart.

*Maria.* This is unkind, sir. You know I have obeyed you in neither seeing nor corresponding with him: I have heard enough to convince me that he is unworthy my regard. Yet I cannot think it culpable, if, while my understanding severely condemns his vices, my heart suggests some pity for his distresses.

*Sir P.* Well, well; pity him as much as you please, but give your heart and hand to a worthier object.

*Maria.* Never to his brother.

*Sir P.* Go, perverseness and obstinate! but take care, madam; you've never yet known what the authority of a guardian is: don't compel me to inform you of it.

*Maria.* I can only say, you shall not have just reason. 'Tis true, by my father's will, I am for a short period bound to regard you as his substitute; but must cease to think you so, when you would compel me to be miserable.

[Exit.

*Sir P.* Was ever man so crossed as I am? Everything conspiring to fret me! I had not been involved in matrimony a fortnight before her father, a hale and hearty man, died; on purpose, I believe, for the pleasure of plaguing me with the care of his daughter. (*Lady T. sings without.*) But here comes my helpmate! She appears in great good-humour. How happy I should be if I could tease her into loving me, though but a little.

Enter LADY TEAZLE.

*Lady T.* And! Sir Peter, I hope you haven't been quarrelling with Maria? It is not using me well to be ill-humoured when I am not by.

*Sir P.* Ah! Lady Teazle, you might have the power to make me good-humoured at all times.

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish I had; for I want you to be in a charming sweet temper at this moment. Do be good-humoured now, and let me have two hundred pounds, will you?

*Sir P.* Two hundred pounds! What, a'n't I to be in a good-humour without paying for it? But speak to me thus, and, I faith! there's nothing I could refuse you. You shall have it; (*gives notes*) but seal me a bond for the re-payment.

*Lady T.* Oh! no: there, my note of hand will do as well.

*Sir P.* And you shall no longer reproach me with not giving you an independent settlement. I mean shortly to surprise you: but shall we always live thus? eh!

*Lady T.* If you please. I'm sure I don't care how soon we leave off quarrelling, provided you'll own you were tired first.

*Sir P.* Well, then, let our future contest be, who shall be most obliging.

*Lady T.* I assure you, Sir Peter, good-nature becomes you; you look now as you did before we were married, when you used to walk with me under the elms, and tell me stories of what a gallant you were in your youth, and chuck me under the chin, you would; and ask me if I thought I could love an old fellow, who would deny me nothing—didn't you?

*Sir P.* Yes, yes; and you were as kind and attentive—

*Lady T.* Ay, so I was; and would always take

your part, when my acquaintance used to abuse you, and turn you into ridicule.

*Sir P.* Indeed!

*Lady T.* Ay, and when my cousin Sophy has called you a stiff, peevish, old bachelor, and laughed at me for thinking of marrying one who might be my father, I have always defended you, and said, I didn't think you so ugly by any means.

*Sir P.* Thank you.

*Lady T.* And I dared say you'd make a very good sort of husband.

*Sir P.* And you prophesied right; and we shall now be the happiest couple—

*Lady T.* And never differ again?

*Sir P.* No, never; though at the same time, indeed, my dear Lady Teazle, you must watch your temper very seriously; for in all our little quarrels, my dear, if you recollect, my love, you always begin first.

*Lady T.* I beg your pardon, my dear Sir Peter: indeed, you always give the provocation.

*Sir P.* Now see, my angel! take care: contradicting isn't the way to keep friends.

*Lady T.* Then don't you begin it, my love.

*Sir P.* There, now; you—you are going on. You don't perceive, my life, that you are just doing the very thing which you know always makes me angry.

*Lady T.* Nay, you know, if you will be angry without any reason, my dear—

*Sir P.* There! now you want to quarrel again.

*Lady T.* No, I am sure I don't: but you will be so peevish—

*Sir P.* There now, who begins first?

*Lady T.* Why, you, to be sure. I said nothing: but there's no bearing your temper.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; the fault's in your own temper.

*Lady T.* Ay, you are just what my cousin Sophy said you would be.

*Sir P.* Your cousin Sophy is a forward, impertinent gipsy.

*Lady T.* You are a great bear, I'm sure, to abuse my relations.

*Sir P.* Now, may all the plagues of marriage be doubled on me, if ever I try to be friends with you any more.

*Lady T.* So much the better.

*Sir P.* No, no, madam; 'tis evident you never cared a pin for me, and I was a madman to marry you: a pert, rural coquette, that had refused half the honest 'squires in the neighbourhood.

*Lady T.* And I am sure I was a fool to marry you: an old, dangling bachelor, who was single at fifty, only because he never could meet with any one that would have him.

*Sir P.* Ay, ay, madam; but you were pleased enough to listen to me: you never had such an offer before.

*Lady T.* No! didn't I refuse Sir Tivy Terrier, who, everybody said, would have been a better match? for his estate is just as good as yours, and he has broken his neck since we have been married.

*Sir P.* I have done with you, madam. You are an unfeeling, ungrateful—but there's an end of everything. I believe you capable of everything that is bad. Yes, madam, I now believe the reports relative to you and Charles, madam. Yes, madam, you and Charles are—not without grounds—

*Lady T.* Take care, Sir Peter; you had better not insinuate any such thing. I'll not be suspected without cause, I promise you.

*Sir P.* Very well, madam; very well. A separa-

maintenance as soon as you please. Yes, madam, or a divorce. I'll make an example of myself for the benefit of all old bachelors.

*Lady T.* Agreed, agreed! And now, my dear Sir Peter, we are of a mind once more, we may be the happiest couple - and never differ again, you know. Ha, ha, ha! Well, you are going to be in a passion, I see, and I shall only interrupt you - so, bye, bye!

*Sir P.* Plagues and tortures! Can't I make her angry either? Oh! I am the most miserable fellow! but I'll not bear her presuming to keep her temper: no; she may break my heart, but she sha'n't keep her temper.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*Charles Surface's House.*

Enter TRIP, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, and MOSES.

*Trip.* Here, Master Moses, if you'll stay a moment, I'll try whether - what's the gentleman's name?

*Sir O. (Aside to Moses.)* Mr. Moses, what is my name?

*Moses.* Mr. Premium.

*Trip.* Premium! very well.

[Exit.]

*Sir O.* To judge by the servants, one wouldn't believe the master was ruined. But, what! sure, this was my brother's house?

*Moses.* Yes, sir; Mr. Charles bought it of Mr. Joseph, with the furniture, pictures, &c. just as the old gentleman left it. Sir Peter thought it a piece of extravagance in him.

*Sir O.* In my mind, the other's economy in selling it to him was more reprehensible by half.

Re-enter TRIP.

*Trip.* My master says you must wait, gentlemen; he has company, and can't speak with you yet.

*Sir O.* If he knew who it was wanted to see him, perhaps he would not send such a message.

*Trip.* Yes, yes, sir; he knows you are here: I did not forget little Premium; no, no, no.

*Sir O.* Very well; and I pray, sir, what may be your name?

*Trip.* Trip, sir; my name is Trip, at your service.

*Sir O.* Well, then, Mr. Trip, you have a pleasant sort of place here, I guess?

*Trip.* Why, yes; here are three or four of us pass our time agreeably enough; but then our wages are sometimes a little in arrear; and not very great, either: but fifty pounds a year, and find our own bags and bouquets.

*Sir O.* Bags and bouquets! halts and bastinados!

(Aside.)

*Trip.* And, apropos, Moses, have you been able to get me that little bill discounted?

*Sir O.* Wants to raise money, too! mercy on me! Has his distresses, too, I warrant, like a lord; and affects creditors and duns.

(Aside.)

*Moses.* 'Twas not to be done, indeed, Mr. Trip.

(Gives Trip the note.)

*Trip.* Good lack! you surprise me. My friend Brush has endorsed it, and I thought when he put his name at the back of a bill 'twas the same as cash.

*Moses.* No; 'twouldn't do.

*Trip.* A small sum! - but twenty pounds. Hark ye! Moses, do you think you couldn't get it me by way of annuity?

*Sir O.* An annuity! Ha, ha! A footman raise money by way of annuity! Well done, luxury, egad!

(Aside.)

*Moses.* Well, but you must insure your place.

*Trip.* Oh, with all my heart; I'll insure my place, and my life, too, if you please.

*Sir O.* It's more than I would your neck.

(Aside.)

*Moses.* But is there nothing you could deposit?

*Trip.* Why, nothing capital of my master's wardrobe has dropped lately; but I could give you a mortgage on some of his winter clothes, with equity of redemption before November; or you shall have the reversion of the French velvet, or a post-obit on the blue and silver: these, I should think, Moses, with a few pair of point ruffles, as a collateral security - (Bell rings.) - Egad! I heard the bell. I believe, gentlemen, I can now introduce you. Don't forget the annuity, little Moses. This way, gentlemen. I'll insure my place, you know.

*Sir O.* If the man be a shadow of the master, this is the temple of dissipation, indeed.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*An antique Hall.*

CHARLES SURFACE, CARELESS, SIR HARRY, &c., discovered at a table, with wine.

*Charles.* 'Fore heaven! 'tis true: there's the great degeneracy of the age. Many of our acquaintance have taste, spirit, and politeness; but, plague on't! they won't drink wine.

*Care.* It is so, indeed, Charles; they give into all the substantial luxuries of the table, and abstain from nothing but wine and wit. Oh! certainly, society suffers by it intolerably: for now, instead of the social spirit of rally that used to mantle over a glass of bright Burgundy, their conversation is become just like the Spa water they drink, which has all the pertness and flatulency of champagne, without its spirit or flavour.

*Sir H.* But what are they to do who love play better than wine?

*Care.* True; there's Sir Harry diets himself for gaming, and is now under a hazard regimen.

*Charles.* Then he'll have the worst of it. What! you wouldn't train a horse for the course by keeping him from corn? For my part, egad! I am never so successful as when I am a little merry: let me throw on a bottle of champagne, and I never lose.

*All.* Eh! what?

*Charles.* At least, I never feel my losses, which is exactly the same thing.

*Care.* Ay, that I believe.

*Charles.* And then, what man can pretend to be a believer in love, who is an abjurer of wine? 'Tis the test by which the lover knows his own heart. Fill a dozen bumpers to a dozen beauties, and she that floats at the top is the maid that has bewitched you.

*Care.* Now then, Charles, be honest, and give us your real favourite.

*Charles.* Why, I have withheld her only in compassion to you. If I toast her, you must give a round of her peers, which is impossible - on earth.

*Care.* Oh! then we'll find some canonized vestals, or heathen goddesses that will do, I warrant.

*Charles.* Here then, bumpers, you rogues! bumpers! Maria, Maria!

*Sir H. Maria who?*

*Charles.* Oh, d— the surname! 'tis too formal to be registered in love's calendar:—*Maria!*

*All. Maria! (They drink)*

*Charles.* But now, *Sir Harry*, beware! we must have beauty superlative,

*Cas. Nay*, never study, *Sir Harry*; we'll stand to the toast, though your mistress should want an eye, and you know you have a song will excuse you.

*Sir H. Egad!* so I have: and I'll give him the song, instead of the lady.

### SONG.—SIR HARRY BUMPER.

*Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen;*

*Here's to the widow of fifty;*

*Here's to the flouncing, extravagant quean;*

*And here's to the housewife that's thrifty.*

*Chorus. Let the toast pass;*

*Drink to the lass;*

*I'll warrant she'll prove an excuse for the glass.*

*Here's to the charmer whose dimples see prize;*

*Now to the maid who has none, sir:*

*Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,*

*And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.*

*Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.*

*Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow;*

*Now to her that's as brown as a berry:*

*Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,*

*And now to the damsel that's a merry.*

*Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.*

*For let 'em be clumsy, or let 'em be slim,*

*Young or ancient, I care not a feather;*

*So fill up your glasses, nay, fill to the brim,*

*And let us e'en toast them together.*

*Chorus. Let the toast pass, &c.*

*All. Bravo, Bravo!*

*Enter TRIP, and whispers Charles Surface.*

*Charles.* Gentlemen, you must excuse me a little. Careless, take the chair, will you. (*Comes forward*)

*Care.* Nay, prythee, *Charles*, what now? This is one of your peerless beauties, I suppose, has dropped in by chance?

*Charles.* No, 'faith! To tell you the truth, 'tis a Jew and a broker, who are come by appointment.

*Care.* Oh, d— it, let's have the Jew in.

*Sir H. Ay*, and the broker, too, by all means.

*Care.* Yes, yes; the Jew and the broker.

*Charles.* Egad! with all my heart. *Trip*, bid the gentlemen walk in. [*Exit Trip*.] Though there's one of them a stranger, I can assure you.

*Care.* *Charles*, let us give them some generous Burgundy, and, perhaps, they'll grow conscientious.

*Charles.* Oh, hang 'em! no: wine does but draw forth a man's natural qualities; and to make them drink would only be to wet their knavery.

*Enter TRIP, with MOSES and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.*

So, honest *Moses*, walk in; walk in, pray, *Mr. Premium*—that's the gentleman's name; isn't it, *Moses*?

*Moses.* Yes, sir.

*Charles.* Set chairs, *Trip*; sit down, *Mr. Premium*. Glasses, *Trip*. Sit down, *Moses*. Come, *Mr. Premium*, I'll give you a sentiment: here's success to usury! *Moses*, fill the gentleman a bumper.

*Moses.* "Success to usury!"

*Care.* Right, *Moses*: usury is prudence and industry, and deserves to succeed.

*Sir O.* Then, here's—all the success it deserves!

*Care.* No, no; that won't do. *Mr. Premium*, you have demurred at the toast, and must drink it in a pint bumper.

*Sir H.* A pint bumper, at least.

*Moses.* Oh! pray, sir, consider—*Mr. Premium's* a gentleman.

*Care.* And therefore loves good wine.

*Sir H.* Give *Moses* a quart glass: this is mutiny, and a high contempt for the chair.

*Charles.* No, hang it! you shan't; *Mr. Premium's* a stranger.

*Care.* Plague on 'em, then! if they won't drink, we'll not sit down with them. Come, *Harry*, the dice are in the next room. *Charles*, you'll join us when you have finished your business with the gentlemen?

*Charles.* I will, I will. [*Exeunt all the Gentlemen.*] Careless!

*Care.* Well.

*Charles.* Perhaps I may want you.

*Care.* Oh! you know I am always ready: word note, or bond, 'tis all the same to me.

[*Exit.*]

*Moses.* Sir, this is *Mr. Premium*, a gentleman of the strictest honour and secrecy; and always performs what he undertakes. *Mr. Premium*, this is—

*Charles.* Psha! have done. Sir, my friend *Moses* is a very honest fellow, but a little slow in expression: he'll be an hour giving us our titles. *Mr. Premium*, the plain state of the matter is this: I am an extravagant young fellow who wants money to borrow; you I take to be a prudent old fellow, who has got money to lend. I am blockhead enough to give fifty per cent sooner than not have it; and you, I presume, are rogue enough to take a hundred, if you can get it. Now, sir, you see, we are acquainted at once, and may proceed to business without further ceremony.

*Sir O.* Exceedingly frank, upon my word. I see, sir, you are not a man of many compliments.

*Charles.* Oh! no, sir: plain dealing in business I always think best.

*Sir O.* I like you the better for it: however, you are mistaken in one thing; I have no money to lend, but I believe I could procure some of a friend, but then, he's an unconscionable dog; isn't he, *Moses*? And must sell stock to accommodate you; mustn't he, *Moses*?

*Moses.* Yes, indeed. You know I always speak the truth, and scorn to tell a lie.

*Charles.* Right. People that speak truth, generally do; but these are trifles, *Mr. Premium*. What! I know money isn't to be bought without paying for't.

*Sir O.* Well, but what security could you give? You have no land, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not a mole-hill, nor a twig, but what's in the bough-pots out of the window.

*Sir O.* Nor any stock, I presume?

*Charles.* Nothing but live stock: and that's only a few pointers and ponies. But pray, *Mr. Premium*, are you acquainted at all with any of my connexions?

*Sir O.* Why, to say truth, I am.

*Charles.* Then you must know that I have a devilish rich uncle in the East Indies, *Sir Oliver Surface*, from whom I have the greatest expectations.

*Sir O.* That you have a wealthy uncle I have

heard; but how your expectations will turn out, is more, I believe, than you can tell.

*Charles.* Oh! no, there can be no doubt. They tell me I'm a prodigious favourite, and that he talks of leaving me everything.

*Sir O.* Indeed! this is the first I've heard of it.

*Charles.* Yes, yes; 'tis just so. Moses knows 'tis true, don't you, Moses?

*Sir O.* Egad! they'll persuade me presently I'm at Bengal.

(*Aside.*)

*Charles.* Now I propose, Mr. Premium, if it be agreeable to you, a post-obit on Sir Oliver's life: though, at the same time, the old fellow has been so liberal to me, that I give you my word, I should be very sorry to hear anything had happened to him.

*Sir O.* Not more than I should, I assure you. But the bond you mention happens to be just the worst security you could offer me; for I might live to a hundred, and never see the principal.

*Charles.* Oh! yes, you would: the moment Sir Oliver dies, you know, you would come on me for the money.

*Sir O.* Then I believe I should be the most unwelcome dun you ever had in your life.

*Charles.* What! I suppose you're afraid that Sir Oliver is too good a life.

*Sir O.* No, indeed, I am not; though I have heard he is as hale and healthy as any man of his years in Christendom.

*Charles.* There again now, you are misinformed. No, no; the climate has hurt him considerably, poor uncle Oliver! Yes, yes; he breaks apace, I'm told: and is so much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him.

*Sir O.* No! Ha, ha, ha! So much altered lately, that his nearest relations would not know him!

*Charles.* Ha, ha! You're glad to hear that, little Premium.

*Sir O.* No, no, I am not.

*Charles.* Yes, yes, you are. Ha, ha, ha! You know that mends your chance.

*Sir O.* But I'm told Sir Oliver is coming over: nay, some say he is actually arrived.

*Charles.* Paha! Sure, I must know better than you whether he's come or not. No, no; rely on't, he's at this moment at Calcutta; isn't he, Moses?

*Moses.* Oh! yes, certainly.

*Sir O.* Very true, as you say, you must know better than I: though I have it from pretty good authority; haven't I, Moses?

*Moses.* Yes, most undoubted.

*Sir O.* But, sir, I understand you want a few hundreds immediately, is there nothing you could dispose of?

*Charles.* How do you mean?

*Sir O.* For instance, now, I have heard that your father left behind him a great quantity of mussy old plate?

*Charles.* Oh! had! that's gone long ago. Moses can tell you how better than I can.

*Sir O.* Good! look! all the family race cups and corporation bowls. (*Aside.*) Then it was also supposed that his library was one of the most valuable and complete.

*Charles.* Yes, yes, so it was; vastly too much so for a private gentleman. For my part, I was always of a communicative disposition, so I thought it a shame to keep so much knowledge to myself.

*Sir O.* Mercy upon me! Learning that had run in the family like an heir-loom! (*Aside.*) Pray, what are become of the books?

*Charles.* You must enquire of the auctioneer, Master Premium, for I don't believe even Moses can direct you.

*Moses.* I know nothing of the books.

*Sir O.* So, so, nothing of the family property left, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not much, indeed; unless you have a mind to the family pictures. I have got a room-full of ancestors above, and if you have taste for old paintings, egad! you shall have 'em a bargain.

*Sir O.* Eh! what the devil! sure, you wouldn't sell your forefathers, would you?

*Charles.* Every man of them, to the best bidder.

*Sir O.* What your great uncles and aunts?

*Charles.* Ay, and my great grandfathers and grandmothers, too.

*Sir O.* Now I give him up. (*Aside.*) What, the plague, have you no bowels for your own kindred? Od's life! do you take me for Shylock in the play, that you would raise money of me on your own flesh and blood?

*Charles.* Nay, my little broker, don't be angry: what need you care if you have your money's worth?

*Sir O.* Well, I'll be the purchaser; I think I can dispose of the family canvas. Oh! I'll never forgive him this; never. (*Aside.*)

Enter CARELESS.

*Care.* Come, Charles, what keeps you?

*Charles.* I can't come yet: I faith! we are going to have a sale above stairs; here's little Premium will buy all my ancestors.

*Care.* Oh! burn your ancestors!

*Charles.* No; he may do that afterwards, if he please. Stay, Careless, we want you: egad! you shall be auctioneer: so come along with us.

*Care.* Oh! have with you, if that's the case. I can handle a hammer as well as a dice-box. Going, going!

*Sir O.* Oh! the profligate!

(*Aside.*)

*Charles.* Come, Moses, you shall be appraiser, if we want one. Gad's life! little Premium, you don't seem to like the business?

*Sir O.* Oh! yes, I do, vastly. Ha, ha, ha! Yes, yes; I think it a rare joke to sell one's family by auction. Ha, ha, ha! Oh! the prodigal!

(*Aside.*)

*Charles.* To be sure! when a man wants money, where the plague should he get assistance, if he can't make free with his own relations?

*Sir O.* (*Aside.*) I'll never forgive him; never, never. [*Exit.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—Picture-room at Charles Surface's.

Enter CHARLES SURFACE, SIR OLIVER SURFACE, MOSES, and CARELESS.

*Charles.* Walk in, gentlemen; pray walk in; here they are, the family of the Surfaces, up to the conquest.

*Sir O.* And, in my opinion, a goodly collection.

*Charles.* Ay, ay, these are done in the true spirit of portrait-painting: no *volontier grace* or expression. Not like the works of your modern Raphaels, who give you the strongest resemblance, yet contrive to make your portrait independent of you; so that you may sink the original and not hurt the picture. No, no; the merit of these is the inveterate likeness; all stiff and awkward as the originals, and like nothing in human nature besides.

*Sir O.* Ah! we shall never see such figures of men again.

*Charles.* I hope not. Well, you see, Master Premium, what a domestic character I am; here I sit of an evening surrounded by my family. But, come, get to your pulpit, Mr. Auctioneer; here's an old gouty chair of my grandfather's will answer the purpose.

*Care.* Ay, ay; this will do. But, Charles, I have not a hammer; and what's an auctioneer without his hammer?

*Charles.* Egad! that's true: (taking pedigree down) what parchment have we here? Oh! our genealogy in full. Here, Careless, you shall have no common bit of mahogany; here's the family tree for you, you rogue! this shall be your hammer, and now you may knock down my ancestors with their own pedigree.

*Sir O.* What an unnatural rogue! an *ex post facto* parrot!

(*Aside.*) *Care.* Yes, yes; here's a list of your generation, indeed; faith! Charles, this is the most convenient thing you could have found for the business, for 'twill not only serve as a hammer, but a catalogue into the bargain. Come, begin: a-going, a-going, a-going!

*Charles.* Bravo, Careless! Well, here's my great uncle, Sir Richard Ravelline, a marvellous good general in his day, I assure you. He served in all the Duke of Marlborough's wars, and got that cut over his eye at the battle of Malplaquet. What say you, Mr. Premium? look at him: there's a hero, not cut out of his feathers, as your modern clipped captains are, but enveloped in wig and regimentals, as a general should be. What do you bid?

*Sir O.* (Apart to *Moses*.) Bid him speak.

*Moses.* Mr. Premium would have you speak.

*Charles.* Why, then, he shall have him for ten pounds; and I'm sure that's not dear for a staff-officer.

*Sir O.* Heaven deliver me! his famous uncle Richard for ten pounds! (*Aside.*) Very well, sir, I take him at that.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down my uncle Richard. Here, now, is a maiden sister of his, my great aunt Deborah; done by Kneller in his best manner, and bestowed a very formidable likeness. There she is, you see, a shepherdess feeding her flock. You shall have her for five pounds ten: the sheep are worth the money.

*Sir O.* Ah! poor Deborah! a woman who set such a value on herself! (*Aside.*) Five pounds ten: she's mine.

*Charles.* Knock down my aunt Deborah, Careless! This, now, is a grandfather of my mother's, a learned judge, well known on the western circuit. What do you rate him at, *Moses*?

*Moses.* Four guineas.

*Charles.* Four guineas! Gad's life! you don't bid me the price of his wig. Mr. Premium, you have more respect for the woolsack; do let us knock his lordship down at fifteen.

*Sir O.* By all means.

*Care.* Gone!

*Charles.* And there are two brothers of his, William and Walter Blunt, Esquires, both members of parliament, and noted speakers; and what's very extraordinary, I believe, this is the first time they were ever bought or sold.

*Sir O.* That is very extraordinary, indeed, I'll take them at your own price, for the honour of parliament.

*Care.* Well said, little Premium! I'll knock them down at forty.

*Charles.* Here's a jolly fellow—I don't know what relation, but he was mayor of Norwich: take him at eight pounds.

*Sir O.* No, no; six will do for the mayor.

*Charles.* Come, make it guineas, and I throw the two aldermen there into the bargain.

*Sir O.* They're mine.

*Charles.* Careless, knock down the mayor and aldermen. But plague on't! we shall be all day retelling in this manner: do let us deal wholesale: what say you, little Premium? Give me three hundred pounds, and take all that remains, on each side, in a lump.

*Care.* Ay, ay, that will be the best way.

*Sir O.* Well, well; anything to accommodate you; they are mine. But there is one portrait which you have always passed over.

*Care.* What, that ill-looking little fellow over the settee?

*Sir O.* Yes, sir, I mean that; though I don't think him so ill-looking a little fellow, by any means.

*Charles.* What, that? Oh! that's my uncle Oliver; twas done before he went to India.

*Care.* Your uncle Oliver! Gad! then, you'll never be friends, Charles. That, now, to me, is as stern a looking rogue as ever I saw; an unforgiving eye, and a d—d dismbering countenance! an inveterate knave, depend on't. Don't you think so, little Premium?

(*Slapping him on the shoulder*) *Sir O.* Upon my soul, sir, I do not; I think it as honest a looking face as any in the room, dead or alive; but I suppose uncle Oliver goes with the rest of the lumber?

*Charles.* No, hang it! I'll not part with poor Noll. The old fellow has been very good to me, and, egad! I'll keep his picture while I've a room to put it in.

*Sir O.* (*Aside.*) The rogue's my nephew after all. But, sir, I have somehow taken a fancy to that picture.

*Charles.* I am sorry for it, for you certainly will not have it. Gons! haven't you got enough of them?

*Sir O.* I forgive him everything. (*Aside.*) But, sir, when I take a whim in my head I don't value money. I'll give you as much for that as for all the rest.

*Charles.* Don't tease me, master broker; I tell you I'll not part with it, and there's an end of it.

*Sir O.* How like his father the dog is! (*Aside.*) Well, well, I have done—I did not perceive it before, but I think I never saw such a resemblance. (*Aside.*)—Here is a draught for your sum.

*Charles.* Why, 'tis for eight hundred pounds.

*Sir O.* You will not let Sir Oliver go?

*Charles.* Zounds! no; I tell you once more.

*Sir O.* Then never mind the difference; we'll balance that another time; but give me your hand on the bargain; you are an honest fellow, Charles—I beg pardon, sir, for being so free. Come, *Moses*.

*Charles.* Egad! this is a whimsical old fellow! But, harkye! Premium, you'll prepare lodgings for these gentlemen?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes; I'll send for them in a day or two.

*Charles.* But, hold! do now send a gentoo conveyance for them; for I assure you, they were most of them used to ride in their own carriages.

*Sir O.* I will, I will—for all but Oliver.

*Charles.* Ay, all but the little nabob.

*Sir O.* You're fixed on that?

*Charles.* Peremptorily.

*Sir O.* A dear, extravagant rogue! *(Aside.)* Good day! Come, Moses. Let me hear now who dares call him profligate.

*[Exit with Moses.]*

*Care.* Why, this is the oddest genius of the sort I ever met with.

*Charles.* Egad! he's the prince of brokers, I think. I wonder how the devil Moses got acquainted with so honest a fellow. But, hark! here's Rowley; do, Careless, say I'll join the company in a few moments.

*Care.* I will: don't let that old blockhead persuade you to squander any of that money on old musty debts, or any such nonsense; for tradesmen, Charles, are the most exorbitant fellows.

*Charles.* Very true; and paying them is only encouraging them. Ay, ay: never fear. *[Exit Careless.]* So! this was an odd old fellow, indeed. Let me see: two-thirds of this five hundred and thirty odd pounds are mine by right. 'Fore heaven! I find one's ancestors are more valuable relations than I took them for. Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

Ha! old Rowley, egad! you are just come in time to take leave of your old acquaintance.

*Row.* Yes, I heard they were a-going. But I wonder you can have such spirits under so many distresses.

*Charles.* Why, there's the point: my distresses are so many, that I can't afford to part with my spirits; but I shall be rich and splendid, all in good time. However, I suppose you are surprised that I am not more sorrowful at parting with so many near relations; to be sure, 'tis very affecting; but you see they never move a muscle, so why should I?

*Row.* There's no making you serious a moment.

*Charles.* Yes, 'Faith! I am so now. Here, my honest Rowley, here, get me this changed directly, and take a hundred pounds of it immediately to old Stanley.

*Row.* A hundred pounds! Consider only—

*Charles.* Gad's life! don't talk about it: poor Stanley's wants are pressing, and if you don't make haste, we shall have some one call that has a better right to the money.

*Row.* Ah! there's the point: I never will cease dunning you with the old proverb—

*Charles.* "Be just before you're generous." Why, so I would if I could; but Justice is an old hobbling belldame, and I can't get her to keep pace with Generosity for the soul of me.

*Row.* Yet, Charles, believe me, one hour's reflection—

*Charles.* Ay, ay; it's very true; but, harkye! Rowley, while I have, by heaven, I'll give; so, d— your economy, and away to old Stanley with the money.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Saloon.

*Enter MOSES and SIR OLIVER SURFACE.*

*Moses.* Well, sir, I think, as Sir Peter said, you have seen Mr. Charles in high glory; 'tis great pity he's so extravagant—

*Sir O.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And loves wine and women so much—

*Sir O.* But he would not sell my picture.

*Moses.* And games so deep.

*Sir O.* But he wouldn't sell my picture. Oh! here's Rowley.

*Enter ROWLEY.*

*Row.* So, Sir Oliver, I find you have made a purchase.

*Sir O.* Yes, yes; our young rake has parted with his ancestors like old tapestry.

*Row.* And here he has commissioned me to redeliver you part of the purchase-money; I mean, though, in your necessitous character of old Stanley.

*Moses.* Ah! there is the pity of all; he is so d—d charitable.

*Row.* And I left a hosier and two tailors in the hall, who, I'm sure, won't be paid, and this hundred would satisfy them.

*Sir O.* Well, well; I'll pay his debts, and his benevolence, too. But now I am no more a broker, and you shall introduce me to the elder brother as old Stanley.

*Row.* Not yet awhile; Sir Peter, I know, means to call there about this time.

*Enter TRIP.*

*Trip.* Oh! gentlemen, I beg pardon for not shewing you out: this way. *Moses, a word.*

*[Exit with Moses.]*

*Sir O.* There's a fellow for you: would you believe it, that puppy intercepted the Jew on our coming, and wanted to raise money before he got to his master.

*Row.* Indeed!

*Sir O.* Yes, they are now planning an annuity business. Ah! master Rowley, in my days servants were content with the follies of their masters, when they were worn a little threadbare; but now, they have their vices, like their birth-day clothes, with the gloss on.

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE III.—A Library.

*JOSEPH SURFACE and a Servant discovered.*

*Joseph.* No letter from Lady Teazle?

*Serv.* No, sir.

*Joseph.* I am surprised she has not sent, if she be prevented from coming. Sir Peter certainly does not suspect me. Yet, I wish I may not lose the heiress, through the scrape I have drawn myself into with the wife; however, Charles's imprudence and bad character are great points in my favour.

*(A knocking heard.)*

*Serv.* Sir, I believe that must be Lady Teazle.

*Joseph.* Hold! See whether it is or not before you go to the door. I have a particular message for you, if it should be my brother.

*Serv.* 'Tis her ladyship, sir; she always leaves her chair at the milliner's in the next street.

*Joseph.* Stay, stay; draw that screen before the window: that will do, my opposite neighbour is a lady of a curious temper. *[Exit Serv.]* I have a difficult hand to play in this affair. Lady Teazle has lately suspected my views on Maria; but she must by no means be let into that secret; at least, till I have her more in my power.

*Enter LADY TEAZLE.*

*Lady T.* What sentiment in soliloquy now? Have you been very impatient? Oh, lud! don't pretend to look grave. I vow I couldn't come before.

*Joseph.* Oh! madam, punctuality is a species of constancy very unfashionable in a lady of quality. *(Places chairs: they sit.)*

*Lady T.* Upon my word, you ought to pity me. Do you know, Sir Peter is grown so ill-natured to me of late, and so jealous of Charles, too—that's the best of the story, isn't it?

*Joseph.* I am glad my scandalous friends keep that up. *(Aside.)*

*Lady T.* I am sure I wish he would let Maria marry him; and then, perhaps, he would be convinced: don't you, Mr. Surface?

*Joseph.* Indeed I do not. *(Aside.)* Oh! certainly I do; for then, my dear Lady Teazle would also be convinced how wrong her suspicions were of my having any design on the silly girl.

*Lady T.* Well, well, I'm inclined to believe you. But isn't it provoking, to have the most ill-natured things said of one? And there's my friend, Lady Sneerwell, has circulated I don't know how many scandalous tales of me, and all without any foundation, to; that's what vexes me.

*Joseph.* Ah, madam, to be sure, that is the provoking circumstance—without foundation; yes, yes, there's the mortification, indeed; for when a scandalous story is believed against one, there certainly is no comfort like the consciousness of having deserved it.

*Lady T.* No, to be sure, then I'd forgive their malice; but to attack me, who am really so innocent, and who never say an ill-natured thing of anybody—that is, of my friend; and then, Sir Peter, too, to have him so peevish, and so suspicious, when I know the integrity of my own heart! indeed, 'tis monstrous!

*Joseph.* But, my dear Lady Teazle, 'tis your own fault, if you suffer it. When a husband entertains a groundless suspicion of his wife, and withdraws his confidence from her, the original compact is broken, and she owes it to the honour of her sex to endeavour to outwit him.

*Lady T.* Indeed! so that if he suspect me without cause, it follows, that the best way of curing his jealousy is to give him reason for't.

*Joseph.* Undoubtedly: for your husband should never be deceived in you; and in that case it becomes you to be frail, in compliment to his discernment.

*Lady T.* To be sure, what you say is very reasonable; and when the consciousness of my innocence—

*Joseph.* Ah! my dear madam, there is the great mistake: 'tis this very conscious innocence that is of the greatest prejudice to you. What is it makes you negligent of forms, and careless of the world's opinion? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you thoughtless in your conduct, and apt to run into a thousand little imprudences? why, the consciousness of your own innocence. What makes you impatient of Sir Peter's temper, and outrageous at his suspicions? why, the consciousness of your innocence.

*Lady T.* 'Tis very true.

*Joseph.* Now, my dear Lady Teazle, if you would but once make a trifling *faux pas*, you can't conceive how cautious you would grow, and how ready to humour and agree with your husband.

*Lady T.* Do you think so?

*Joseph.* Oh! I am sure on't; and then you would find all scandal would cease at once; for, in short, your character is, at present, like a person in a plethora, absolutely dying from too much health.

*Lady T.* So, so; then I perceive your prescription is, that I must sin in my own defence, and part with my virtue to preserve my reputation.

*Joseph.* Exactly so, upon my credit, ma'am.

*Lady T.* Well, certainly, this is the oddest

doctrine, and the newest recipe for avoiding calumny.

*Joseph.* An infallible one, believe me. Prudence, like experience, must be paid for.

*Lady T.* Why, if my understanding were once convinced—

*Joseph.* Oh! certainly, madam, your understanding should be convinced. Yes, yes; heaven forbid I should persuade you to do anything you thought wrong. No, no; I have too much honour to desire it.

*Lady T.* Don't you think we may as well leave honour out of the agreement?

*Joseph.* Ah! the ill effects of your country education, I see, still remain with you.

*Lady T.* I doubt they do, indeed; and I will fairly own to you, that if I could be persuaded to do wrong, it would be by Sir Peter's ill usage, sooner than your honourable logic, after all.

*Joseph.* Then, by this hand, *(takes her hand)* which he is unworthy of—

*Enter Servant.*

'Sdeath! you blockhead! what do you want?

*Serv.* I beg your pardon, sir; but I thought you would not choose Sir Peter to come up without announcing him.

*Joseph.* Sir Peter! Oons! the devil!

*Lady T.* Sir Peter! Oh, lud! I'm ruined, I'm ruined!

*Serv.* Sir, 'twasn't I let him in.

*Lady T.* Oh! I'm quite undone! What will become of me? Now, Mr. Logic—Oh! mercy, sir, he's on the stairs—I'll get behind here—and if ever I'm so imprudent again—*(Goes behind the screen.)*

*Joseph.* Give me that book—

*(Sits.)*

*Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.*

*Sir P.* Ay, ever improving himself, Mr. Surface, Mr. Surface—*(Taps Joseph on the shoulder.)*

*Joseph.* Oh! my dear Sir Peter, I beg your pardon. I have been dozing over a stupid book. Well, I am much obliged to you for this call. You haven't been here, I believe, since I fitted up this room. Books, you know, are the only things I am a concomb in.

*Sir P.* 'Tis very neat, indeed. Well, well, that's proper: and you can make even your screen a source of knowledge; hung, I perceive with maps? *(Walks towards the screen.)*

*Joseph.* *(Turning him from it.)* Oh! yes, I find great use in that screen.

*Sir P.* I dare say you must, certainly, when you want to find anything in a hurry.

*Joseph.* *(Aside.)* Ay, or to hide anything in a hurry, either.

*Sir P.* Well, I have a little private business—*Joseph.* You need not stay. *(To Servant, who exits.)*

Here's a chair, Sir Peter; I beg—

*Sir P.* Well, now we are alone, there is a subject, my dear friend, on which I wish to unburthen my mind to you; a point of the greatest moment to my peace; in short, my good friend, Lady Teazle's conduct of late has made me very unhappy.

*Joseph.* Indeed! I am very sorry to hear it.

*Sir P.* Yes, 'tis but too plain she has not the least regard for me; but what's worse, I have pretty good authority to suppose she has formed an attachment to another.

*Joseph.* Indeed! you astonish me.

*Sir P.* Yes; and, between ourselves, I think I've discovered the person.

*Joseph.* How! you alarm me exceedingly.

*Sir P.* Ay, my dear friend, I knew you would sympathise with me.

*Joseph.* Yes, believe me, Sir Peter, such a discovery would hurt me just as much as it would you.

*Sir P.* I am convinced of it. Ah! it is a happiness to have a friend whom we can trust even with one's family secrets. But have you no guess who I mean?

*Joseph.* I haven't the most distant idea. It can't be Sir Benjamin Backbite?

*Sir P.* Oh! no. What say you to Charles?

*Joseph.* My brother! impossible!

*Sir P.* Oh! my dear friend, the goodness of your own heart misleads you. You judge of others by yourself.

*Joseph.* Certainly, Sir Peter; the heart that is conscious of its own integrity is ever slow to credit another's treachery.

*Sir P.* True; but your brother has no sentiment, you never hear him talk so.

*Joseph.* Yet, I can't but think Lady Teazle herself has too much principle.

*Sir P.* Ay, but what is principle against the flat-tery of a handsome, lively young fellow?

*Joseph.* That's very true.

*Sir P.* And then, you know, the difference of our ages makes it very improbable that she should have any very great affection for me; and if she were to be frail, and I were to make it public, why, the town would only laugh at me; the foolish old bachelor, who had married a girl.

*Joseph.* That's true, to be sure: they would laugh.

*Sir P.* Laugh! ay, and make ballads, and paragraphs, and the devil knows what of me.

*Joseph.* No, you must never make it public.

*Sir P.* But then, again, that the nephew of my old friend, Sir Oliver, should be the person to attempt such a wrong, hurts me more nearly.

*Joseph.* Ay, there's the point. When ingratitude bars the dart of injury, the wound has double danger in it.

*Sir P.* Ay; I, that was, in a manner, left his guardian; in whose house he'd been so often entertained; who never in my life denied him—any advice.

*Joseph.* Oh! 'tis not to be credited. There may be a man capable of such baseness, to be sure; but, for my part, till you can give me positive proofs, I cannot but doubt it. However, if it should be proved on him, he is no longer a brother of mine; I disclaim kindred with him: for the man who can break through the laws of hospitality, and tempt the wife of his friend, deserves to be branded as the pest of society.

*Sir P.* What a difference there is between you! what noble sentiments!

*Joseph.* Yet I cannot suspect Lady Teazle's honour.

*Sir P.* I am sure I wish to think well of her, and to remove all ground of quarrel between us. She has lately reproached me more than once with having made no settlement on her; and, in our last quarrel, she almost hinted that she should not break her heart if I were dead. Now, as we seem to differ in our ideas of expense, I have resolved she shall have her own way, and be her own mistress, in that respect, for the future; and if I were to die, she will find I have not been inattentive to her interest while living. Here, my friend, are

the drafts of two deeds, which I wish to have your opinion on. By one, she'll enjoy eight hundred a year independent while I live; and, by the other, the bulk of my fortune after my death.

*Joseph.* This conduct, Sir Peter, is, indeed, truly generous. I wish it mayn't corrupt my pupil.

(*Aside.*)

*Sir P.* Yes, I am determined she shall have no cause to complain; though I would not have her acquainted with the latter instance of my affection, yet awhile.

*Joseph.* (*Aside.*) Nor I, if I could help it.

*Sir P.* And now, my dear friend, if you please, we will talk over the situation of your hopes with Maria.

*Joseph.* Oh! no, Sir Peter; another time, if you please.

*Sir P.* I am sensibly chagrined at the little progress you seem to make in her affections.

*Joseph.* I beg you'll not mention it, sir. What are my disappointments, when your happiness is in debate? *Death!* I shall be ruined every way.

(*Aside.*)

*Sir P.* And though you are so averse to my acquainting Lady Teazle with your passion, I'm sure she's not your enemy in the affair.

*Joseph.* Pray, Sir Peter, now oblige me. I am really too much affected by the subject we have been speaking of, to bestow a thought on my own concerns. The man who is entrusted with his friend's distresses can never—

*Enter Serrant.*

Well, sir?

*Serv.* Your brother, sir, is speaking to a gentleman in the street, and says he knows you are within.

*Joseph.* 'Sdeath! blockhead! I'm not within; I'm out for the day.

*Sir P.* Stay—hold! a thought has struck me: you shall be at home.

*Joseph.* Well, well, let him up. [*Exit Serrant.*] He'll interrupt Sir Peter, however.

(*Aside.*)

*Sir P.* Now, my good friend, oblige me, I entreat you. Before Charles comes, let me conceal myself somewhere; then, do you tax him on the point we've been talking, and his answer may satisfy me at once.

*Joseph.* Oh, fie! Sir Peter, would you have me join in so mean a trick? To trepan my brother, too?

*Sir P.* Nay, you tell me you are sure he is innocent; if so, you do him the greatest service by giving him an opportunity to clear himself, and you will set my heart at rest. Come, you shall not refuse me; here behind this screen will be—*Fie!* what the devil! there seems to be one listener here already; I'll swear I saw a peevish cat.

*Joseph.* Ha, ha, ha! Well, this is ridiculous enough. I'll tell you, Sir Peter: though I hold a man of intrigue to be a most despicable character, yet, you know, it does not follow that one is to be an absolute Joseph, either. Harkye! 'tis a little French milliner; a silly rogue that plagues me; and having some character to lose, on your coming, sir, she ran behind that screen.

*Sir P.* Ah! Joseph, Joseph! Did I ever think that you—But, egad! she has overheard all I have been saying of my wife.

*Joseph.* Oh! 'twill never go any farther, you may depend upon it.



*Sir P.* No! then, 'faith! let her hear it out. There's a closet will do as well  
*Joseph.* Well, go in there.  
*Sir P.* Sly rogue, sly rogue!

(*Goes into closet.*)

*Joseph.* A narrow escape, indeed! and a curious situation I'm in, to part man and wife in this manner.

*Lady T. (Peeping.)* Couldn't I steal off?

*Joseph.* Keep close, my angel!

*Sir P. (Peeping out.)* Joseph, tax him home.

*Joseph.* Back, my dear friend!

*Lady T.* Couldn't you lock Sir Peter in?

*Joseph.* Be still, my life!

*Sir P.* You're sure the little milliner won't blab?

*Joseph.* In, in, my dear Sir Peter. 'Fore gad! I wish I had a key to the door.

*Enter CHARLES SURFACE.*

*Charles.* Hallo! brother, what has been the matter? Your fellow would not let me up at first. What have you had a Jew or a wench with you?

*Joseph.* Neither, brother, I assure you.

*Charles.* But what has made Sir Peter steal off? I thought he had been with you.

*Joseph.* He was, brother; but hearing you were coming, he did not choose to stay.

*Charles.* What, was the old gentleman afraid I wanted to borrow money of him?

*Joseph.* No sir; but I am sorry to find, Charles, that you have lately given that worthy man grounds for great uneasiness.

*Charles.* Yes, they tell me I do that to a great many worthy men—But how so, pray?

*Joseph.* To be plain with you, brother—he thinks you are endeavouring to gain Lady Teazle's affections from him.

*Charles.* Who, I? Oh, lud! not I upon any word.—Ha, ha, ha, ha! So, the old fellow has found out that he has got a young wife, has he?

*Joseph.* This is no subject to jest on, brother. He who can laugh—

*Charles.* True, true, as you were going to say—then, seriously, I never had the least idea of what you charge me with, upon my honour.

*Joseph.* Well, it will give Sir Peter great satisfaction to hear this.

(*Aloud.*)

*Charles.* To be sure, I once thought the lady seemed to have taken a fancy to me; but, upon my soul, I never gave her the least encouragement;—besides, you know my attachment to Maria.

*Joseph.* But, sure, brother, even if Lady Teazle had betrayed the fondest partiality for you—

*Charles.* Why, look-ee, Joseph, I hope I shall never deliberately do a dishonourable action; but if a pretty woman were purposely to throw herself in my way—and that pretty woman married to a man old enough to be her father—

*Joseph.* Well—

*Charles.* Why I believe I should be obliged to—

*Joseph.* What?

*Charles.* To borrow a little of your morality, that's all. But, brother, do you know now that you surprise me exceedingly, by naming me with Lady Teazle; for, 'faith, I always understood you were her favourite.

*Joseph.* O, for shame, Charles! This retort is foolish.

*Charles.* Nay, I swear I have seen you exchange such significant glances—

*Joseph.* Nay, nay, sir, this is no jest.

*Charles.* Egad, I'm serious. Don't you remember one day when I called here—

*Joseph.* Nay, pry'thee, Charles—

*Charles.* And found you together—

*Joseph.* Zounds, sir! I insist—

*Charles.* And another time when your servant—  
*Joseph.* Brother, brother, a word with you! Gad, I must stop him.

(*Aside.*)

*Charles.* Informed, I say, that—

*Joseph.* Hush! I beg your pardon, but Sir Peter has heard all we have been saying. I knew you would clear yourself, or I should not have consented.

*Charles.* How, Sir Peter! Where is he?

*Joseph.* Softly; there;

(*Points to the closet.*)

*Charles.* O, fore heaven, I'll have him out Sir Peter, come forth?

(*Trying to get to the closet.*)

*Joseph.* No, no—

(*Preventing him.*)

*Charles.* I say, Sir Peter, come into court—  
*(Crosses, pulls in Sir Peter.)*—What! my old guardian!—What! turn inquisitor, and take evidence inco? Oh, fie! Oh, fie!

*Sir P.* Give me your hand, Charles—I believe I have suspected you wrongfully; but you mustn't be angry with Joseph—'twas my plan!

*Charles.* Indeed!

*Sir P.* But I acquit you. I promise you I don't think near so ill of you as I did: what I have heard has given me great satisfaction.

*Charles.* Egad, then, 'twas lucky you didn't hear any more—wasn't it, Joseph?

(*Apart to Joseph.*)

*Sir P.* Ah! you would have retorted on him.

*Charles.* Ay, ay, that was a joke.

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, I know his honour too well.

*Charles.* But you might as well have suspected him as me in this matter, for all that—mightn't he, Joseph!

(*Apart to Joseph.*)

*Sir P.* Well, well, I believe you.

*Joseph.* Would they were both out of the room!  
*(Aside.)*

*Sir P.* And in future, perhaps, we may not be such strangers.

*Enter Servant.*

*Serv.* Lady Sneerwell is below, and says she will come up.

*Joseph.* Lady Sneerwell! Gads life! she must not come here! [*Exit Servant.*] Gentlemen, I beg pardon—I must wait on you down stairs: here is a person come on particular business.

*Charles.* Well, you can see him in another room. Sir Peter and I have not met a long time, and I have something to say to him.

*Joseph.* They must not be left together. (*Aside.*) I'll send Lady Sneerwell away, and return directly. Sir Peter, not a word of the French milliner.

(*Apart to Sir Peter, and goes out.*)

*Sir P.* It not for the world! (*Apart to Joseph.*) Ah! Charles if you associated more with your brother, one might indeed hope for your reformation. He is a man of sentiment. Well, there is nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment!

*Charles.* Psha! he is too moral by half! and so apprehensive of his good name as he calls it, that he would as soon let a priest into his house as a wench.

*Sir P.* No, no; come, come, you wrong him. No, no! Joseph is no rake, but he is no such

saint either, in that respect. I have a great mind to tell him; we should have such a laugh at Joseph.—

(Aside.)

Charles. Oh, hang him! he's a very anchorite, a young hermit.

Sir P. Harkye! you must not abuse him; he may chance to hear of it again. I promise you.

Charles. Why, you won't tell him?

Sir P. No; but, this way.—(Aside.) Egad! I'll tell him. Harkye! have you a mind to have a good laugh at Joseph?

Charles. I should like it of all things.

Sir P. Then, I shall we will. (Aside.) I'll be quit with him for discovering me. He had a girl with him when I called.

(Whispers.)

Charles. What! Joseph?—You jest.

Sir P. Hush!—a little French milliner; and the best of the jest is—she's in the room now.

Charles. The devil she is!

Sir P. Hush! I tell you!

(Points to screen.)

Charles. Behind the screen! 'Slife! let us unvell.

Sir P. No, no; he's coming—you sha'n't, indeed.

Charles. Oh! egad, we'll have a peep at the little milliner! (Endeavouring to get towards the screen, Sir P. preventing.)

Sir P. Not for the world—Joseph will never forgive me.

Charles. I'll stand by you—

Sir P. Ods, here he is!

Just as Charles Surface throws down the screen, JOSEPH SURFACE enters.

Charles. Lady Teazle! by all that's wonderful!

Sir P. Lady Teazle! by all that's damnable!

Charles. Sir Peter, this is one of the smartest French milliners I ever saw. Egad! you seem all to have been diverting yourselves here at hide and seek, and I don't see who is out of the secret. Shall I beg your ladyship to inform me? Not a word! Brother, will you be pleased to explain this matter? What is morality dumb, too? Sir Peter, though I found you in the dark, perhaps you are not so now! All mute! Well, though I can make nothing of the affair, I suppose you perfectly understand one another, so I'll leave you to yourselves. (Going.) Brother, I'm sorry to find you have given that worthy man grounds for so much uneasiness. Sir Peter, there's nothing in the world so noble as a man of sentiment.

[Exit.]

Joseph. Sir Peter, notwithstanding—I confess—that appearances are against me, if you will afford me your patience, I make no doubt, but I shall explain everything to your satisfaction.

Sir P. If you please, sir.

Joseph. The fact is, sir, that Lady Teazle knowing my pretensions to your ward Maria,—I say, Lady Teazle being apprehensive of the jealousy of your temper, and knowing my friendship to the family,—she, sir, I say, called here, in order that I might explain these pretensions; but, on your coming, being apprehensive, as I said, of your jealousy, she withdrew; and this, you may depend on it, is the whole truth of the matter.

Sir P. A very clear account, upon my word; and I dare swear, the lady will vouch for it.

Lady T. For not one word of it, Sir Peter!

Sir P. How! don't you think it worth while to agree in the lie?

Lady T. There is not one syllable of truth in what that gentleman has told you!

Sir P. I believe you, upon my soul, ma'am!

Joseph. (Aside.) 'Sdeath! madam, will you betray me?

Lady T. Good Mr. Hypocrite, by your leave, I'll speak for myself.

Sir P. Ay, let her alone, sir; you'll find she'll make out a better story than you, without prompting.

Lady T. Hear me, Sir Peter: I came hither on no matter relating to your ward, and even ignorant of this gentleman's pretensions to her; but I came seduced by his insidious arguments, at least, to listen to his pretended passion, if not to sacrifice your honour to his baseness.

Sir P. Now, I believe the truth is coming, indeed!

Joseph. The woman's mad!

Lady T. No, sir; she has recovered her senses, and your own arts have furnished her with the means. Sir Peter, I do not expect you to credit me, but the tenderness you expressed for me, when I am sure you could not think I was a witness to it, has penetrated to my heart, that had I left the place without the shame of this discovery, my future life should have spoken the sincerity of my gratitude. As for that smooth-tongued hypocrite, who would have seduced the wife of his too credulous friend, while he affected honourable addresses to his ward, I behold him now in a light so truly despicable, that I shall never again respect myself for having listened to him.

[Exit.]

Joseph. Notwithstanding all this, Sir Peter, heaven knows—

Sir P. That you are a villain! and so I leave you to your conscience.

Joseph. You are too rash, Sir Peter; you shall hear me. The man who shuts out conviction—

Sir P. Oh, d—n your sentiments! [Exit.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—The Library.

Enter JOSEPH SURFACE and Servant.

Joseph. Mr. Stanley! And why should you think I would see him? You must know he comes to ask something.

Serv. Sir, I should not have let him in; but that Mr. Rowley came to the door with him.

Joseph. Psha! blockhead! to suppose that I should now be in a temper to receive visits from poor relations!—Well, why don't you shew the fellow up?

Serv. I will, sir. Why, sir, it was not my fault that Sir Peter discovered my Lady—

Joseph. Go, fool!—[Exit Serv.]—Sure, Fortune never played a man of my policy such a trick before. My character with Sir Peter, my hopes with Maria, destroyed in a moment! I'm in a rare humour to listen to other people's distresses! I shan't be able to bestow even a benevolent sentiment on Stanley. So, here he comes, and Rowley with him. I must try to recover myself, and put a little charity into my face, however.

[Exit.]

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE and ROWLEY.

Sir O. What, does he avoid us? That was he, was it not?

Row. It was, sir. But I doubt you are come a little too abruptly. His nerves are so weak, that

the sight of a poor relation may be too much for him. I should have gone first to break it to him.

*Sir O.* Oh! plague of his nerves! Yet this is he whom Sir Peter extols as a man of the most benevolent way of thinking.

*Row.* As to his way of thinking, I cannot pretend to decide; for, to do him justice, he appears to have as much speculative benevolence as any private gentleman in the kingdom, though he is seldom so sensual as to indulge himself in the exercise of it.

*Sir O.* Yet he has a string of charitable sentiments, I suppose, at his fingers' ends.

*Row.* Or, rather at his tongue's end, Sir Oliver; for I believe there is no sentiment he has such faith in as that "Charity begins at home."

*Sir O.* And his, I presume, is of that domestic sort which never stirs abroad at all.

*Row.* I doubt you'll find it so.—But he's coming. I mustn't seem to interrupt you; and, you know, immediately as you leave him, I come in to announce your arrival in your real character.

*Sir O.* True; and, afterwards, you'll meet me at Sir Peter's.

*Row.* Without losing a moment.

[Exit.]

*Sir O.* I don't like the complaisance of his features.

#### Enter JOSEPH SURFACE.

*Joseph.* Sir, I beg you ten thousand pardons for keeping you a moment waiting. Mr. Stanley, I presume.

*Sir O.* At your service.

*Joseph.* Sir, I beg you will do me the honour to sit down: I entreat you, sir—

*Sir O.* Dear sir, there's no occasion.—Too civil by half. [Aside.]

*Joseph.* I have not the pleasure of knowing you, Mr. Stanley; but I am extremely happy to see you look so well. You were nearly related to my mother, Mr. Stanley, I think?

*Sir O.* I was, sir; so nearly, that my present poverty, I fear, may do discredit to her wealthy children, else I should not have presumed to trouble you.

*Joseph.* Dear sir, there needs no apology; he that is in distress, though a stranger, has a right to claim kindred with the wealthy, I am sure, I wish I were one of that class, and had it in my power to offer you even a small relief.

*Sir O.* If your uncle, Sir Oliver, were here, I should have a friend.

*Joseph.* I wish he were, sir, with all my heart; you should not want an advocate with him, believe me, sir.

*Sir O.* I should not need one; my distresses would recommend me. But I imagined his bounty would enable you to become the agent of his charity.

*Joseph.* My dear sir, you were strangely misinformed. Sir Oliver is a very worthy man; but avarice, Mr. Stanley, is the vice of age. I will tell you, my good sir, in confidence, what he has done for me has been a mere nothing; though people, I know, have thought otherwise; and, for my part, I never chose to contradict the report.

*Sir O.* What! has he never transmitted you bulion, rupees, pagodas?

*Joseph.* Oh! dear sir, nothing of the kind. No, no; a few presents, now and then: china, shawls, congou tea, aavadats, and Indian crackers; little more, believe me.

*Sir O.* Here's gratitude for twelve thousand pounds!—Aavadats and Indian crackers! [Aside.]

*Joseph.* Then, my dear, sir, you have heard, I

doubt not, of the extravagance of my brother: there are very few would credit what I have done for that unfortunate young man.—

*Sir O.* Not I, for one. [Aside.]

*Joseph.* The sums I have lent him!—Indeed, I have been exceedingly to blame; it was an amiable weakness; however, I don't pretend to defend it; and now I feel it doubly culpable, since it has deprived me of the pleasure of serving you, Mr. Stanley, as my heart dictates.

*Sir O.* Dissembler! [Aside.]—Then, sir, you can't assist me?

*Joseph.* At present, it grieves me to say, I cannot; but, whenever I have the ability, you may depend upon hearing from me.

*Sir O.* I am extremely sorry—

*Joseph.* Not more than I, believe me: to pity, without the power to relieve, is still more painful than to ask and be denied.

*Sir O.* Kind sir, your most obedient humble servant.

*Joseph.* You leave me deeply affected, Mr. Stanley.—William be ready to open the door.

*Sir O.* Oh! dear sir, no ceremony.

*Joseph.* Your very obedient.

*Sir O.* Sir, your most obsequious.

*Joseph.* You may depend upon hearing from me, whenever I can be of service.

*Sir O.* Sweet sir, you are too good!

*Joseph.* In the meantime, I wish you health and spirits.

*Sir O.* Your ever grateful and perpetual humble servant.

*Joseph.* Sir, yours as sincerely.

*Sir O.* Now I am satisfied!

*Joseph.* This is one bad effect of a good character; it invites application from the unfortunate, and there needs no small degree of address to gain the reputation of benevolence without incurring the expense. The silver ore of pure charity is an expensive article in the catalogue of a man's good qualities; whereas, the sentimental French plate I use instead of it, makes just as good a show, and pays no tax.

#### Enter ROWLEY.

*Row.* Mr. Surface, your servant; I was apprehensive of interrupting you; though my business demands attention, as this note will inform you.

*Joseph.* Always happy to see Mr. Rowley.—[Aside.] A rascal! [Reads.] Sir Oliver surface!—My uncle arrived!

*Row.* He is, indeed; we have just parted with him, quite well, after a speedy voyage, and impatient to embrace his worthy nephew.

*Joseph.* I am astonished!—William, stop Mr. Stanley, if he be not gone.

*Row.* Oh! he's out of reach, I believe.

*Joseph.* Why did you not let me know this when you came in together?

*Row.* I thought you had particular business. But I must be gone to inform your brother, and appoint him here to meet your uncle. He will be with you in a quarter of an hour.

*Joseph.* So he says. Well, I am strangely overjoyed at his coming. [Aside.] Never, to be sure, was anything so d-d unlucky.

*Row.* You will be delighted to see how well he looks.

*Joseph.* Oh! I am overjoyed to hear it. [Aside.] Just at this time!

*Row.* I'll tell him how impatiently you expect him.

*Joseph.* Do, do! Pray, give my best duty and affection. Indeed, I cannot express the sensations I feel at the thought of seeing him. Certainly, his coming just at this time is the cruellest piece of ill-fortune!

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*Sir Peter Teazle's.*

*Enter Maid and MRS. CANDOUR.*

*Maid.* Indeed, ma'am, my lady will see nobody at present.

*Mrs. C.* Did you tell her it was her friend, Mrs. Candour.

*Maid.* Yes, ma'am; but she begs you'll excuse her.

*Mrs. C.* Do go again; I shall be glad to see her, if it be only for a moment; for I am sure she must be in great distress. [*Exit Maid.*] Dear heart, how provoking! I'm not mistress of half the circumstances! We shall have the whole affair in the newspapers, with the names of the parties at length, before I have dropped the story at a dozen houses.—

*Enter SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.*

Oh! dear Sir Benjamin, you have heard, I suppose—

*Sir B.* Of Lady Teazle and Mr. Surface?

*Mrs. C.* And Sir Peter's discovery.

*Sir B.* Oh! the strangest piece of business, to be sure!

*Mrs. C.* Well, I never was so surprised in my life. I am so sorry for all parties, indeed.

*Sir B.* Now, I don't pity Sir Peter at all; he was so extravagantly partial to Mr. Surface.

*Mrs. C.* Mr. Surface! Why, 'twas with Charles, Lady Teazle was detected.

*Sir B.* No such thing, I tell you; Mr. Surface is the gallant.

*Mrs. C.* No, no; Charles is the man. 'Twas Mr. Surface brought Sir Peter on purpose to discover them.

*Sir B.* I tell you I had it from one—

*Mrs. C.* And I have it from one—

*Sir B.* Who had it from one, who had it—

*Mrs. C.* From one immediately.—But here comes Lady Snecrwell; perhaps, she knows the whole affair.

*Enter LADY SNEEWELL.*

*Lady S.* So, my dear Mrs. Candour, here's a sad affair of our friend Teazle.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, my dear friend, who would have thought—

*Lady S.* Well, there is no trusting appearances; though, indeed, she was always too lively for me.

*Mrs. C.* To be sure, her manners were a little too free; but then she was so young—

*Lady S.* And had, indeed, some good qualities.

*Mrs. C.* So she had, indeed. But you have heard the particulars?

*Lady S.* No; but everybody says that Mr. Surface—

*Sir B.* Ay, there; I told you Mr. Surface was the man.

*Mrs. C.* No, no; indeed the assination was with Charles.

*Lady S.* With Charles! you alarm me, Mrs. Candour!

*Mrs. C.* Yes, yes; he was the lover. Mr. Surface, to do him justice, was only the informer.

*Sir B.* Well, I'll not dispute with you, Mrs. Can-

dour; but, be it which it may, I hope that Sir Peter's wound will not—

*Mrs. C.* Sir Peter's wound! Oh, mercy! I didn't hear a word of their fighting.

*Lady S.* Nor I, a syllable.

*Sir B.* No! what, no mention of the duel?

*Mrs. C.* Not a word.

*Sir B.* Oh! yes, they fought before they left the room.

*Lady S.* Pray, let us hear.

*Mrs. C.* Ay, do oblige us with the duel.

*Sir B.* "Sir," says Sir Peter, immediately after the discovery, "you are a most ungrateful fellow."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, to Charles—

*Sir B.* No, no; to Mr. Surface. "A most ungrateful fellow; and old as I am, sir," says he, "I insist on immediate satisfaction."

*Mrs. C.* Ay, that must have been to Charles; for 'tis very unlikely Mr. Surface would fight in his own house.

*Sir B.* Gad's life, ma'am, not at all—"Giving me immediate satisfaction." On this, ma'am, Lady Teazle, seeing Sir Peter in such danger, ran out of the room in strong hysterics, and Charles after her, calling out for hartshorn and water; then, madam, they began to fight with swords—

*Enter CRABTREE.*

*Crab.* With pistols, nephew! I have it from undoubted authority.

*Mrs. C.* Oh! Mr. Crabtree, then it is all true!

*Crab.* Too true, indeed, madam; and Sir Peter is dangerously wounded—

*Sir B.* By a thrust in seagoon quite through his left side—

*Crab.* By a bullet lodged in the thorax.

*Mrs. C.* Mercy on me! poor Sir Peter!

*Crab.* Yes, madam; though Charles would have avoided the matter, if he could.

*Mrs. C.* I told you who it was; I knew Charles was the person.

*Sir B.* My uncle, I see, knows nothing of the matter.

*Crab.* But Sir Peter taxed him with the basest ingratitude.

*Sir B.* That I told you, you know.

*Crab.* Do, nephew, let me speak! And insisted on immediate—

*Sir B.* Satisfaction! Just as I said.

*Crab.* Ods life! nephew, allow others to know something, too! A pair of pistols laid on the bureau, (for Mr. Surface, it seems, had come home the night before, late from Salthill, where he had been to see the Montem with a friend, who has a son at Etton,) so, unluckily, the pistols were left charged.

*Sir B.* I heard nothing of this.

*Crab.* Sir Peter forced Charles to take one; and they fired, it seems, pretty nearly together,—Charles's shot took effect, as I tell you, and Sir Peter's missed; but, what is very extraordinary, the ball struck against a little bronze Shakespeare that stood over the fire-place, grazed out of the window, at a right angle, and wounded the postman, who was just coming to the door with a double letter from Northamptonshire.

*Sir B.* My uncle's account is more circumstantial, I confess; but I believe mine is the only true one, for all that.

*Lady S.* (*Aside.*) I am more interested in this affair than they imagine, and must have better information.

*Sir B.* Ah! Lady Sneerwell's alarm is very easily accounted for.

*Crab.* Yes, they certainly do say—but that's neither here nor there.

*Mrs. C.* But, pray, where is Sir Peter at present?

*Crab.* Oh! they brought him home, and he is now in the house, though the servants are ordered to deny him.

*Mrs. C.* I believe so; and Lady Teazle, I suppose, attending him.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; and I saw one of the faculty enter just before me.

*Sir B.* Eh! who comes here?

*Crab.* Oh, this is he: the physician, depend on't.

*Mrs. C.* Oh! certainly: it must be the physician; and now we shall know.

Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

*Crab.* Well, doctor, what hopes?

*Mrs. C. A.* doctor, how's your patient?

*Sir B.* Now, doctor, isn't it a wound with a small sword.

*Crab.* A bullet lodged in the thorax, for a hundred.

*Sir O.* Doctor! a wound with a small sword! and a bullet in the thorax. Oons! are you mad, good people?

*Sir B.* Perhaps, sir, you are not a doctor?

*Sir O.* Truly, I have to thank you for my degree, if I be.

*Crab.* Only a friend of Sir Peter's, then, I presume. But, sir, you must have heard of his accident?

*Sir O.* Not a word!

*Crab.* Not of his being dangerously wounded?

*Sir O.* The devil he is!

*Sir B.* Run through the body—

*Crab.* Shot in the breast—

*Sir B.* By one Mr. Surface—

*Crab.* Ay, the younger.

*Sir O.* Eh! what the plague! you seem to differ strangely in your accounts; however, you agree that Sir Peter is dangerously wounded?

*Sir B.* Oh, yes! we agree in that.

*Crab.* Yes, yes; I believe there can be no doubt of that.

*Sir O.* Then, upon my word, for a person in that situation, he is the most imprudent man alive; for here he comes walking, as if nothing at all was the matter.

Enter SIR PETER TEAZLE.

Od's heart! Sir Peter, you are come in good time, I promise you; for we had just given you over.

*Sir B.* Egad! uncle, this is the most sudden recovery.

*Sir O.* Why, man, what do you out of bed, with a small sword through your body, and a bullet lodged in your thorax!

*Sir P.* A small sword, and a bullet!

*Sir O.* Ay, these gentlemen would have killed you, without law or physio, and wanted to dub me a doctor, to make me an accomplice.

*Sir P.* Why, what is all this?

*Sir B.* We rejoice, Sir Peter, that the story of the duel is not true; and are sincerely sorry for your other misfortune.

*Sir P. (Aside.)* So, so! all over the town already.

*Crab.* Though, Sir Peter, you were certainly waddy to blame to marry at your years.

*Sir P.* Sir, what business is that of yours?

*Mrs. C.* Though, indeed, as Sir Peter made so good a husband, he's very much to be pitied.

*Sir P.* Plague on your pity, ma'am! I desire none of it.

*Sir B.* However, Sir Peter, you must not mind the laughing and jests you will meet with on the occasion.

*Sir P.* Sir, sir, I desire to be master in my own house.

*Crab.* 'Tis no uncommon case, that's one comfort.

*Sir P.* I insist on being left to myself. Without ceremony, I insist on your leaving my house.

*Mrs. C.* Well, well, we are going; and, depend on't, we'll make the best report of it we can.

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Crab.* And tell how hardly you've been treated—

*Sir P.* Leave my house!

*Sir B.* And how patiently you bear it.

[*Exeunt all but Sir P. and Sir O.*  
*Sir P.* Leave my house!—Fie! vipers! furies!—Oh! that their own venom would choke them?

*Sir O.* They are very provoking, indeed, Sir Peter.

Enter ROWLEY.

*Row.* I heard high words. What has ruffled you, sir?

*Sir P.* Pshaw! what signifies asking? Do I ever pass a day without my vexations?

*Row.* Well, I'm not inquisitive.

*Sir O.* Well, I am not inquisitive! I come only to tell you, that I have seen both my nephews in the manner we proposed.

*Sir P.* A precious couple they are!

*Row.* Yes, and Sir Oliver is convinced that your judgment was right, Sir Peter.

*Sir O.* Yes, I find Joseph is, indeed, the man, after all.

*Row.* Ay, as Sir Peter says, he is a man of sentiment.

*Sir O.* And sets up to the sentiments he professes.

*Row.* It certainly is edification to hear him talk!

*Sir O.* Oh! he's a model for the young men of the age!—But how's this, Sir Peter? You don't join us in your friend Joseph's praise, as I expected.

*Sir P.* Sir Oliver, we live in a d—d wicked world, and the fewer we praise the better.

*Row.* What! do you say so, Sir Peter, who were never mistaken in your life?

*Sir P.* Pshaw! Plague on you both! I see by your sneering, you have heard the whole affair. I shall go mad among you!

*Row.* Then, to fret you no longer, Sir Peter, we are indeed acquainted with it all. I met Lady Teazle coming from Mr. Surface's, so humble, that she deigned to request me to be her advocate with you.

*Sir P.* And does Sir Oliver know all this?

*Sir O.* Every circumstance.

*Sir P.* What of the closet and the screen, eh?

*Sir O.* Yes, yes; and the little French milliner. Oh, I have been vastly diverted with the story.

*Sir P.* 'Twas very pleasant.

*Sir O.* I never laughed more in my life, I assure you. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir P.* Oh, vastly diverting! Ha, ha, ha!

*Row.* To be sure, Joseph, with his sentiments—

*Sir P.* Yes, yes, his sentiments! Ha, ha, ha! Hypocritical villain!

*Sir O.* Ay, and that rogue Charles to pull Sir Peter out of the closet. Ha, ha!

*Sir P.* Ha, ha! 'Twas devilish entertaining, to be sure.

*Sir O.* Egad! Sir Peter, I should like to have seen your face when the screen was thrown down. Ha, ha, ha!

*Sir P.* Yes, yes; my face when the screen was thrown down. Ha, ha, ha! Oh, I must never shew my head again!

*Sir O.* But, come, come; it isn't fair to laugh at you, neither, my old friend; though, upon my soul, I can't help it.

*Sir P.* Oh, pray, don't restrain your mirth on my account; it does not hurt me at all. I laugh at the whole affair myself. Yes, yes; I think being a standing jest for all one's acquaintance, a very happy situation. Oh, yes; and then of a morning, to read the paragraphs about Mr. S—, Lady T—, and Sir P—, will be so entertaining! I shall certainly leave town to-morrow, and never look mankind in the face again.

*Row.* Without affectation, Sir Peter, you may despise the ridicule of fools. But I see Lady Teazle going towards the next room: I am sure you must desire a reconciliation as earnestly as she does.

*Sir O.* Perhaps my being here prevents her coming to you. Well, I'll leave honest Rowley to mediate between you; but he must bring you all presently to Mr. Surface's, where I am now returning, if not to reclaim a libertine, at least to expose hypocrisy. [Exit.]

*Sir P.* Ah! I'll be present at your discovering yourself there with all my heart; though, 'tis a vile unlucky place for discoveries. She is not coming here, you see, Rowley.

*Row.* No; but she has left the door of that room open, you perceive. See, she is in tears.

*Sir P.* Certainly, a little mortification appears very becoming in a wife. Don't you think it will do her good to let her pine a little?

*Row.* Oh! this is ungenerous in you!

*Sir P.* Well, I know not what to think. You remember the letter I found of hers, evidently intended for Charles?

*Row.* A mere forgery, Sir Peter, laid in your way on purpose. This is one of the points which I intend Snake shall give you conviction of.

*Sir P.* I wish I were once satisfied of that. She looks this way. What a remarkably elegant turn of the head she has! Rowley, I'll go to her.

*Row.* Certainly.

*Sir P.* Though, when it is known that we are reconciled, people will laugh at me ten times more.

*Row.* Let them laugh, and retort their malice only by shewing them you are happy in spite of it.

*Sir P.* Faith, so I will! and, if I'm not mistaken, we may yet be the happiest couple in the county.

*Row.* Nay, Sir Peter, he who once lays aside suspicion—

*Sir P.* Hold! master Rowley, if you have any regard for me, never let me hear you utter anything like a sentiment; I have had enough of that to serve me the rest of my life.

[Exeunt.]

### SCENE III.—The Library.

Enter LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

*Lady S.* Impossible! Will not Sir Peter immediately be reconciled to Charles, and of consequence, no longer oppose his union with Maria? The thought is distraction to me.

*Joseph.* Can passion furnish a remedy?

*Lady S.* No, nor cunning neither. Oh! I was a fool, an idiot, to league with such a blunderer!

*Joseph.* Sure, Lady Sneerwell, I am the greatest sufferer; yet you see I bear the accident with calmness. Well, I admit I have been to blame. I confess I deviated from the direct road of wrong; but I don't think we're so defeated, neither.

*Lady S.* No!

*Joseph.* You tell me you have made a trial of Snake, since we met, and that you still believe him faithful to us.

*Lady S.* I do believe so.

*Joseph.* And that he has undertaken, should it be necessary, to swear and prove, that Charles is, at this time, contracted by vows and honour, to your ladyship, which some of his former letters to you will serve to support.

*Lady S.* This, indeed, might have assisted.

*Joseph.* Come, come; it is not too late, yet—(Knocking.) But, hark! this is probably my uncle, Sir Oliver. Retire to that room; we'll consult farther when he is gone.

*Lady S.* Well, but if he should find you out, too?

*Joseph.* Oh, I have no fear of that. Sir Peter will hold his tongue, for his own credit's sake; and you may depend on it, I shall soon discover Sir Oliver's weak side.

*Lady S.* I have no diffidence of your abilities! only be constant to one roguery at a time.

[Exit.]

*Joseph.* I will. So, 'tis confounded hard, after such bad fortune, to be baited by one's confederate in evil. Well, at all events, my character is so much better than Charles's, that I certainly—Eh! what! this is not Sir Oliver, but old Stanley again. Plague on't, that he should return to tease me just now. I shall have Sir Oliver come and find him here, and—

### Enter SIR OLIVER SURFACE.

Gad's life! Mr. Stanley, why have you come back to plague me at this time? You must not stay now, upon my word.

*Sir O.* Sir, I hear your uncle Oliver is expected here; and, although he has been so penurious to you, I'll try what he'll do for me.

*Joseph.* Sir, 'tis impossible for you to stay now, so I must beg—Come any other time, and I promise you shall be assisted.

*Sir O.* No; Sir Oliver and I must be acquainted.

*Joseph.* Zounds, sir! then I insist on your quitting the room directly.

*Sir O.* Nay, sir,—

*Joseph.* Sir, I insist on't! Here, William, shew this gentleman out. Since you compel me, sir,—not one moment—this is such insolence—(Pushing him out.)

### Enter CHARLES SURFACE.

*Charles.* Heyday! what's the matter now? What the devil! have you got hold of my little broker here! Zounds, brother! don't hurt little Premium. What's the matter, my little fellow?

*Joseph.* So he has been with you, too, has he?

*Charles.* To be sure he has. Why, he's as honest a little—But, sure, Joseph, you have not been borrowing money, too, have you?

*Joseph.* Borrowing! No; but, brother, you know, we expect Sir Oliver here every—

*Charles.* Egad! that's true. Noll mustn't find the little broker here, to be sure?

*Joseph.* Yet Mr. Stanley insists—

*Charles.* Stanley! why, his name's Premium.

*Joseph.* No, sir, Stanley.

*Charles.* No, no, Premium.

*Joseph.* Well, no matter which - but—

*Charles.* Ay, ay; Stanley or Premium, 'tis the same thing, as you say; for I suppose he goes by half a hundred names, besides A. B. at the coffee-house.

*Joseph.* 'Sdeath! here's Sir Oliver at the door. Now I beg, Mr. Stan'ey—

*Charles.* Ay, ay; and I beg, Mr. Premium—

*Sir O. Gentlemen—*

*Joseph.* Sir, by heaven, you shall go!

*Charles.* Ay, out with him, certainly!

*Sir O. This violence—*

*Joseph.* Sir, 'tis your own fault.

*Charles.* Out with him, to be sure. (Both forcing Sir Oliver out.)

Enter SIR PETER and LADY TEAZLE, MARIA, and ROWLEY.

*Sir P.* My old friend, Sir Oliver, eh! What, in the name of wonder—here are dutiful nephews; assault their uncle at a first visit!

*Lady T.* Indeed, Sir Oliver, 'twas well we came in to rescue you.

*Row.* Truly, it was; for I perceive, Sir Oliver, the character of old Stanley was no protection to you.

*Sir O.* Nor of Premium either: the necessities of the former could not extort a shilling from that benevolent gentleman; and with the other, I stood a chance of faring worse than my ancestors, and being knocked down without being bid for.

*Joseph.* Charles!

*Charles.* Joseph!

*Joseph.* 'Tis now complete!

*Charles.* Very!

*Sir O.* Sir Peter, my friend, and Rowley, too—look on that elder nephew of mine. You know what he has already received from my bounty; and you also know how gladly I would have regarded half my fortune as held in trust for him; judge, then, my disappointment in discovering him to be destitute of truth, charity, and gratitude.

*Sir P.* Sir Oliver, I should be more surprised at this declaration, if I had not myself found him to be selfish, treacherous, and hypocritical.

*Lady T.* And if the gentleman plead not guilty to these, pray, let him call me to his character.

*Sir P.* Then, I believe, we need add no more. If he know himself, he will consider it as the most perfect punishment, that he is known to the world.

*Charles.* (Aside.) If they talk this way to honesty, what will they say to me by-and-by?

*Sir O.* As for that prodigal, his brother, there—

*Charles.* (Aside.) Ay, now comes my turn; the d—d family pictures will ruin me.

*Joseph.* Sir Oliver,—uncle, will you honour me with a hearing?

*Charles.* (Aside.) Now, if Joseph would make one of his long speeches, I might recollect myself a little.

*Sir O.* (To Joseph.) I suppose you would undertake to justify yourself?

*Joseph.* I trust I could.

*Sir O.* Nay, if you desert your roguery in its distress, and try to be justified, you have even less principle than I thought you had.—(To Charles.) Well, sir, you could justify yourself, I suppose?

*Charles.* Not that I know of, Sir Oliver.

*Sir O.* What, little Premium has been let too much in the secret, I suppose?

*Charles.* True, Sir; but they were family secrets, and should not be mentioned again, you know.

*Row.* Come, Sir Oliver, I know you cannot speak of Charles's follies with anger.

*Sir O.* Odd's heart! no more I can; nor with gravity either. Sir Peter, do you know, the rogue bargained with me for all his ancestors; sold me judges and generals by the foot, and maiden aunts as cheap as broken china.

*Charles.* To be sure, Sir Oliver, I did make a little free with the family canvas, that's the truth on't. My ancestors may certainly rise up in judgment against me; there's no denying it; but believe me sincere when I tell you, (and, upon my soul, I would not say so if I was not) that if I do not appear mortified at the exposure of my follies, it is because I feel, at this moment, the warmest satisfaction in seeing you, my liberal benefactor.

*Sir O.* Charles, I believe you. Give me your hand again. The ill-looking little fellow over the settee has made your peace.

*Charles.* Then, sir, my gratitude to the original is still increased.

*Lady T.* Yet, I believe, Sir Oliver, here is one to whom Charles is still more anxious to be reconciled to.

*Sir O.* Oh! I have heard of his attachment there; and, with the young lady's pardon, if I construe rightly, that blush—

*Sir P.* Well, child, speak your sentiments.

*Maria.* Sir, I have little to say, but that I shall rejoice to hear that he is happy; for me, whatever claim I had to his attention, I willingly resign to one who has a better title.

*Charles.* How, Maria?

*Sir P.* Heyday! what's the mystery now?—While he appeared an incorrigible rake, you would give your hand to no one else; and now that he is likely to reform, I'll warrant you won't have him.

*Maria.* His own heart and Lady Sneerwell know the cause.

*Charles.* Lady Sneerwell!

*Joseph.* Brother, it is with great concern I am obliged to speak on this point; but my regard to justice compels me, and Lady Sneerwell's injuries can no longer be concealed. (Opens a door.)

Enter LADY SNEERWELL.

*Sir P.* So! Another French milliner! Egad! he has one in every room in the house, I suppose.

*Lady S.* Ungrateful Charles! Well may you be surprised, and feel for the indelicate situation your perfidy has forced me into.

*Charles.* Pray, uncle, is this another plot of yours? for, as I have life, I don't understand it.

*Joseph.* I believe, sir, there is but the evidence of one person more necessary to make it extremely clear.

*Sir P.* And that person, I imagine, is Mr. Snake. Rowley, you were perfectly right to bring him with us, and pray let him appear.

*Row.* Walk in, Mr. Snake.

Enter SNAKE.

I thought his testimony might be wanted. However, it happens unluckily, that he comes to confront Lady Sneerwell, not to support her.

*Lady S.* A villain! Treacherous to me at last! Speak, fellow! have you, too, conspired against me?

*Snake.* I beg your ladyship ten thousand pardons: you paid me extremely liberally for the lie in question; but I, unfortunately, have been offered double to speak the truth.

*Sir P.* Plot and counterplot! I wish your ladyship joy of your negotiation.

*Lady S.* The torments of shame and disappointment on you all!

*Lady T.* Hold! Lady Sneerwell, before you go, let me thank you for the trouble you and that gentleman have taken, in writing letters from me to Charles, and answering them yourself; and let me also request you to make my respects to the scandalous college, of which you are president, and inform them, that Lady Teazle, licentiate, begs leave to return the diploma they granted her, as she leaves off practice, and kills characters no longer.

*Lady S.* You, too, madam,—provoking, insolent—May your husband live these fifty years!

*Sir P.* Oons! what a fury!

*Lady T.* A malicious creature, indeed?

*Sir P.* What! Not for her last wish?

*Lady T.* Oh, no!

*Sir O.* Well, sir, and what have you to say now?

*Joseph.* Sir, I am so confounded, to find that Lady Sneerwell could be guilty of suborning Mr. Snake in this manner, to impose on us all, that I know not what to say: however, lest her revengeful spirit should prompt her to injure my brother, I had certainly better follow her directly. For the man who attempts to—

[Exit.]

*Sir P.* Moral to the last.

*Sir O.* Ay, and marry her, Joseph, if you can. Egad! you'll do very well together.

*Rowe.* I believe we have no more occasion for Mr. Snake, at present.

*Snake.* Before I go, I beg pardon once for all, for whatever uneasiness I have been the humble instrument of causing to the parties present.

*Sir P.* Well, well; you have made atonement by a good deed at last.

*Snake.* But I must request of the company, that it shall never be known.

*Sir P.* Eh! What the plague, are you ashamed of having done a right thing once in your life?

*Snake.* Ah! sir, consider, I live by the baseness of my character; and if it were once known that I had been betrayed into an honest action, I should lose every friend I have in the world.

[Exit.]

*Sir O.* Well, well; we'll not traduce you by saying anything in your praise, never fear.

*Lady T.* See, Sir Oliver, there needs no persuasion now to reconcile your nephew and Maria.

*Sir O.* Ay, ay; that's as it should be; and, egad! we'll have the wedding to-morrow morning.

*Charles.* Thank you, dear uncle!

*Sir P.* What, you rogue, don't you ask the girl's consent first?

*Charles.* Oh! I have done that a long time—a minute ago, and she has looked yes.

*Maria.* For shame, Charles! I protest, Sir Peter, there has not been a word.

*Sir O.* Well, then, the fewer the better. May your love for each other never know abatement!

*Sir P.* And may you live as happily together as Lady Teazle and I intend to do!

*Charles.* Bowley, my old friend, I am sure you congratulate me: and I suspect that I owe you much.

*Sir P.* Ay, honest Rowley always said you would reform.

*Charles.* Why, as to reforming, Sir Peter, I'll make no promises, and that I take to be a proof that I intend to set about it; but here shall be my monitor, my gentle guide—Ah! can I leave the virtuous path those eyes illumine?

*Though thou, dear maid, shouldst wave thy beauty's sway,*

*Thou still must rule, because I will obey:*

*An humble fugitive from folly view,*

*No sanctuary near but love and you;*

(To the Audience.

*You can, indeed, each anxious fear remove,*

*For even Scandal dies, if you approve.*

[Exeunt.]



# THE IRON CHEST.

A PLAY, IN THREE ACTS.—BY GEORGE COLMAN.



*Sir E.—"I HAD FORGOT THE KEY, AND—HA! BY HELL!"—Act 1, scene 3.*

## Persons Represented

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.  
FITZHARDING.  
WILFORD.  
ADAM WINTERTON.  
GILBERT RAWBOLD.  
SAMSON RAWBOLD.

BOY.  
PETER.  
WALTER.  
SIMON.  
GREGORY.  
ARMSTRONG.

ORSON.  
FIRST ROBBER.  
SECOND ROBBER.  
THIRD ROBBER.  
FOURTH ROBBER.  
ROBBER'S BOY.

HELEN.  
BLANCH.  
DAME RAWBOLD.  
BARBARA RAWBOLD.  
MARGARET.  
JUDITH.

### ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*The inside of Rawbold's Cottage—a narrow staircase in the back, a door, a table, on which a taper is burning—the whole scene exhibits poverty and wretchedness.*

Several CHILDREN, equalled and beggarly, discovered in different parts of the room, some asleep, DAME RAWBOLD seated, leaning over the embers of the fire, BARBARA seated near her, SAMSON standing in the front.

### GLEE.

**Sam.** *Five times, by the taper's light,  
The hour-glass I have turn'd to-night.  
Where's father?*

**Sám.** *He's gone out to roam:  
If he have luck,  
He'll bring a buck  
Upon his lusty shoulders home.*

*Different Voices.*

*Home! home!*

*He comes not home!*

*Hark! from the woodland vale below,  
The distant clock sounds dull and slow,  
Bome! bome! bome!*

*Sam.* Five o'clock, and father not yet returned from New Forest! An he come not shortly, the sun will rise and roast the venison on his shoulders. *(Calling.)* Sister Barbara! Well, your rich men

have no bowels for us lowly: they little think, while they are gorging on the fat haunch of a goodly buck, what fatigues we poor honest souls undergo in stealing it! Why, sister Barbara!

*Bar. (Rising and coming forward.)* I am here, brother Samson.

*Sam. Here! — Marry, out upon you for an idle baggage! — Why, you crawl like a snail.*

*Bar. I pry'thee, now, do not chide me, Samson!*

*Sam. 'Tis my humour. I am father's head man in his poaching: the rubs I take from him, who is above me, I hand down to you, who are below me. 'Tis the way of office, where every miserable devil domineers it over the next more miserable devil that's under him. You may scold sister Margery, an you will; she's your younger by a twelvemonth.*

*Bar. Truly, brother, I would not make any one unhappy for the world: I am content to do what I can to please, and to mind the house.*

*Sam. Truly, a weighty matter! Thou art e'en ready to hang thyself for want of something to while away time. What hast thou much more to do than to trim the faggots, nurse thy mother, boil the pot, patch our jackets, kill the poultry, cure the hogs, feed the pigs, and comb the children?*

*Bar. Many might think that no small charge, Samson.*

*Sam. A mere nothing; while father and I (bate us but the mother and children) have the credit of purloining every single thing that you have the care of. We are up early, and down late, in the exercise of our industry.*

*Bar. I wish father and you would give up the calling.*

*Sam. No: there is one keen argument to prevent us.*

*Bar. What's that, brother?*

*Sam. Hunger. Wouldst have us be rogues, and let our family starve? Give up poaching and deer-stealing! Oons! dost think we have no conscience. Yonder sits poor mother, poor soul! old, helpless, and crazy.*

*Bar. Alas! brother, 'tis heart-aching to look upon her. This very time three years she got her maim: it was a piteous tempest.*

*Sam. Ay, 'twas rough weather.*

*Bar. I never pass the old oak that was shivered that night in the storm, but I am ready to weep: it remembers me of the time when all our poor family went to ruin.*

*Sam. Pish! no matter: the cottage was blown down, the barn fired, father undone. Well, landlords are flinty-hearted—no help; what then? We live, don't we?*

*Bar. Troth, brother, very sadly. Father has grown desperate—all is fallen to decay; we live by pilfering on the forest, and our poor mother distracted, and unable to look to the house. The latter which fell in the storm struck so heavy upon her brain, I fear me 'twill never again be settled. The little ones, too, scarce clothed—hungry—almost starving! Indeed, we are a very wretched family.*

*[A knock at the cottage-door.]*

*Sam. Hark! methought I heard a tread.*

*[He opens the door.]*

*Enter RAWBOLD.*

*Raw. Bar the door; so—softly!*

*Sam. What success, father?*

*Raw. Good: my limbs ache for't. How you stand!—the chair, you gander!*

*Sam. (To Barbara.)* Why, how you stand!—The chair, you gander!

*[They bring forward a chair—Rawbold sits.]*

*Raw. Here, take my gun—'tis unscrewed. The keepers are abroad; I had scarce time to get it in my pocket. (He pulls the gun from a pocket under his coat, in three pieces, which Samson screws together while they are talk'g.) Pish! 'tis sharp work! Barbara, you jade! come hither.*

*Sam. Barbara, you jade! come hither.*

*Raw. Who bid thee chide her, lout? Kiss thy old father, wench—kiss me, I say!—So. Why dost tremble? I am rough as a tempest; evil fortune has blown my lowering nature into turbulence; but thou art a blossom that dost bend thy head so sweetly under my gusts of passion, 'tis pity they should ever harm thee.*

*Bar. Indeed, father, I am glad to see you safe returned.*

*Raw. I believe thee. Take the keys; go to the locker in the loft, and bring me a glass to recruit me.*

*Exit Barbara.*

*Sam. Well, father, and so —*

*Raw. Peace!—I ha' shot a buck.*

*Sam. Oh, rare! Of all the sure aims on the borders of the New Forest here, give me old Gilbert Rawbold; though I, who am his son, say it, that should not say it. Where have you stowed him, father?*

*Raw. Under the furze, behind the hovel. Come night again, we will draw him in, boy. I have been watched.*

*Sam. Watched!—Oh, the pestilence!—Our trade will be spoiled if the groom-keepers be after us; the law will persecute us, father.*

*Raw. Dost know Mortimer?*

*Sam. What, Sir Edward Mortimer? Ay, sure; he is head-keeper of the forest. 'Tis he who has shut himself up in melancholy; sees no rich, and does so much good to the poor.*

*Raw. He has done nought but evil. A gun cannot be carried on the border here, but he has scent out at a league's distance. He is a thorn to me: his scouts this night were after me, all on the watch. I'll be revenged—I'll—So, the brandy.*

*Re-enter BARBARA, with the liquor.*

*Raw. (After drinking.)* 'Tis right, I faith;

*Sam. That 'tis, I'll be sworn; for I smuggled it myself. We do not live so near the coast for nothing.*

*Raw. Sir Edward Mortimer look to't!*

*Bar. Sir Edward Mortimer! Oh, dear father, what of him?*

*Raw. Ay, now thou art all agog! Thou wouldst hear somewhat of that smooth-tongued fellow, his secretary—his clerk, Wilford, whom thou so often meet'st in the forest. I have news on't. Look how you walk thither, again! What, thou wouldst betray me to him, I warrant—conspire against your father!*

*Sam. Ay, conspire against your father, and your tender loving brother, you viper, you!*

*Bar. Beshrew me, father, I meant no harm; and, indeed, indeed, Wilford is as handsome as—I mean, as good a youth as ever breathed. If I thought he meant ill by you, I should hate him.*

*Raw. When didst see him last?—Speak!*

*Bar. You terrify me so, father, I am scarce able to speak. Yesternoon, by the copse: 'twas but to read with him the book of sonnets he gave me.*

*Sam. That's the way you sly, grave-rogues work*

into the hearts of the females. I never knew any good come of a girl's reading sonnets with a learned clerk in a copse.

*Raw.* Let me hear no more of your meeting. I am content to think you would not plot my undoing.

*Bar.* I?—Oh, father!

*Raw.* But he may plot yours. Mark me; fortune has thrust me forth to prowl, like the wolf; but the wolf is anxious for its young. I am an outcast, whom hunger has hardened; I violate the law, but feeling is not dead within me; and, callous villain as I am accounted, I would tear the greater villain piecemeal, who would violate my child, and rob an old man of the little remains of comfort wretchedness has left him!

[A knocking at the door]

*A Voice.* (Without.) Hilloho! ho!

*Raw.* How now?

*Sam.* There, an they be not after us already!

*I'll*—We have talked, too, till 'tis broad daylight.

*Wilford.* (Without.) Open, good Master Rawbold; I would speak to you suddenly.

*Bar.* Oh, heaven! 'tis the voice of Wilford himself!

*Raw.* Wilford!—I'm glad on't! Now he shall—I'm glad on't! Open the door—quickly, I say! He shall smart for it!

*Sam.* Are you mad, father? 'Tis we shall smart for it. Let in the keeper's head man! The buck you have just shot, you know, is hard at hand.

*Raw.* Open, I say!

*Sam.* Oh, lord! I defy any secretary's nose not to smell stolen venison now, the moment 'tis thrust near our hovel!

[Opens the door.]

Enter WILFORD.

*Wil.* Save you, good people. You are Gilbert Rawbold, as I take it.

*Raw.* I am. Your message here, young man, bodes me no good; but I am Gilbert Rawbold, and here's my daughter: dost thou know her?

*Wil.* Ah, Barbara! good wench, how fares it with you?

*Raw.* Look on her well, then consult your own conscience: 'tis difficult, haply, for a secretary to find one. You are a villain!

*Wil.* You lie! Hold! I crave pardon. You are her father; she is innocent, and you are unhappy. I respect virtue and misfortune too much to shock the one, or insult the other.

*Raw.* 'Sdeath! why meet my daughter in the forest?

*Wil.* Because I love her.

*Raw.* And would ruin her.

*Wil.* That's a strange way of showing one's love, methinks. I have a simple notion, Gilbert, that the thought of having taken a base advantage of a poor girl's affection might go nigh to break a man's sleep, and give him unquiet dreams; now, I love my night's rest, and shall do nothing to disturb it.

*Raw.* Wouldst not poison her mind?

*Wil.* 'Tis not my method, friend, of dosing a patient. Look ye, Gilbert; her mind is a fair flower, stuck in the rude soil here of surrounding ignorance, and smiling in the chill of poverty. I would fain cheer it with the little sunshine I possess of comfort and information. My parents were poor, like hers: should occasion serve, I might haply, were all parties agreed, make her my wife. To make her aught else would affect her, you, and myself; and I have no talent at making three people uneasy at the same time.

*Raw.* Your hand: on your account, we are friends.

*Bar.* Oh, dear father!

*Raw.* Be silent. Now to your errand: 'tis from Mortimer.

*Wil.* I come from Sir Edward.

*Raw.* I know his malice: he would oppress me with his power—he would starve me and my family. Search my house.

*Sam.* No, father, no! (Aside.) You forget the buck under the furze.

*Raw.* Let him do his worst, but let him beware—a tyrant! a villain!

(Samson gets round to corner.)

*Wil.* Hark ye: he is my master; I owe him my gratitude—every thing; and had you been any but the father of my Barbara, and spoken so much against him, my indignation had worked into my knuckles, and crammed the words down your rusty throat!

*Sam.* (Aside.) I do begin to perceive how this will end: father will knock down the secretary a flat as a buck!

*Raw.* Why am I singled out? Is there no mark for the vengeance of office to shoot its shaft at but me?—This morning, as he dogged me in the forest—

*Wil.* Hush, Rawbold! keep your counsel. Should you make it public, he must notice it.

*Raw.* Did he not notice it?

*Wil.* No matter; but he has sent me thus early, Gilbert, with this relief to your distresses, which he has heard of. Here are twenty marks for you and your family.

*Raw.* From Sir Edward Mortimer?

*Wil.* 'Tis his way; but he would not have it mentioned. He is one of those judges who, in their office, will never warp the law to save offenders; but his private charity bids him assist the needy, before their necessities drive them to crimes, which his public duty must punish.

*Raw.* Did Mortimer do this? did he?—Heaven bless him! Oh, young man, if you knew half the misery—my wife—my children! Shame on't! I have stood many a tug, but the drops now fall, in spite of me! I am not ungrateful, but—I cannot stand it! We will talk of Barbara when I have more man about me.

[Exit up the staircase.]

*Wil.* Farewell! I must home to the lodge quickly;

Ere this I warrant I am looked for

*Bar.* Farewell!

# QUINTETTO.

*Wil.* The sun has tipped the hills with red,  
The lout now flourishes his flail;  
The punchy parson waddles from his bed,  
Heavy and heated with his last night's ale.  
*Adieu! adieu!*—I must be going,  
The dapper village cock is crowing  
*Adieu, my little Barbara!*

*Bar.* *Adieu!*—And should you think upon  
The lovely cottage, when you're gone,  
Where two old oaks, with ivy deck'd,  
Their branches o'er the roof project,  
I pray, good sir, just recollect  
That there lives little Barbara.

*Sam.* And Samson, too, good sir, in smoke and smother;  
Barbara's very tender, loving brother.

Boy. [To Samson.] Brother, look; the sun aloof  
Peeps through the crannies of the roof.  
Give us food, good brother, pray;  
For we ate nothing yesterday.

Children. Give us food, good brother, pray!  
Sam. Oh, fire and faggot! what a squalling!  
Bar. Do not chide 'em.  
Sam. Stop their bawling!  
Hungry stomachs there's no balking;  
I wish I could stop their mouths with talking.  
But very good meat is (cent. per cent.)  
Dearer than very good argument.

Wil. Adieu! adieu!—I must be going;  
The dapper village cock is crowing.  
Adieu, my little Barbara!

Bar. Oh, think on little Barbara!

Children. Give us food!

Sam. Leave off squalling!

Wil. & Bar. Adieu! adieu!

Sam. Stop their bawling!

Sam. } Adieu! my little Barbara!

Wil. & } Oh, think on little Barbara!

Bar. } You'll think on little Barbara!

[Exit Wilford, Samson, and two Children,  
and the scene closes on Dame Rawbold and two  
other Children.]

SCENE II.—An old-fashioned Hall in Sir Edward  
Mortimer's Lodge—a table and two chairs.

Enter PETER and several other Servants, and cross  
with flaggons, tankards, cold meat, &c.

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

Win. Softly, varlets, softly? See you crack  
none of the stone flaggons. Nay, 'tis plain your  
own breakfasts be toward, by your scuffling thus.  
A goodly morning! Why, you giddy-pated knave.  
(To Peter.) Is it so you carry a dish of pottery?—  
No heed of our good master, Sir Edward Mortimer's  
ware? Fle, Peter Pickbone, fie!

Pet. I am in haste, master steward, to break my  
fast.

Win. To break thy fast!—To break thy neck, it  
seem. (Laughing.) Ha! ha! good, I faith! Go thy  
ways, knave! (Exit Peter.) 'Tis thus the rogues  
ever have me: I would fain be angry with them,  
but straight a merry jest passeth across me, and  
my choler is over. To break thy neck, should  
seem! (Laughing.) Ha! ha! 'twas well conceited,  
by St. Thomas! My table-book for the business of  
the day. Ah! my memory holds not as it did—it  
needs the spur. (Looking over his book.) Nine-and-  
forty years have I been house-steward and  
butler. It is a long lease. Let me see—my  
tablets.

[Looking over them, and singing.]

"When birds do carol on the bush,  
With a heigh ho nonny"—Heigh ho!

These fatigues of office somewhat wear a man. I  
have had a long lease on't: I have seen out Queen  
Mary, Queen Elizabeth, and King James. 'Tis e'en  
almost time that I should retire, to begin to enjoy  
myself. (Looking off.) Eh! by St. Thomas! hither  
trips the fair mistress Blanch. Of all the waiting-  
gentlewomen I ever looked on, during the two  
last reigns, none stirred my fancy like this little  
rose-bud.

Enter BLANCH.

Blanch. A good day, good Adam Winterton.

Win. What, wag! what, tadp!—I never see thee,  
but I am a score of years the younger.

Blanch. Nay, then, let us not meet often, or you  
will soon be in your second childhood.

Win. What, you come from your mistress, the  
Lady Helen, in the forest here; and would speak  
with Sir Edward Mortimer, I warrant?

Blanch. I would. Is his melancholy worship stir-  
ring yet?

Win. Fie, you mad-cap!—He is my master, and  
your lady's friend.

Blanch. Yes, truly, it seems her only one, poor  
lady; he protects her now she is left an orphan.

Win. A blessing on his heart! I would it were  
merrier! Well, should they happen to marry, (and  
I have my fancies on't) I'll dance a galliard with  
thee in the hall, on the round oak table. Shud!  
when I was a youth, I would ha' capered with St.  
Vitus, and beat him.

Blanch. You are as likely to dance now, as they  
to marry. What has hindered them, if the parties  
be agreed? Yet I have, now, been with my mis-  
tress these two years, since Sir Edward first came  
hither, and placed her in the cottage hard by his  
lodge.

Win. Tush! family reasons. Thou knowest no-  
thing—thou art scarce catched. Two years back,  
when we came from Kent, and Sir Edward first  
entered on his office here of head-keeper, thou  
wert a colt, running wild about New Forest. I hired  
you myself, to attend on Madam Helen.

Blanch. Nay, I shall never forget it. But you  
were as frolicsome then as I, methinks. Dost  
remember the box on the ear I gave thee,  
Adam?

Win. Peace, peace, you pie!—An you prate thus,  
I'll stop your mouth—I will, by St. Thomas!

Blanch. An I be inclined to the contrary, I do not  
think you are able to stop it.

Win. Out, you baggage! thou hast more tricks  
than a kitten. Well, go thy ways; Sir Edward is  
at his study, and there thou wilt find him!—Ah,  
Mistress Blanch! had you but seen me sixty years  
ago, in the early part of Queen Elizabeth's reign!

Blanch. How old art thou now, Adam?

Win. Fourscore, come NINETEEN; and, by our  
lady! I can run with a lapwing.

Blanch. Canst thou?—Well said!—Thou art a  
merry-old man, and shalt have a kiss of me, on one  
condition.

Win. Shall I?—Odsbud! name it, and 'tis  
mine.

Blanch. Then catch me. [Runs off.]

Win. Postience on't!—There was a time when  
my legs had served: I was a clean-shaven, tripping,  
when I first stood behind Sir Marmaduke's arm-  
chair in the old oak dining-room! [Retires up.]

Enter WILFORD.

Wil. Every new act of Sir Edward's charity sets  
me a thinking; and the more I think the more I  
am puzzled. 'Tis strange that a man should be so  
st at ease, who is continually doing good! At  
times, the wild glare of his eye is frightful. At  
times, I would save my life there's a secret; and I could  
almost give my life to unravel it. I must to him  
for my morning's employment.

Win. Ah, boy! Wilford! secretary! whither  
away, lad?

Wil. Mr. Winterton! (Aside.) Ay, marry, this  
good old man has the clue, could I but coax him  
to give it to me. (Aloud.) A good morning to you,  
sir.

Win. Yea, and the like to thee, boy! Come, thou shalt have a cup of Canary from my corner cupboard yonder.

Wil. Not a drop!

Win. Truth, I bear thee a good will for thy honest, old, dead father's sake.

Wil. I do thankfully perceive it, sir. Your placing me in Sir Edward's family some nine months ago, when my poor father died, and left me friendless, will never out of my memory.

Win. Tut, boy! no merit of mine in assisting the friendless; 'tis our duty. I could never abide to see honest industry chop-fallen; I love to have folks merry about me, to my heart.

Wil. I would you could instil some mirth into our good master, Sir Edward. You are an old domestic, the only one he brought with him, two years back, from Kent; and might venture to give his spirits a jog. He seems devoured with spleen and melancholy.

Win. You are a prying boy—go to! I have told thee, a score of times, I would not have thee curious about our worthy master's humour.

Wil. I should cease to pry, sir, would you but once (as I think you have more than once seemed inclined) gratify my much-raised curiosity.

Win. What, greenhorn! dost think to trap the old man? Go thy ways, boy! I have a head: old Adam Winterton can sift a subtle speech to the bottom.

Wil. Ah, good sir, you need not tell me that. Young as I am, I can admire that experience in another which I want myself.

Win. (Aside.) There is something marvellously engaging in this young man. Sixty years ago, in Queen Elizabeth's time, I was just such another. (Aloud.) Well, beware how you offend Sir Edward.

Wil. I would not willingly for the world. He has been the kindest master to me; but, whilst my fortunes ripen in the warmth of his goodness, the frozen gloom of his countenance chills me.

Win. Well, well, take heed how you prate on't. Out on these babbling boys! There is no keeping a secret with yokners in a family.

Wil. (Very eagerly.) What, then, there is a secret? Win. Why, how now, hot head? Mercy on me! and this tinder-box boy do not make me shake with apprehension! Is it thus you take my frequent counsel?

Wil. Dear sir, 'tis your counsel which most I covet: give me but that, admit me to your confidence, steer me with your advice (which I ever held excellent), and, with such a pilot, I may sail prosperously through a current, which, otherwise, might wreck me.

Win. Well, well, I'll think on't, boy.

Wil. (Aside.) The old answer; yet he softens space. Could I but clench him now! (Aloud.) Faith, sir, 'tis a raw morning, and I care not if I taste the Canary your kindness offered.

Win. Aha! lad, say'st thou so? Here's the key of the corner cupboard yonder; see you do not crack the bottle, you headless goose, you! [Exit Wilford, and returns with bottle and glasses.] Ha! fill it up. Od! it sparkles curiously. Here's to—I prithee, tell me now, Wilford, didst ever in thy life see a waiting-gentlewoman with a more inviting eye than the little Mrs. Blanch?

Wil. (Drinking.) Here's Mrs. Blanch.

Win. Ah, wag! well, go thy ways! Well, when was of thy age—'Tis all over now! But here's little Mrs. Blanch.

(Drinks.)

Wil. 'Tis thought here Sir Edward means to marry her lady, Madam Helen.

Win. Nay, I know not: she has long been enamoured of him, poor lady! when he was the gay, the gallant Sir Edward, in Kent. Ah, well! two years make a wondrous change!

Wil. Yes, 'tis a good tough love now-a-days that will hold out a couple of twelvemonths.

Win. Away! I mean not so, you giddy pate! He is all honour; yet I wonder sometimes he can bear to look upon her.

Wil. Eh! why so? Did he not bring her, under his protection, to the forest, since, 'tis said, she lost her relations?

Win. Hush, boy!—On your life, do not name her uncle—I would say, her relations!

Wil. Her uncle! Wherefore? Where's the harm in having an uncle, dead or alive?

Win. Peace, peace! In that uncle lies the secret.

Wil. Indeed! How, good Adam Winterton? I prithee, how? Let us drink Sir Edward's health.

Win. That I would, though 'twere a mile to the bottom. (Drinking.) Ha! 'tis cheering, 'faith!

Wil. And this uncle, you say—

Win. Of Madam Helen? Ah, there lies the mischief!

Wil. What mischief can be in him? (Wilford invites Adam to drink again—they do so.) Why, he is dead.

Win. Come nearer: see you prate not now, on your life! Our good master Sir Edward, was arraigned on his account, in open court.

Wil. Arraigned! How mean you?

Win. Alas! boy, tried—tried for—Nearer yet—his murder!

Wil. Mur—mur—murder!

Win. Why, what! why, Wilford! Out, alas! the boy's passion will betray all! What, Wilford, I say!

Wil. You have curdled my blood!

Win. What, varlet! thou dar'st not think ill of our worthy master?

Wil. I—I am his secretary—often alone with him, at dead midnight, in his library; the candles in the sockets; and a man glaring upon me who has committed mur—Ugh!

Win. Committed!—Thou art a base, lying knave to say it! Well, well; hear me, pettish boy, hear me.—Why, look now, thou dost not attend.

Wil. I—I mark—I mark.

Win. I tell thee, then, our good Sir Edward was beloved in Kent, where he had returned, a year before, from his travels. Madam Helen's uncle was hated by all the neighbourhood, rich and poor—a mere brute. Dost mark me?

Wil. Like enough; but when brutes walk upon two legs, the law of the land, thank Heaven! will not suffer us to butcher them.

Win. Go to, you firebrand! Our good master laboured all he could, for many a month, to sooth his turbulence, but in vain. He picked a quarrel with Sir Edward in the public county assembly; nay, the strong ruffian struck him down, and trampled on him. Think on that, Wilford; on our good master, Sir Edward, whose great soul was nigh to burst with the indignity?

Wil. Well, but the end on't?

Win. Why, our young master took horse for his own house, determined, as it appeared, to send a challenge to this white-livered giant in the morning.

Wil. I see: he killed him in a duel.

*Win.* See, now, how you fly off! Sir Edward's revenge, boy, was baffled; for his antagonist was found dead in the street that night, killed by some unknown assassins on his return from the assembly.

*Wil.* Indeed!—Unknown assassins!

*Win.* Nay, 'tis plain our good Sir Edward had no hand in the wicked act; for he was tried, as I told you, at the next assize. Heaven be thanked! he was cleared beyond a shadow of doubt.

*Wil.* He was? I breathe again!—'Twas a happy thing—'twas the only way left of cleansing him from a foul suspicion.

*Win.* But, alas! had, 'tis his principal grief: he was once the life of all company, but now—

*Sir Edward Mortimer.* (Without.) Winterton!

*Win.* Hark! some one calls. Out on thee! thou hast sunk my spirits into my heels. (Looking off.) Who calls merry old Adam Winterton?

*Sir Edward.* (Without.) Adam Winterton, come hither to me!

*Win.* Nay, by our lady, 'tis Sir Edward himself!—Pestilence on't! if I seem sad now, 'twill be noted. I come, good Sir Edward! Now I charge thee, Wilford, do not speak of it for thy life. (Singing.)

"When birds—" (To Wilford, speaking.) Not a word, on thy life! (Singing.)—"do carol on the bush,

With a hey no nonny."  
Mercy on me!

[Exit.

*Wil.* This accounts, then, for all. Poor, unhappy gentleman! This unravels all, from the first day of my service, when a deep groan made me run into the library, and I found him looking up his papers in the iron chest, as pale as ashes. Eh! what can be in that chest? Perhaps some proof of—No, I shudder at the suggestion! 'Tis not possible one so good can be guilty of—I know not what to think, nor what to resolve; but curiosity is roused, and, come what may, I'll have an eye upon him.

[Exit.

SCENE III.—A Library—a door—a bookcase—an iron chest, with a key in it—a table, with writing materials, a pistol, &c.

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER discovered at the writing-table, ADAM WINTERTON attending.

*Sir E.* 'Tis his first trespass, so we'll quit him, Adam;

But caution him how he offend again.

As keeper of the forest, I should fine him.

*Win.* Nay, that your worship should: he'll prove ere long,—

Mark but my words,—a sturdy poacher. Well, 'Tis you know best.

*Sir E.* Well, well, no matter, Adam:

He has a wife and child.

*Win.* Ah, bless your honour!

*Sir E.* They killed his dog?

*Win.* Ay, marry, sir, a lurcher;

Black Martin Wincot, the keeper, shot him,—

A perilous good aim. I warrant me,

The rogue has lived this year upon that lurcher.

*Sir E.* Poor wretch! Oh, well bethought: send Walter to me;

I would employ him; he must ride for me On business of much import.

*Win.* Lackaday!

That it should chance so! I have sent him forth To Winchester, to buy me flannel hose, For winter's coming on. Good lack! that things Should fall so crossly!

*Sir E.* Nay, nay, do not fret:

'Tis better that my business cool, good Adam, Than thy old limbs.

*Win.* Ah! you've a kindly heart!

*Sir E.* Is Wilford waiting?

*Win.* (Aside.) Wilford!—Mercy on me!

I tremble now to hear his name. (Aloud.) He is;

Here, in the hall, sir.

*Sir E.* Send him in, I prithee.

*Win.* I shall, sir. Heaven bless you! Heaven Bless you!

[Exit.

*Sir E.* Good morning, good old heart! (Rising.)

This honest soul

Would fain look cheery in my house's gloom,

And, like a gay and sturdy evergreen,

Smiles in the midst of blast and desolation,

Where all around him withers. Well, well—whither!

Perish this frail and fickle frame! this clay, That, in its dross-like compound, doth contain

The mind's pure ore and essence! Oh; that mind,

That mind of man! that godlike spring of action!

That source whence learning, virtue, honour, flow!

Which lifts us to the stars,—which carries us

O'er the swollen waters of the angry deep,

As swallows skim the air!—that fame's sole fountain,

That doth transmit a fair and spotless name,

When the vile trunk is rotten!—Give me that!

Oh! give me but to live in after-age,

Remembered and unsullied! Heaven and earth!

Let my pure flame of honour shine in story,

When I am cold in death, and the slow fire

That wears my vitals now will no more move me,

Than 'twould a corpse within a monument!

(A knock at the door.)

How now! Who's there? Come in.

Enter WILFORD.

Wilford, is't you? You were not wont to knock.

*Wil.* I feared I might surprise you, sir.

*Sir E.* Surprise me!

*Wil.* I mean, disturb you, sir; yes, at your studies.

Disturb you at your studies.

*Sir E.* Very strange!

You were not used to be so cautious.

*Wil.* No,

I never used; but I,—hum!—I have learned—

*Sir E.* Learned!

*Wil.* Better manners, sir. I was quite raw

When, in your bounty, you first sheltered me;

But, thanks to your great goodness, and the lessons

Of Mr. Winterton, I still improve,

And pick up something daily.

*Sir E.* Ay, indeed!

Winterton! (Aside.) No, he dare not! (Stepping up to Wilford.) Hark you, sir!

*Wil.* Sir!

*Sir E.* (Retreating from him.) What am I about?

Oh, honour! Honour!

Thy pile should be so uniform, displace  
Onatom of thee, and the slightest breath  
Of rude peasant makes the owner tremble  
For his whole building! Reach me from the  
shelf

The volume I was busied in last night.

Wil. Last night, sir?

St. E. Ay; it treats of Alexander.

Wil. Oh, I remember, sir—of Macedon.  
I made some extracts by your order.

(Goes to the book-case.)

St. E. Books

(My only commerce now) will sometimes rouse  
me

Beyond my nature. I have been so warmed,  
So leated by a well-turned rhapsody,  
That I have seemed the hero of the tale,  
So glowingly described. Draw me a man  
Straggling for fame, attaining, keeping it,  
Dead ages since, and the historian  
Deeking his memory, in polished phrase,  
And I can follow him through every turn,  
Grow wild in his exploits, myself himself,  
Until the thick pulsation of my heart  
Wakes me, to ponder on the thing I am!

(Crosses.)

Wil. (Coming down and giving him the book.) To  
my poor thinking, sir, this Alexander  
Would scarcely rouse a man to follow him.

Sir E. Indeed!—Why so, lad? He is reckoned  
brave,

Wise, generous, learned, by older heads than thine.

Wil. I cannot tell, sir; but I have a gleaming,  
He conquered all the world, but left unconquered  
A world of his own passions; and they led him  
(It seems so there), on petty provocation,  
Even to murder.

[Mortimer starts—Wilford and he exchange  
looks—both confused.]

Wil. (Aside.) I have touched the string!  
'Twas unawares—I cannot help it.

Sir E. (Attempting to recover himself.) Wilford—  
Wilford, I—You mistake the character.  
I—mark you—he—Death and eternal tortures!

[Dashes the book on the floor, and seizes Wil-  
ford.]

Slave! I will crush thee! pulverise thy frame,  
That no vile particle of prying nature  
May—(Laughing hysterically.) Ha, ha, ha! I will  
not harm thee, boy!

Oh, agony!

[Exit.]

Wil. Is this the high-flown honour, and delicate  
feeling old Winterton talked of, that cannot bear a  
glance at the trial? This may be guilt. If so—  
Well, what have I to do with the knowledge on't?  
—What could I do?—Out off my benefactor, who  
gives me bread,—who is respected for his virtues,  
pitied for his misfortunes, loved by his family,  
blessed by the poor! Pooh! he is innocent. This  
is his pride and shame. He was acquitted: thou-  
sands witnessed it—thousands rejoiced at it—thou-  
sands—Eh! the key left in the iron chest! Cir-  
cumstance and mystery tempt me at every turn.  
Ought I? No matter: these are no common in-  
citements, and I submit to the impulse. I heard  
him stride down the stairs. It opens with a spring,  
I see. I tremble in every joint!

(Goes to the chest.)

Re-enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Sir E. I had forgot the key, and—(Seeing Wilford  
at the chest.) Ha! by hell!

[Snatches a pistol from the table, runs up to  
him, and holds it to his head—Wilford, on  
his knees, claps down the lid of the trunk,  
which he has just opened—after an apparent  
struggle of mind, Mortimer throws the  
pistol from him.]

Sir E. Begone! (Wilford crosses.) Come back—  
come hither to me!

Mark me,—I see thou dost at every turn,  
And I have noted thee, too. Thou hast found  
(I know not how) some clue to my disgrace,—  
Ay, my disgrace!—We must not mince it now.  
Public dishonour! trod on! buffeted!  
Then tried, as the foul demon who has foiled  
My manly means of vengeance! Anguish gnaws  
me;

Mountains of shame are piled upon me,—me,  
Who have made fame my idol! 'Twas enough,  
But something must be superadded. You,—  
A worm, a viper I have warmed, must plant,  
In venomous sport, your sting into my wounds,  
Too tender e'en for tenderness to touch,  
And work me into madness! Thou wouldst ques-  
tion

My very — (slave!) — my very innocence,  
Ne'er doubted yet by judges nor arraigners.  
Wretch! you have wrong this from me; be con-  
tent:

I am sunk low enough.

(Retires up.)

Wil. (Returning the key.) Oh, sir! I ever  
Honoured and loved you; but I merit all:  
My passions hurried me I know not whither.

(Kneels.)

Do with me as you please, my kind, wronged  
master!

Discard me—thrust me forth—nay, kill me!

Sir E. Kill you!

Wil. I know not what I say; I know but this,  
That I would die to serve you!

Enter GREGORY.

Gre. Sir, your brother  
Is just alighted at the gate.

Sir E. My brother!

He could not time it worse. Wilford, remember!  
Come, shew me to him.

[Exit, followed by Gregory.]

Wil. Remember!—I shall never, while I live,  
forget it; nay, I shall never, while I live, forgive  
myself! My knees knock together still, and the  
cold drops stand on my forehead, like rain-water  
on a pent-house.

Enter BARBARA.

Bar. Oh, dear, what would any of the servants  
say if they should see me? Wilford!

Wil. Eh! Barbara!—How camest thou here?

Bar. With my father, who waits below to see Sir  
Edward.

Wil. He—he is busied; he cannot see him now:  
he is with his brother.

Bar. Troth, I am sorry for it. My poor father's  
heart is bursting with gratitude, and he would fain  
ease it, by pouring out his thanks to his benefactor.  
Oh, Wilford! yours is a happy lot, to have such a  
master as Sir Edward!

Wil. Happy? Oh, yes—I—I am very happy.

*Bar.* Mercy! has any ill befallen you?

*Wil.* No, nothing.

*Bar.* Nay, I'm sure there's more in this. Bless me! you look pale, I couldn't bear to see you ill or uneasy, Wilford.

*Wil.* Couldn't you, Barbara? Well, well, I shall be better presently; 'tis nothing of import.

*Bar.* Trust me, I hope not.

*Wil.* Well, question me no more on't now, I beseech you, Barbara.

*Bar.* Believe me, I would not question you but to console you, Wilford. I would scorn to pry into any one's grief, much more yours, Wilford, to satisfy a busy curiosity; though I am told there are such in the world who would.

*Wil.* I—I am afraid there are, Barbara. But come, no more of this; 'tis a passing cloud on my spirits, and will soon blow over.

*Bar.* Ah! could I govern your fortunes, foul weather should ne'er harm you.

*Wil.* Should not it, sweet? Kiss me. (*Kissing her.*) The lips of a woman are a sovereign cordial for melancholy.

#### DUET.—WILFORD and BARBARA.

*Wil.* Sweet little Barbara, when you are advancing,  
*Sweet little Barbara, my cares you remove.*

*Bar.* Poor little Barbara can feel her heart dancing,  
*When little Barbara is met by her love.*

*Wil.* When I am grieved, love, oh! what would you say?

*Bar.* *Tattle to you, love,  
And prattle to you, love.  
And laugh your grief and care away.*

*Wil.* Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Bar.* Poor little Barbara, &c.

*Wil.* Yet, dearest Barbara, look all through the nation,

*Care, soon or late, my love, is every man's lot.*

*Bar.* Sorrow and melancholy, grief and vexation,  
*When we are young and jolly, soon is forgot.*

*Wil.* When we grow old, love, then what will you say?

*Bar.* *Tattle to you, love,  
And prattle to you, love,  
And laugh your grief and care away.*

*Wil.* Sweet little Barbara, &c.

*Bar.* Poor little Barbara, &c.

[*Exeunt Barbara and Wilford.*]

#### ACT II.

##### SCENE I.—The New Forest.

*Enter ARMSTRONG and ORSON.*

*Arm.* Go to!—I tell thee, Orson (as I have told thee more than once), thou art too sanguinary.

*Ors.* And I tell you, Captain Armstrong—but always under favour, you being our leader—you are too humane.

*Arm.* Humanity is scarcely counted a fault; if so, 'tis a fault on the right side.

*Ors.* Umph!—perhaps not with us; we are robbers.

*Arm.* And why should robbers lack humanity? They who plunder most respect it as a virtue, and make a show on't to gild their vices. Lawyers, physicians, placemen, all—all plunder and slay, but all pretend to humanity.

*Ors.* They are regulars, and plunder by license.

*Arm.* Then let us quacks set the regulars a better example,

*Ors.* This humanity, captain, is a high horse you are ever bestride upon: some day, mark my word, he'll fling you.

*Arm.* Cruelty is a more dangerous beast. When the rider is thrown, his brains are kicked out, and no one pities him.

*Ors.* Like enough: but your tough horseman, who ventures boldly, is never dismounted. When I am engaged in a desperate chase (as we are, captain), I stick at nothing. I hate milk-sops.

*Arm.* And love mutiny. Take heed, Orson; I have before cautioned you not to glance at me.

*Ors.* I say nothing; but if some escape to inform against us, whom we have robbed, 'tis none of my fault. Dead men tell no tales.

*Arm.* Wretch! (*Holding a carbine to his head.*) Speak that again, and you shall tell none!

*Ors.* Flash away! I don't fear death.

*Arm.* More shame for thee; for thou art unfit to meet it.

*Ors.* I know my trade: I set powder, ball, and rope at defiance.

*Arm.* Brute! you mistake headstrong inescapability for courage. Do not mistake my horror of it for cowardice; for I, who shudder at cruelty, will sell your boldness to earth when I see you practise it. Submit!

*Ors.* I do. But my courage was never yet doubted, captain.

*Arm.* Your nerves, fool! Thou art a mere machine: could I but give it motion, I would take an oak from the forest here, clasp a flint into it for a heart, and make as bold a fellow as thou art. Listen to my orders.

*Ors.* I obey.

*Arm.* Get thee to our den; (*Orson crosses.*) put on thy disguise! then hie thee to the market town, for provision for our company. Here—*bars* is part of the spoil we took yesternight; (*Giving money.*) see you bring an honest account of what you lay out.

*Ors.* My honour!

*Arm.* Well, I do not doubt thee, here. Our profession is singular—its followers do not cheat one another. You will not be back till dusk; see you fall not on any poor straggling peasant as you return.

*Ors.* I would fain encounter the solitary man, who is sometimes wandering by night about the forest:—he is rich.

*Arm.* Not for your life! 'Tis Sir Edward Mortimer, the head keeper. Touch him not—'tis too near home; besides, he is no object for plunder. He is good to the poor, and should walk unmolested by charity's charter.—'Twere pity that he who administers to necessity all day, should be rified by necessity at night. An thou shouldst meet him, I charge thee spare him.

*Ors.* I must, if it be your order. The profession will soon tumble into decay, when they grow tender-hearted. When a man drives the trade of a wolf, he should not go to his business like a lamb.

[*Exit.*]

*Arm.* This fellow is a downright villain, hardened and relentless. I have felt, in my penury, the world trample on me; it has driven me to take that, desperately, which wanting I should starve. Death! my spirit cannot brook to see a sleek knave walk negligently by his fellow in misery, and suffer him to rot. I will wrench that comfort from him which he will not bestow. But nature puts a bar: let him administer to my wants, and pass on; I have done with him!



## SONG.—ARMSTRONG.

When the robber his victim has nofed,  
Then the freebooter darts on his prey,  
Lo Humanity spurs the devoted,—  
Yet Mercy forbid him to slay!

Since my hope is by penury blighted,  
My sword must the traveller daunt;  
I will snatch from the rich man, benighted,  
The gold he denies to my want.

Did the victim when once I have noted,  
At my foot when I look on my prey,  
Lo Humanity spurs the devoted,—  
Let Mercy forbid me to slay!

[Exit.

SCENE II.—The Hall in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.

Bater FITZHARDING.

*Fit.* Well, business must be minded; but he stays  
A tedious time, methinks.

*Enter GREGORY, and crosses.*

You, fellow!

*Gre.* Sir!

*Fit.* Where is Sir Tristful? where's Don Melancholy?

*Gre.* Who, sir?

*Fit.* My brother, knave—Sir Edward Mortimer.

*Gre.* He was with you but now, sir.

*Fit.* Sir, I thank you.

That's information! Louts, and serving-men,  
Can never parley straight. Who brought in my  
luggage?

*Gre.* It was not I sir.

*Fit.* There—they never can!  
Go to your master; pray him to despatch  
His household work; tell him I hate fat folla.  
Plague! when I cross the country, here, to see  
him,

He leaves me, rammed into an elbow chair,  
With a huge heavy book, that makes me nod,  
Then tumbles on my toes! Tell him—dost  
hear?

Captain Fitzharding's company has tired me.

*Gre.* Who's company?

*Fit.* My own, knave.

*Gre.* Sir, I shall.

*Fit.* A book to me's a sovereign narcotic,  
A lump of opium—every line a dose.  
Edward is all deep reading. Poor fellow!  
Grief will do much. Well, some it drives to  
reading,

And some to drinking. Plague upon't! this  
house

Appears the very cave of melancholy!

Nay, hold, I hold!—Here comes a pertcoast.

*Enter BLANCH.*

Od! a rare wench! This is the best edition  
In Edward's whole collection. Here, come hither:  
Let me peruse you.

*Blanch.* Would you speak to me, sir?

*Fit.* Ay, child. I'm going now to read you.

*Blanch.* Read me!

You'll find me full of errors, sir.

*Fit.* No matter.

Come nearer, child; I cannot see to read  
At such a distance.

*Blanch.* You had better, sir,  
Put on your spectacles.

*Fit. (Aside.)* Ay, there she has me!  
A plague upon old Time!—Old Scythe and Hour-  
glass  
Has set his mark upon me! (*Aloud.*) Hark ye,  
child  
Better acquaintance.

*Blanch.* Oh, I've heard of you:

You are Sir Edward's kinsman, sir—his brother.

*Fit.* Aye, his half-brother, by the mother's  
side;

His elder brother.

*Blanch.* Yes, sir, I see that.

*Fit. (Aside.)* This gipsy's tongue is like her eye—  
I know not

Which is the sharpest. (*Aloud.*) Tell me what's  
your name.

*Blanch.* My name is Blanch, sir; born here in the  
forest.

*Fit.* Shud; I must be a keeper in this forest,

Whither art going, sweet one?

*Blanch.* Home, sir.

*Fit.* Home!

Why, is not this thy home?

*Blanch.* No, sir. I live

Some half mile hence, with Madam Helen,  
sir.

I brought a letter from her, to Sir Edward.

*Fit.* Odo! with Helen? So, with her! the ob-  
ject

Of my grave brother's grasping passion. Plague!

I would 'twere in the house. I do not like

Your pastoral, rheumatic assignations,

Under an elm, by moonlight! This will end

In flannels and sciatica. My passion

Is not Arcadian. Tell me, pretty qda,

Shall I walk with you home?

*Blanch.* No, sir, I thank you;

It would fatigue you, sadly.

*Fit.* Fatigue me!

*(Aside.)* Oons! this wild forest silly here would  
make me

Grandfather to Methusalem! (*Aloud.*) Look here,

Here is a purse of money.

*Blanch.* Oh, the father!

What will you give me any?

*Fit. (Aside.)* Gold I find

The universal key—the *passé par tout*:

It will unlock a forest maiden's heart,

As easy as a politician's. (*Aloud.*) Here,—

Here are two pieces, rose-bud; buy a top-knot,—

Make thyself happy with them.

*Blanch.* That I will.

The poor old woman, northward of the lodge,

Lies sick in bed: I'll take her this, poor soul!

To comfort her.

*Fit.* Hold!—Hoy the devil! hold!

This was not meant to comfort an old woman.

*Blanch.* Why wouldn't you relieve her, sir?

*Fit.* Um!—Yes;

But—Paha! pooh!—Pr'ythee—there's a time for  
all things:

Why tell me of her now,—of an old fool?

Of comforting the aged now?

*Blanch.* I thought

That you might have a fellow-feeling, sir.

*Fit.* This little rural devil's laughing at me!

Oons! come and kiss me, jade!—I am a soldier,

And justice of the peace.

*Blanch.* Then shame upon you!

Your double calling might have taught you better.

I see your drift now. Take your dirt again,

[Throws down the money  
Good Captain Justice, stoop for it! and think

How an old soldier and a justice looks,  
When he is picking up the bribes he offers  
To injure those he should protect!

[Exit.]

*Fil.* I warrant me,  
Could I but see my face now in a glass,  
That I look wondrous sheepish. I'm ashamed  
To pick up the two pieces. Let them lie.  
I would not wrong the innocent: good reason,—  
There be so few that are so. She is honest:  
I must make reparation. Odo! Wilford!

Enter WILFORD.

How fares it, boy?

*Wil.* I thank you, sir. I hope you have enjoyed  
Your health, these three months past, since last you  
honoured us

With your good presence at the lodge.

*Fil.* Indifferent;Some cramps and shooting pains, boy. I have  
dropped

Some cash here, but I am afraid to bend  
To pick it up again, lest it should give me  
An awkward twinge. Stoop for it, honest Wil-  
ford,

There's a good lad.

*Wil.* Right willingly, sir.

[Crosses, and picks up the money.]

*Fil.* Sol

The soldier and the justice save their blushes!  
Now carry it, I prythee, at your leisure,  
To an old gossip near the lodge here—northward.  
I've heard of her; she's bed-ridden and sick.  
You need not say who sent you.

*Wil.* I conceive.

His private bounty; that's true charity.

*Fil.* Nay, plish!—My charity!*Wil.* Nay, I could swear

Is not the first time you have offered this  
In secret.

*Fil.* Um!—Why, no, not quite the first.  
But tell me, lad, how jogs the world here, eh?  
In Ruseful Castle? Harkye, Wilford, harkye.  
Thou'rt a sly rogue! What! you could never tell  
me

Of Helen's waiting-maid—the little cherry;  
Of—Plague upon her name! Of—

*Wil.* Blanch, sir?*Fil.* Blanch;

That's she—the forest fairy. You and I  
Must have some talk about her. Come hither.

[They retire.]

Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

*Sir E.* Now for my brother, and—Ha! Wilford  
with him!  
That imp is made my scourge. They whisper,  
too.

Wilford!

*Wil.* Who calls?—Eh! 'tis Sir Edward!*Fil.* Mum!*Sir E.* I seem to interrupt you.*Wil.* [Earnestly.] No, indeed,—

No, on my life, sir. We were only talking  
Of—

*Fil.* Hold your tongue! Oons, boy! you must  
not tell.

*Sir E.* Not!*Fil.* Not!—No, to be sure. Why, 'tis a secret.

*Wil.* You shall know all, sir. 'Twas a trifle—no-  
thing;

Infiaith, you shall know all.

*Fil.* In faith, you lie!

[Crosses to Sir Edward.]

Be satisfied, good Edward: 'tis a toy;  
But, of all men, I would not have thee know on't;  
It is a tender subject.

*Sir E.* Ay, indeed!

*Fil.* May not I have my secret? Oons! good  
brother,

What would you say, now, should a meddling  
knave

Busy his brains with matters, though but trivial,  
Which concern you alone?

*Sir E.* I'd have him rot,—

Die piecemeal—pine—moulder in misery!

Agent, and sacrifice to Heaven's wrath,

When castigating plagues are hurled on man,

Stands lean and lynx-eyed Curiosity,

Watching his neighbour's soul; sleepless himself,

To banish sleep from others. Like a leech,

Sucking the blood-drops from a care-worn heart,

He gorges on't; then renders up his food

To nourish Calumny, his foul-lunged mate,  
Who carries Rumour's trumpet; and whose  
breath,

Infecting the wide surface of the world,  
Strikes pestilence and blight! Oh, fie on't! fie!

Whip me the curious wretch from pole to pole,

Who writhes in fire, and scorches all around him,

A victim, making victims!

*Fil.* By the mass,

'Twere a sound whipping that, from pole to pole!

From constable to constable might serve.

*Sir E.* Your pardon, brother;

I had forgot. Wilford, I've business for you:

Wait for me—ay—an hour after dinner,

Wait for me in the library:

*Wil.* [Aside.] The library:

I sicken at the sound! [Aloud.] Wait there for you  
—and—

Captain Fitzharding, sir?

*Sir E.* For me alone.*Wil.* Alone, sir?*Sir E.* Yes.—Begone!*Wil.* I shall, sir. [Aside to Sir Edward.] But

If I have ever breathed a syllable

That might displease you, may—

*Sir E.* Fool! breathe no more!*Wil.* I'm dumb.

[Aside.] I'd rather step into a lion's den,  
Than meet him in the library! [Aloud.] I go, sir.

[Exit.]

*Fil.* Brother, you are too harsh with that poor  
boy.

*Sir E.* Brother, a man must rule his family  
in his own way.

*Fil.* Well, well, well; don't be touchy.

I speak not to offend; I only speak

On a friend's privilege. The poor are men,

And have their feelings, brother.

*Sir E.* So have I.

*Fil.* One of the best that we can show, believe  
me,

Is mildness to a servant. Servants, brother,

Are born with fortune's yoke about their necks,

And that is galling in itself enough;

We should not goad them under it.

*Sir E.* Brother, your hand. You have a gentle  
nature:

May no mischance e'er ruffle it, my brother!  
I've known thee from my infancy, old soldier;  
And never did I know—I do not flatter—  
A heart more stout, more cased with hardy man-  
hood.

Morefull of milk within. Trust me, dear friend,  
If admiration of thy charity  
May argue charity in the admirer,  
I am not destitute.

*Fil.* You!—I have seen you  
Sometimes o'erflow with it.

*Sir E.* And what avails it?  
Honour has been my theme—good-will to man  
My study. I have laboured for a name  
As white as mountain snow, dazzling and speck-  
less.

Shame on't! 'tis blurred with blots! Fate, like a  
mildew,  
Ruins the virtuous harvest I would reap,  
And all my crop is weeds!

[Crosses.]

*Fil.* Why, how now, brother?  
This is all spleen. You mope yourself too much  
In this dull forest here. Come, come, rouse you,  
man!

I came on purpose, thirty miles from home,  
To jog your spirits. Pr'ythee, now, be gay;  
And, pr'ythee, too, be kind to my young fa-  
vourite,—  
To Wilford there.

*Sir E.* Well, well; I hope I have been.

*Fil.* No doubt, in actions; but in words and  
looks.

A rugged look's a damper to a greenhorn.  
I watched him now, when you frowned angrily,  
And he betrayed—

*Sir E.* Betrayed!

*Fil.* Ten thousand fears.

*Sir E.* Oh!

*Fil.* The poor devil couldn't have shown more  
scared.

Had you e'en held a pistol to his head.

[*Sir Edward starts.*]

Why, hey-day! what's the matter?

*Sir E.* Brother,  
Question me not; my nerves are aspin-like.  
The slightest breath will shake 'em. [*Crosses.*]  
Come, good brother.

*Fil.* You'll promise to be gay?

*Sir E.* I will do my best.

*Fil.* Why, that's well said; a man can do no  
more.

Od! I believe my rattling talk has given you  
A stir already.

*Sir E.* That it has, indeed.  
Come, brother.

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE III.—*Helen's Cottage.*

*Enter HELEN and SAMSON.*

*Hel.* Are you he that wish to enter in my ser-  
vice?

*Sam.* Yes, so please you, Madam Helen, for want  
of a better.

*Hel.* Why, I have seen you in the forest, at  
Rawbolds cottage. He is your father, as I  
think.

*Sam.* Yes, so please you, madam, for want of a  
better.

*Hel.* I fear me, you may well say that. Your  
father, as I have heard, bears an ill name in the  
forest.

*Sam.* Alas! madam, he is obliged to bear it—for  
want of a better. We are all famished, madam;  
and the naked and hungry have seldom many  
friends to speak well of them.

*Hel.* If I should hire thee, who will give thee a  
character.

*Sam.* My father, madam.

*Hel.* Why, sirrah, he has none of his own.

*Sam.* The more fatherly in him, madam, to give  
his son what he had need of himself. But a knave  
is often applied to, to vouch for a good servant's  
honesty. I will serve you as faithfully as your  
last footman, who, I have heard, ran away this  
morning.

*Hel.* Truly he did so.

*Sam.* I was told on't some half hour ago, and  
ran, hungrily, hither, to offer myself. So please  
you, let not poverty stand in the way of my prefer-  
ment.

*Hel.* Should I entertain you, what could you do  
to make yourself useful?

*Sam.* Anything: I can wire hares, snare par-  
tridges, shoot a buck, and smuggle brandy for you,  
madam.

*Hel.* Fie, on you, knave! 'Twere fitter to turn  
you over to the verderers of the forest for punish-  
ment, than to encourage you in such practices.

*Sam.* I would practise anything better that might  
get me bread. I would scrape trenchers, fill buck-  
ets, and carry a message. What can a man do?  
He can't starve.

*Hel.* Well, sirrah, to snatch thee from evil, I care  
not if I make a trial of thee.

*Sam.* No! will you?

*Hel.* Nineteen in twenty might question my pru-  
dence for this; but whatever loss I may suffer from  
thy roguery, the thought of having opened a path  
to lead a needy wanderer back to virtue, will more  
than repay me.

*Sam.* Oh, bless you, lady! If I do not prove vir-  
tuous, never trust in man more! [*Kneeling.*] I am  
overjoyed!

*Hel.* Get thee to the kitchen; you will find a livery  
there will suit you.

*Sam.* [*Rising.*] A livery!—Oh, the father!—Vir-  
tuous and a livery all in a few seconds! Heaven  
bless you!

*Hel.* Well, get you to your work.

*Sam.* I go, madam. If I break anything to-day,  
beseech you let it go for nothing; for joy makes  
my hand tremble. Should you want me, please to  
cry, Samson, and I'm with you in a twinkling.  
Heaven bless you! Here's fortune!

[*Exit.*]

*Hel.* Blanch stays a tedious time. Heaven send  
Mortimer's health be not worse! He is sadly al-  
tered since we came to the forest. I dreamed last  
night of the fire he saved me from; and I saw him,  
all fresh, in manly bloom, bearing me through the  
flames, even as it once happened.

*Enter BLANCH.*

How now, wench? You have almost tired my pa-  
tience.

*Blanch.* And my own legs, madam. If the old  
footman had not made so much use of his, by run-  
ning away, they might have spared mine.

*Hel.* Inform me of Sir Edward Mortimer.

Hasst seen him?

*Blanch.* Yes, I have madam.

*Hel.* Say—tell me,

How looked he?—How's his health?—Is he in spirits?

What said he, Blanch?—Will he be here to-day?

*Blanch.* A little breath, madam, and I will answer all, duly.

*Hel.* Oh, fie upon thee, wench!

These interrogatories should be answered quicker than breath can utter them.

*Blanch.* That's impossible, lady.

*Hel.* Thou wouldst not say so, hadst thou ever loved.

Love has a fleetest messenger than speech

To tell love's meaning: his expresses post

Upon the orbs of vision, ere the tongue

Can shape them into words. A lover's look

Is his heart's mercury. Oh! the eye's eloquence,

Twin-born with thought; outstrips the tardy voice,

Far swifter than the nimble lightning's flash.—

The sluggish thunder-peal that follows it!

*Blanch.* I am not skilled in eye-talking, madam.

I have been used to let my discourse ride upon my tongue; and I have been told, 'twill trot at a good round pace, upon occasion.

*Hel.* Then let it gallop now, beseech you, wench,

And bring me news of Mortimer.

*Blanch.* Then, madam, I saw Sir Edward in his library, and delivered your letter. He will be here, either in the evening, or on the morrow—'tis uncertain which; for his brother, Captain Fitzharding, is arrived on a visit to him. But Sir Edward's letter may chance to specify further particulars.

*Hel.* His letter! Has he written? Fie upon thee!

Why didst not give it me at once?—Where is it?

Thou art turned dresamer, wench! Come—quickly!

*Blanch.* You talked to me so much of reading-eyes, madam, that I e'en forgot the letter. Here it is.

[Gives it.]

*Hel.* Come to me shortly in my cabinet;

I'll read it there. I am almost unfit

To open it: I ne'er receive his letters,

But my hand trembles. Well, I know 'tis silly;

And yet I cannot help it. I will ring,

Then come to me, good Blanch—not yet. My Mortimer!

Now for your letter.

[Exit.]

*Blanch.* I would they were wedded once, and all this trembling would be over. I am told your married lady's feelings are little roused in reading letters from a husband.

*Re-enter SAMSON, dressed in a livery.*

*Sam.* This sudden turn of fortune might puff some men up with pride. I have looked in the glass already; and if ever man looked braver in a glass than I, I know nothing of finery.

*Blanch.* Hey-day! who have we here?

*Sam.* Oh, lord! this is the maid—I mean, the waiting-woman. I warrant we shall be rare company in a long winter's evening.

*Blanch.* Why, who are you?

*Sam.* I'm your fellow-servant—the new-comer. The last footman cast his skin in the pantry this morning, and I have crept into it.

*Blanch.* Why, sure, it cannot be! Now I look upon you again, you are Samson Rawbold, old Rawbold's son, of the forest here.

*Sam.* The same. I am not like some upstarts: when I am prosperous, I do not turn my back on my poor relations.

*Blanch.* What, has my lady hired thee?

*Sam.* She has taken me, like a pad nag, upon trial.

*Blanch.* I suspect you will play her a jade's trick, and stumble in your probation. You have been caught tripping ere now.

*Sam.* An I do not give content, 'tis none of my fault. A man's qualities cannot come out all at once. I wish you would teach me a little how to lay a cloth.

*Blanch.* You are well qualified for your office, truly, not to know that.

*Sam.* To say truth, we had little practice that way at home. We stood not upon form; we had sometimes no cloth for a dinner—

*Blanch.* And sometimes no dinner for a cloth.

*Sam.* Just so. We had little order in our family.

*Blanch.* Well, I will instruct you.

*Sam.* That's kind. I will be grateful. They tell me I have learned nothing but wickedness yet; but I will instruct you in anything I know in return.

*Blanch.* There I have no mind to become your scholar. But be steady in your service, and you may outlive your beggary, and grow into respect.

[Exit.]

*Sam.* Nay, an riches rain upon me, respect will grow, of course. I never knew a rich man yet who wanted fellows to pull off their caps to him.

### SONG.—SAMSON.

*A traveller stopp'd at a widow's gate;  
She kept an inn, and he wanted to bait,  
But the landlady slighted her guest.  
For when Nature was making an ugly race,  
She certainly moulded the traveller's face,  
As a sample for all the rest.*

*The chamber-maid's sides they were ready to crack;  
When she saw his queer nose and the hump at his back.  
(A hump isn't handsome, no doubt);  
And, though 'tis confess'd that the prejudice goes  
Very strongly in favour of wearing a nose,  
Yet a nose shouldn't look like a snout.*

*A bag full of gold on the table he laid;  
'Thad a wondrous effect on the widow and maid.  
And they quickly grew marvellous civil.  
The money immediately alter'd the case;  
They were charm'd with his hump, and his snout, and  
his face,  
Though he still might have frightened the devil.*

*He paid like a prince, gave the widow a smack,  
Then stopp'd on his horse at the door like a back;  
While the landlady, touching the chink,  
Cried, "Sir, should you travel this country again,  
I heartily hope that the sweetest of men,  
Will stop at the widow's to drink."*

[Exit]

SCENE IV.—*The Library, as before.*WILFORD *discovered.*

*Wil.* I would Sir Edward were come. The dread of a fearful encounter is almost as terrible as the encounter itself. Eh! he's coming! No! The old wainscot cracks, and frightens me out of my wits; and I verily believe, the great folio dropped on my head just now from the shelf, on purpose to increase my terrors.

*Enter SIR EDWARD MORTIMER, by the door, which he locks after him. Wilford turns round, on hearing him shut it.*

*Wil. (Aside.)* What's that? 'Tis he himself!—Mercy on me! he has lock'd the door! What is going to become of me!

*Sir E. Wilford,* is no one in the picture-gallery?  
*Wil.* No—not a soul, sir—not a human soul; None within hearing, if I were to bawl Ever so loud.

*Sir E. (Pointing.)* Lock yonder door.

*Wil.* The door, sir!

*Sir E. (Sitting.)* Do as I bid you.

*Wil.* What, sir, lock—

*(Mortimer waves his hand.)*

I shall, sir.

*(Goes to the door and locks it.)*

His face has little anger in it, neither:

'Tis rather marked with sorrow and distress.

*Sir E. Wilford,* approach me. What am I to say  
For aiming at your life? Do you not scorn me, Despise me for it?

*Wil.* I!—Oh, sir—

*Sir E.* You must;

For I am singled from the herd of men,

A vile, heart-broken wretch!

*Wil.* Indeed, indeed, sir,  
You deeply wrong yourself. Your equals' love,  
The poor man's prayer, the orphan's tear of gratitude,

All follow you; and I—I owe you all,—

I am almost bound to bless you!

*Sir E.* Mark me, Wilford.

I know the value of the orphan's tear,  
The poor man's prayer, respect from the respected;

I feel, to merit these, and to obtain them,  
Is to taste here below that thrilling cordial,

Which the remunerating angel draws

From the eternal fountain of delight,

To pour on blessed souls that enter heaven.

I feel this—I! How must my nature, then,

Revolt at him who seeks to stain his hand

In human blood? And yet, it seems, this day

I sought your life. Oh, I have suffered madness!

None know my tortures—pangs; but I can end them;—

End them as far as appertains to thee.

I have resolved it: hell-born struggles tear me;

But I have pondered on't and I must trust thee,

*Wil.* Your confidence shall not be—

*Sir E.* You must swear.

*Wil.* Swear, sir! Will nothing but an oath, then—

*Sir E.* Listen.

*(Rising, and seizing Wilford's arm.)*

May all the ills that wait on frail humanity  
Be doubled on your head, if you disclose  
My fatal secret! May your body turn  
Most loathsome and loathsome, and your mind  
More loathsome than your body! May those

fiends,  
Who strangle babes for very wantonness,  
Shrink back, and shudder at your monstrous crimes,

And, shrinking, curse you! Palsies strike your youth;

And the sharp terrors of a guilty mind  
Poison your aged days; while all your nights,  
As on the earth you lay your houseless head,  
Out-horror horror! May you quit the world  
Abhorred, self-hated, hopeless for the next,  
Your life a burthen, and your death a fear!

*Wil.* For mercy's sake, forbear! you terrify me.

*Sir E.* Hope this may fall upon thee; swear thou hop'st it

By every attribute which heaven, earth, hell,  
Can lend, to bind and strengthen conjuration,  
If thou betray'st me;

*Wil. (Hesitating.)* Well—I—

*Sir E.* No retreating.

*Wil. (After a pause.)* I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,

Divine or human, never to divulge!

*Sir E.* Remember, you have sought this secret,—yes,

Extorted it. I have not thrust it on you.

'Tis big with danger to you; and to me,  
While I prepare to speak, torment unutterable.  
Know, Wilford, that—Damnation!

*Wil.* Dearest sir,  
Collect yourself; this shakes you horribly.  
You had this trembling, it is scarce a week,  
At Madam Helen's.

*Sir E.* There it is. Her uncle—

*Wil.* Her uncle!

*Sir E.* Him. She knows it not,—none know it:

You are the first ordained to hear me say,

I am—his murderer!

*Wil.* Oh, heaven!

*Sir E.* His assassin!

*Wil.* What! you that—mur—the murder—I am choked!

*Sir E.* Honour—thou blood-stained god! at whose red altar

Sit war and homicide, oh! to what madness

Will insult drive thy votaries! By heaven!

In the world's range there does not breathe a man,

Whose brutal nature I more strove to sooth,

With long forbearance, kindness, courtesy,

Than his who fell by me. But he disgraced me,

Stained me—Oh, death and shame! the world looked on,

And saw this sinewy savage strike me down;

Rain blows upon me, drag me to and fro

On the base earth, like carrion. Desperation,

In every fibre of my frame, cried vengeance!

I left the room, which he had quitted. Chance

(Curse on the chance!), while boiling with my wrongs,

Thrust me against him, darkling, in the street.

I stabbed him to the heart; and my oppressor

Rolled lifeless at my foot!

*(Cries.)*

*Wil.* Oh, mercy on me!

How could this deed be covered?

*Sir E.* Would you think it?

'E'en at the moment when I gave the blow,

Butchered a fellow-creature in the dark,  
I had all good men's love. But my disgrace,  
And my opponent's death thus linked with it,  
Demanded notice of the magistracy.  
They summoned me, as friend would summon  
friend,  
To acts of import and communication.  
We met; and 'twas resolved, to stifle rumour,  
To put me on my trial. No accuser,  
No evidence appeared, to urge it on:  
'Twas meant to clear my fame. How clear it, then?  
How cover it? you say. Why, by a lie,—  
Guilt's offspring and its guard! I taught this  
breast,

Which truth once made her throne, to forge a lie.—  
This tongue to utter it; rounded a tale,  
Smooth as a seraph's song from Satan's mouth;  
So well compacted, that the o'er-thronged court  
Disturbed cool Justice in her judgment-seat,  
By shouting "Innocence!" ere I had finished.  
The court enlarged me; and the giddy rabble  
Bore me in triumph home. Ay, look upon me!  
I know thy sight aches at me.

*Wil.* Heaven forgive me!

It may be wrong: indeed, I pity you.

*Sir E.* I disdain all pity,—

I ask no consolation! Idle boy!

Think'st thou that this compulsive confidence  
Was given to move thy pity? Love of fame  
(For still I cling to it) has urged me thus  
To quash the curious mischief in its birth:  
Hurt honour, in an evil, cursed hour,  
Drove me to murder,—lying;—'twould again!  
My honesty—sweet peace of mind—all, all  
Are bartered for a name. I will maintain it!  
Should slander whisper o'er my sepulchre,  
And my soul's agency survive in death,  
I could embody it with heaven's lightning,  
And the hot shaft of my insulted spirit  
Should strike the blaster of my memory  
Dead in the church-yard! Boy, I would not kill  
thee:

Thy rashness and discernment threatened danger;  
To check them, there was no way left but this,  
Save one—your death. You shall not be my victim.

*Wil.* My death!—What! take my life—my life,  
to prop

This empty honour!

*Sir E.* Empty!—Grosvelling fool!

*Wil.* I am your servant, sir; child of your  
bounty,

And know my obligation. I have been  
Too curious haply,—'tis the fault of youth;  
I ne'er meant injury. If it would serve you,  
I would lay down my life—I'd give it freely.  
Could you, then, have the heart to rob me of it?  
You could not—should not.

*Sir E.* How!

*Wil.* You dare not.

*Sir E.* Dare not!

*Wil.* Some hours ago you durst not. Passion  
moved you;

Reflection interposed, and held your arm.  
But, should reflection prompt you to attempt it,  
My innocence would give me strength to struggle,  
And wrest the murderous weapon from your hand.  
How would you look to find a peasant boy  
Return the knife you levelled at his heart,  
And ask you which in heaven would show the  
best,—

A rich man's honour, or a poor man's honesty?

*Sir E.* 'Tis plain I dare not take your life. To  
spare it,

I have endangered mine. But dread my power;

You know not its extent. Be warned in time;  
Trifle not with my feelings. Listen, sir:  
Myriads of engines, which my secret working  
Can rouse to action, now encircle you.  
Your ruin hangs upon a thread; provoke me,  
And it shall fall upon you. Dare to make  
The slightest movement to awake my fears,  
And the gaunt criminal, naked and stake-tied,  
Left on the heath to blister in the sun,  
Till lingering death shall end his agony,  
Compared to these, shall seem more enviable  
Than cherubs to the damned!

*Wil.* Oh, misery!

Discard me, sir; I must be hateful to you.

Banish me hence: I will be mute as death;

But let me quit your service.

*Sir E.* Never! Fool!

To buy this secret, you have sold yourself.

Your movements, eyes, and, most of all, your  
breath,

From this time forth, are fettered to my will,  
You have said, truly, you are hateful to me;  
Yet you shall feel my bounty: that shall flow,  
And swell your fortunes; but my inmost soul  
Will yearn with loathing when—(A knock.) Hark!  
some one knocks.

Open the door.

[*Wilford opens the door.*]

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

How now, Winterton?

[*Crosses to him.*]

Did you knock more than once? Speak—did you  
listen?

I mean, good Adam, did you wait—*ay*, wait  
Long at the door here?

*Win.* Bless your honour, no:

You are too good to let the old man wait.

*Sir E.* What, then, our talk here—Wilford's,  
here, and mine,

Did not detain you at the door?—*Ha!* did it?

*Win.* Not half a second.

*Sir E.* Oh!—Well, what's the matter?

*Win.* Captain Fitzharding, sir, entreats your com-  
pany.

I've placed another flagon on the table;  
You worship knows it,—number thirty-five;  
The supernaculum.

*Sir E.* Well, well, I come.

What has he been alone?

*Win.* No; I've been with him.

Od! he's a merry man, and does so jest!

He calls me first of men, 'cause my name's Adam.

Well, 'tis exceeding pleasant, by St. Thomas!

*Sir E.* Come, Adam, I'll attend the captain. Wil-  
ford,

What I have just now given you in charge,  
Be sure to keep fast locked. I shall be angry,—  
Be very angry, if I find you careless,  
Come, Adam.

[*Exit, followed by Winterton.*]

*Wil.* This house is no house for me: fly I will, I  
am resolved; but whither? His threats strike  
terror into me; and were I to reach the pole, I  
doubt whether I should elude his grasp. But to  
live here a slave—slave to his fears, his jealousies!  
Night is coming on: darkness be my friend! for I  
will forth instantly. The thought of my innocence  
will cheer me, as I wander through the gloom. Oh!  
when guilty Ambition writhes upon its couch, why

should barefoot Integrity repine, though its sweet sleep be canopied with a ragged hovel!

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—*The Inside of an Abbey, in ruins part of it converted into a habitation for Robbers—various entrances to their apartment, through the broken arches of the building, &c. Nearly dark.*

Enter JUDITH and a BOY.

Jud. Well, sirrah, have you been upon the scout? Are any of our gang returning?

Boy. No, Judith, not a soul.

Jud. The rogues tarry thus to fret me.

Boy. Why, indeed, Judith, the credit of your cookery is lost among thieves: they never come punctual to their meals.

Jud. No tidings of Orson yet from the market-town?

Boy. I have seen nothing of him.

Jud. Brat! thou dost never bring me good news.

Boy. Judith, you are ever so cross with me.

Jud. That wretch Orson alights my love of late! Hence, you hemp-seed, hence! Get to the broken porch of the abbey, and watch; 'tis all you are good for.

Boy. You know I am but young yet, Judith; but, with good instructions, I may be a robber in time.

Jud. Away, you imp! you will never reach such preferment. (*A whistle without.*) So, I hear some of our party. (*The whistle again—the Boy puts his fingers in his mouth, and whistles in answer.*) Why must you keep your noise, sirrah?

Boy. Nay, Judith, 'tis one of the first steps we boys learn in the profession. I shall never come to good if you check me so. (*Looking off.*) Huzza! here come three!

Enter THREE ROBBERS through the broken arches.

Jud. So! you have found your road at last. A murrain light upon you! Is it thus you keep your hours?

First R. What, hag! ever at this trade—ever grumbling?

Jud. I have reason: I toil to no credit; I watch with no thanks. I trim up the table for your return, and no one returns in due time to notice my industry. Your meat is scorched to cinders. Rogues! would it were poison for you!

First R. (*Aside.*) What a devil in petticoats is this! I never knew a woman turn to mischief that she did not undo a man clean.

Jud. Did any of you meet Orson on your way?

First R. Ay, there the hand points. When that fellow is abroad, you are more savage than customary; and that is needless.

Second R. None of our comrades come yet?—They will be finely soaked.

First R. Ay, the rain pours like a spout upon the ruins of the old abbey-wall here.

Jud. I'm glad on't: may it drench them, and breed agues! 'Twill teach them to keep time.

First R. Peace, thou abominable railer! A man had better dwell in purgatory, than have thee in his habitation. Peace, devil! or I'll make thee repent!

Jud. You! 'Tis as much as thy life is worth to move my spleen.

First R. What! you will set Orson, your champion, upon me.

Jud. Coward; he should not disgrace himself by chastising thee.

First R. (*Drawing his sword.*) Death and thunder!

Jud. Ay, attack a woman—do! it suits your hearted valour. Assault a woman!

First R. Well, passion hurried me; but I have a respect for the soft sex, and am cool again. (*Returns his sword to the scabbard.*) Come, Judith be friends; nay, come, do; and I will give thee a farthingale I took from a lawyer's widow.

Jud. Where is it?

First R. You shall have it.

Jud. Well, I—(*Music without.*) Hark!

Second R. Soft! I think I hear the foot of a comrade.

MUSICAL DIALOGUE AND CHORUS.—JUDITH and ROBBERS.

[At different periods of the music, the Robbers enter through various parts of the ruins in groups.]

Listen! No; it is the owl,  
That hoots upon the mould'ring tower.  
Hark! the rain beats—the night is foul;  
Our comrades stay beyond their hour.

Listen!

All's hush'd around the abbey-wall:  
Soft! now I hear a robber's call.

Listen!

They whistle!—Answer it!—'Tis nigh!  
Again!—A comrade comes!—'Tis I!  
And here another!—And here another!  
Who comes!—A brother! Who comes?—A brother!

Now they all come pouring in,  
Our jollity will soon begin.  
Sturdy partners, all appear.  
We're here!—And here!—And here!—And here!  
Thus we stout freebooters prove,  
Then meet to drain the flowing bowl.

Enter ORSON, with luggage at his back, as returned from market.

First R. See, hither comes Orson at last. He walks in, like Plenty, with provision on his shoulder.

Jud. Oh, Orson! why didst tarry, Orson?—I began to fear. Thou art cold and damp. Let me wring the wet from thy clothes. Oh! my heart leaps to see thee.

Ors. Stand off!—This hamper has been wearisome enough; I want not thee on my neck.

Jud. Villain! 'tis thus you ever use me! I can revenge!—I can!—Do not, dear Orson—do not treat me thus!

Ors. Let a man be ever so sweet-tempered, he will meet somewhat to sour him. I have been vexed to madness.

Second R. How now, Orson?—What has vexed thee now?

Ors. A prize has slipped through my fingers.

Third R. Ha!—Marry, how?

Ors. I met a straggling knave on foot, and the rogue resisted. He had the face to tell me, that he was thrust on the world to seek his fortune, and that the little he had about him was his all. Plague on the provision at my back! I had no time

to rifle him; but I have spoiled him for fortune-seeking, I warrant him.

*Third R.* Orson, you are ever disobeying our captain's order: you are too remorseless and bloody.

*Ors.* Take heed, then, how you move my anger, by telling me on't. The affair is mine; I will answer to the consequence.

(*A whistle heard without.*)

*Fourth R.* I hear our captain's signal. Here he comes. Ha! he is leading one who seems wounded.

*Enter ARMSTRONG, supporting WILFORD.*

*Arm.* Gently, good fellow!—Come, keep a good heart.

*Wil.* You are very kind: I had breathed my last but for your care. Whither have you led me?

*Fourth R.* Where you will be well treated, youngster. You are now among as honourable a knot of men as ever cried "Stand" to a traveller.

*Wil.* How! among robbers?

*Fourth R.* Why, so the law's cant calls us gentlemen who live at large.

*Wil.* So!—For what am I reserved?

*Arm.* Fear nothing; you are safe in this asylum. Judith, lead him in.

*Jud.* I do not like the office. You are ever at these tricks; 'twill ruin us in the end. What have we to dowth charity? But come, fellow, since it must be so.—The rogues here call me savage; but I have a kindly heart, for all that.

(*Exit, leading Wilford.*)

*Arm.* I would I knew which of you had done this!—Well, time must discover him; for he who had brutality enough to commit the action, can scarcely have courage enough to confess it.

*Ors.* Courage, captain, is a quality, I take it, little wanted by any here. What signify words? I did it.

*Arm.* I suspected thee, Orson. 'Tis scarce an hour since he whom thou hast wounded quitted the service of Sir Edward Mortimer, in the forest here; and inquiry will doubtless be made.

*Second R.* Nay, then, we are all discovered.

*Arm.* Now mark what thou hast done. Thou hast endangered the safety of our party; thou hast broken my order ('tis not the first time by many), in attacking a passenger; and what passenger? One whose unhappy case should have claimed thy pity. He told you he had displeased his master, left the house of comfort, and, with his scanty pittance, was wandering round the world to mend his fortune. Like a butcher, you struck the forlorn boy to the earth, and left him to languish in the forest. Would any of our brave comrades have done this?

*Robbers.* None! none!

*Arm.* Comrades, in this case my voice is single; but if it have any weight, this brute, this Orson, shall be thrust from our community, which he has disgraced. Let it not be said, brothers, while want drives us to plunder, that wantonness prompts us to butchery.

*Robbers.* Oh, brave captain!—Away with him!

*Ors.* You had better ponder on't, ere you provoke me.

*Arm.* Rascal! do you mutter threats? Begone! *Ors.* Well, if I must, I must. I was ever a friend to you all; but if you are bent on turning me out, why, fare you well.

*Robbers.* Ay, ay!—Away! away!  
*Ors.* Farewell, then.

(*Exit.*)

*Arm.* Come, comrades, think no more of this: let us drown the cholera we have felt in wine and revelry.

## FINALE

*Jolly friars stipped here,  
Ere these abbey-walls had crumbled;*

*Still the ruins boast good cheer,*

*Though long ago the cloisters tumbled.*

*The monks are gone;*

*Well—well!*

*That's all one;*

*Let's ring their knell.*

*Ding dong! ding dong! to the bald-pated monk!*

*They set an example,—*

*We'll follow the sample,*

*And all go to bed most religiously drunk.*

*Huzza! huzza!—We'll drink and we'll sing,*

*We'll laugh and we'll quaff,*

*And make the welkin ring.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Sir Edward Mortimer's Lodge.*

SIR EDWARD MORTIMER and HELEN, discovered on a sofa.

*Hel.* Sooth, you look better now, indeed you do,—

Much better, since, upon your sudden sickness, I came to visit you.

*Sir E.* Thou'rt a sweet flatterer!

*Hel.* Ne'er trust me, then,

If I do flatter. This is willfulness:

Thou wilt be sick, because thou wilt be sick.

I'll cure you of this fancy, Mortimer.

*Sir E.* And what wouldst thou prescribe?

*Hel.* I would distil

Each flower that lavish happiness produced

Through the world's paradise; ere disobedience

Scattered the seeds of care; then mingle each

In one huge cup of comfort for thee, love,

To chase away thy dullness. Thou shouldst wanton

Upon the wings of Time, and mock thy flight,

As he sailed with thee to wold's eternity.

I'd have each hour, each minute of thy life,

A golden holiday; and should a cloud

O'ercast thee, be it light as gossamer,

That Helen might disperse it with her breath,

And talk thee into sunshine.

*Sir E.* Sweet, sweet Helen!

(*They rise.*)

Death, softened with thy voice, might dull his sting,

And steep his darts in balsam. Oh, my Helen!

These warnings which that grisly monarch sends,

Forerunners of his certain visitation,

Of late, are frequent with me. It would seem

I was not meant to live long.

*Hel.* Oh, Mortimer!

I could not talk so cruelly to you:

I would not pain you thus for world's

*Sir E.* Nay, come.

I meant not this. I did not mean to say



There's danger now; but 'tis the privilege  
Of sickness to be grave, and moralize  
On that which sickness brings. I prythee, now,  
Be comforted. Believe me, I shall mend;  
I feel I shall, already.

*Hel.* Do you, Mortimer?

Do you, indeed, feel so?

*Sir E.* Indeed, I do.

*Hel.* I knew you would—I said it—did I not?

I see it in your looks now—you are better.

*Sir E.* Scarce possible, so suddenly.

*Hel.* Oh, yes:

There is no little movement of your face  
But I can mark on the instant,—'tis my study:  
I have so gazed upon it, that I think  
I can interpret every turn it has,  
And read your inmost soul.

*Sir E.* What?

*Hel.* Mercy on me!

You change again.

*Sir E.* 'Twas nothing; do not fear:  
These little shocks are usual—'twill not last.

*Hel.* Would you could shake them off!

*Sir E.* I would I could!

*Hel.* I prythee, now, endeavour. This young  
man,—

This boy,—this Wilford, he has been ungrateful;  
But do not let his baseness wear you thus;—  
E'en let him go.

*Sir E.* I'll hunt him through the world!

*Hel.* Why, look you there, now!—Pray be calm.

*Sir E.* Well, well;

I am too bolsterous, 'Tis my unhappiness  
To seem most harsh where I would show most  
kind.

The world has made me peevish: this same boy  
Has somewhat moved me.

*Hel.* He's beneath your care.

Seek him not now, to punish him. Poor wretch!  
He carries that away within his breast,  
Which will embitter all his life to come,  
And make him curse the knowledge on't.

*Sir E.* The knowledge!

Has he, then, breathed—Carries within his  
breast!

What does he know?

*Hel.* His own ingratitude.

*Sir E.* Oh! very true.

*Hel.* Then leave him to his conscience.

Believe me, love,

There is no earthly punishment so great,  
To scourge an evil act, as man's own conscience,  
To tell him he is guilty.

*Sir E.* 'Tis a hell!

I pray you talk no more on't. I am weak;  
I did not sleep last night.

*Hel.* Would you sleep now?

*Sir E.* No, Helen, no. I tire thy patient sweet-  
ness.

*Hel.* Tire me!—Nay, that you do not. You for-  
get

How often I have sat by you, and watched,  
Fanning the busy summer flies away,  
Lest they should break your slumbers. (Looking.)  
Who comes here?

[*Sir Edward retires to the sofa.*]

Enter ADAM WINTERTON.

What, Winterton!—How dost thou, old acquaint-  
ance?

How dost thou, Adam?

*Win.* Bless your goodness, well.

Is my good master better?

*Hel.* Somewhat, Adam.

*Win.* Now, by our lady, I rejoiced to hear it!  
I have a message—

*Hel.* Oh, no business now!

*Win.* Nay, so I said. Quoth I, "His honour's  
sick,—

Perilous sick." But the rogue pressed and pressed  
I could refuse no longer.

*Hel.* Who has thus importuned you?

*Win.* To say the truth, a most ill-favoured  
varlet;

But he will speak to none but to his worship.

I think 'tis forest business.

*Sir E.* Oh, not now;

Another time—to-morrow—when he will.

I am unfit; they tease me!

*Win.* Even as you please, your worship. I should  
think

From what he dropped, he can give some account  
Of the poor boy.

*Sir E.* (Starting up, and crossing to Winterton.) (I  
Wilford?

*Win.* Troth, I think so.

The knave is shy, but Adam has a head.

*Sir E.* Quick!—Send him hither on the instant!—  
Haste!—

Fly, Adam, fly!

*Win.* Well, how, it glads my heart

To hear you speak so briskly.

*Sir E.* Well, despatch.

*Win.* I go. Heaven bless you both!—Heaven  
send you well,

And merry days may come again!

[*Exit.*]

*Hel.* I fear this business may distract you, Mor-  
timer:

I would you would defer it till to-morrow.

*Sir E.* Not so sweet—Do not fear.—I prythee,  
now,

Let me have my way in this. Retire awhile;  
Anon I'll come to thee.

*Hel.* Pray, now, be careful:

I dread these agitations. Pray, keep calm;

Now do not tarry long. Adieu, my Mortimer!

*Sir E.* Farewell awhile, sweet!

*Hel.* Since it must be so, farewell!

[*Exit.*]

*Sir E.* Dear, simple innocence! thy words of  
comfort

Pour oil upon my fires. Methought her eye,  
When first she spake of conscience, shot a  
glance

Like her dead uncle upon me. Well, for Wil-  
ford:

That slave can play the Parthian with my  
fame,

And wound it while he flies. Bring him before  
me,—

Place me the runaway within my gripe,

And I will plant my honour on its base

Firmer than adamant, though hell and death

Should moist the work with blood. Oh! how will  
sin

Engender sin,—throw guilt upon the soul,

And, like a rock dashed on the troubled lake,

'Twill form its circles, round succeeding round,  
Each wider than the—

Enter ORSON.

How now? What's your business?

*Ors.* Part with your office in the forest; part  
Concerns yourself in private.

*Sir E.* How myself?

*Ors.* Touching a servant of your house,—a  
lad,  
Whose heels, I find, were nimbler than his  
duty.

*Sir E.* Speak—what of him? Quick: know you  
where he is?

Canst bring me to him?

*Ors.* To the very spot.

*Sir E.* Do it.

*Ors.* Nay—softly.

*Sir E.* I'll reward you amply,—  
Insure your fortunes,

*Ors.* First insure my neck;—

'Twill do me little good else. I've no heirs;  
And, when I die, 'tis the law will bury me  
At its own charge.

*Sir E.* Be brief, and to your purpose.

*Ors.* Then, to the business which concerns your  
office,

Here, in the forest.

*Sir E.* Nay, of that anon.

First, of my servant.

*Ors.* Well, e'en as you please.

'Tis no rare thing: let public duty wait,  
Till private interests are settled. But  
My story is a chain: take all together,  
'Twill not unlink.

*Sir E.* Be quick, then. While we talk,  
This slave escapes me.

*Ors.* Little fear of that:

He's in no plight to journey far to-day.

*Sir E.* Where is he hid?

*Ors.* Hard by—with robbers.

*Sir E.* Robbers!

Well, I'm glad on't; 'twill suit my purpose  
best.

(*Aside.*)

What, has he turned to plunder?

(*Aloud.*)

*Ors.* No, not so;

Plunder has turned to him. He was knocked  
down

Last night here in the forest, flat, and sprawl-  
ing;

And the milk-hearted captain of our gang  
Has sheltered him.

*Sir E.* It seems, then, thou'rt a thief.

*Ors.* I served in the profession, but last  
night

The scurvy rogues cashiered me. 'Twas a plot

To ruin a poor fellow in his calling,

And take away my means of getting bread.

I come now in revenge: I'll hang my com-  
rades

In clusters on the forest's oaks, like acorns.

*Sir E.* Where lies their haunt?

*Ors.* Give me your honour first.

*Sir E.* I pledge it, for your safety.

*Ors.* Send your officers

To the old abbey ruins; you will find

As bold a gang as e'er infested woods,

And fattened upon pillage.

*Sir E.* What! so near me?

In some few minutes, then, he's mine! (*Crossing,*  
and calls.) Ho! Winterton!

Now for his lurking place: hope dawns again.

Remain you here; I may have work for you.

(*To Orson.*)

Oh, I will weave a web so intricate

(*Aside.*)

For this base insect—so entangle him!

Why, Winterton! (*Calling.*) Thou jewel, Reputa-  
tion!

Let me secure thee, bright and spotless, now,  
And this weak, care-worn body's dissolution  
Will cheaply pay the purchase. Winterton!

(*Exit.*)

*Ors.* There may be danger in my stay here; I  
will e'en slink off in the confusion I have raised.  
I value not reward: I hang all my acquaintance,  
and that shall content me.

(*Exit.*)

## SCENE II.—A Hall in the Lodge.

Enter FITZHARDING.

*Fitz.* Rare scuttling tow'rd! This lodge is little  
Babel,

And Spleen and Sickness are the household gods

In this, my brother's, castle of confusion.

The hue and cry is up. I am half tempted

To wish the game too nimble for the dogs.

That hunt him at the heels. Wilford dishonest!

I'll ne'er trust looks again. I'll mix with none

In future but the ugly; honest men,

Who can out-grin a griffin, or the head

Carved on the prow of the good ship, the Gorgon.

I'm for carbuncled, weather-beaten faces,

That frighten little children, and might serve

For knockers to hell gates.

Enter SAMSON RAWBOLD.

Now, who are you?

*Sam.* Head serving-man to Madam Helen, sir.

*Fitz.* Well, I may talk to thee! for thou dost an-  
swer

To the description of the sort of men

I have resolved to live with.

*Sam.* I am proud, sir,

To find I have your countenance.

*Fitz.* Canst tell me

The news of Wilford?

*Sam.* He is turned a rogue, sir,—

An errant knave, sir. 'Tis a rare thing now

To find an honest servant: we are scarce.

*Fitz.* Where lies the abbey where they go to seek  
him?

Doest know it?

*Sam.* Marry, do I, in the dark.

I have stood near it many a time in winter,

To watch the hares by moonlight.

*Fitz.* A cold pastime!

*Sam.* Ay, sir, 'twas killing work; I've left it off.

*Fitz.* Think you they will be back soon?

*Sam.* On the instant;

It is hard by, sir. Hark! I hear their horses.

They are returned, I warrant.

*Fitz.* Run you, fellow;

If Wilford's taken, send him here to me.

*Sam.* Why, he's a rogue, sir: would your worship  
stoop

To parley with a rogue?

*Fitz.* Friend, I will stoop

To prop a sinking man that's called a rogue,

And count him innocent till he's found guilty.

I learned it from our English laws, where Mercy

Models the weights that fill the scales of Justice,

And Charity, when Wisdom gives her sentence,

Stands by to prompt her. Till detection comes,  
I side with the accused.

*Sam.* Would I had known  
Your worship sooner!—You're a friend, indeed!  
All undiscovered rogues are bound to pray for  
you;

So, Heaven bless you!

*Fit.* Well, well; bustle—sir;  
Do as I bid thee.

*Sam.* Ay, sir: I shall lean  
Upon your worship in my time of need.  
Heaven reward you! (*Aside.*) Here's a friend to  
make!

[*Exit.*]

*Fit.* I have a kind of movement still for Wilford  
I cannot conquer. What can be this charge  
Sir Edward brings against him? Should the boy  
Prove guilty! Well, why should I pity guilt?  
Philosophers would call me driveller. Let them.  
I cannot hoop my heart about with iron,  
Like an old beer-butt. I would have the vessel  
What some call weak,—I'd have it ooze a little,  
Better compassion should be set abroad,  
Till it run waste, than let a system-monger  
Bang it with logic; or a trencher-cap  
Bawl out his ethics on it, till his thunder  
Turns all the liquor sour. So! here he comes.

Enter WILFORD.

*Wil.* I am informed it is your pleasure, sir,  
To speak with me.

*Fit.* Ay, Wilford. I am sorry,—  
Faith, very sorry, you and I meet thus.  
How could you quit my brother thus abruptly?  
*Wil.* I was unfit to serve him, sir.

*Fit.* Unfit!

*Wil.* I was unhappy, sir. I fled a house  
Where certain misery awaited me,  
While I was doomed to dwell in't.  
*Fit.* Misery!

What was this certain misery?

*Wil.* Your pardon;

I never will divulge.

*Fit.* Indeed!

*Wil.* No, never.

Pray do not press me. All that I can say  
Is, that I have a strong and rooted reason,  
Which has resolved me. 'Twere impossible  
I should be tranquil here: I feel it, sir,  
A duty to myself to quit this roof,

*Fit.* Hark ye young man: this smacks of  
mystery,

And now looks foully. Truth and innocence  
Walk round the world in native nakedness;  
But guilt is cloaked.

*Wil.* What'er the prejudice  
My conduct conjures up I must submit.

*Fit.* 'Twere better now you conjured up your  
friends;

For I must tell you—No, there is no need;  
You learned it doubtless on the way, and know  
The danger you now stand in.

*Wil.* Danger, sir!

What?—How?—I have learned nothing, sir: my  
guides

Dragged me in silence hither.

*Fit.* Then 'tis fit

I put you on your guard. It grieves me, Wilford,  
To say there is a heavy charge against you,  
Which, as I gather, may affect your life.

*Wil.* Mine!—Oh, good Heaven!

*Fit.* Pray be calm; for, soon,

Here, in the face of all his family.

My brother will accuse you.

*Wil.* He!—what he,—

He accuse me! Oh, monstrous! Oh, look down,  
You who can read men's hearts!—A charge against  
me!

(*Much agitated.*) Ha! ha!—I'm innocent! I'm inno-  
cent!

*Fit.* Collect your firmness; you will need it all.

*Wil.* I shall, indeed. I pray you, tell me, sir,  
What is the charge?

*Fit.* I do not know its purport:

I would not hear on't; for on my voice rests  
The issue of this business; and a judge  
Should come unbiassed to his office. Wilford,  
Were twenty brothers waiting my award,  
You should have even and impartial justice.  
Farewell; and may you prosper!

[*Exit.*]

*Wil.* Let me recall my actions. My breast is un-  
clogged with crime! then why should I fear? Let  
him inflict his menaces upon me in secret; he  
shall not—cannot touch my good name.

Enter BARBARA RAWBOLD.

*Bar.* (*Falling on his neck.*) Oh, Wilford!

*Wil.* Barbara!—At such a time, too!

*Bar.* To be brought back thus, Wilford! and  
to go away without seeing me—without thinking  
of me!

*Wil.* It was not so: I was hastening to your cot-  
tage, Barbara, when a ruffian in the forest en-  
countered and wounded me.

*Bar.* Wounded you!

*Wil.* When I was dragged hither, the whole  
troop escaped, or they had vouched for the truth  
on't.

*Bar.* Bethink you, Wilford: the time is short; I  
know your heart is good; but if, in a hasty moment,  
you have done aught to wrong Sir Edward, throw  
yourself on his mercy—sue for pardon.

*Wil.* For pardon!—I shall go mad! Pardon!—I  
am innocent!—Heaven knows I am innocent!

*Bar.* Heaven be thanked! The family is all  
summoned. Oh, Wilford! my spirits sink within  
me!

*Wil.* I am now but a sorry comfortor. Be of  
good cheer; I go armed in honesty, Barbara.  
This charge is to be open in the eyes of the world  
and of the laws; then wherefore should I fear?  
I am native of a happy soil, where justice guards  
equally the life of its richest and poorest inhabi-  
tant.

[*Exit.*]

*Bar.* Alas! I tremble for his safety. Should  
they tear him from me!—

SONG.—BARBARA RAWBOLD.

*Down by the river there grows a green willow,  
Sing all for my true love, my true love, O!  
I'll weep out the night there, the bank for my pillow,  
And all for my true love, my true love, O!  
When bleak blows the wind, and tempests are beating,  
I'll count all the clouds as I mark them retreating;  
For true lovers' joys, well-a-day! are as fleeting,  
Sing O for my true love, &c.  
Maid, come, in pity, when I am departed,  
Sing all for my true love, &c.  
When dead on the bank I am found, broken-hearted,  
And all for my true love, &c.*

*Make me a grave, all while the wind's blowing.  
Close to the stream, where my tears once were flowing,  
And o'er my corse keep the green willow growing—  
'Tis all for my true love, &c.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Lodge—table, chairs, &c.*

FITZHARDING, WILFORD, and various domestics behind, discovered.

*Fit.* Is not Sir Edward coming? Oh, here he is.

*Enter* SIR EDWARD MORTIMER.

Now, brother; you look pale,  
And faint with sickness. Here's a chair.

(Sits.)

*Sir E.* No matter; to our business, brother.—Wilford,

You may well guess the struggle I endure  
To place you here the mark of accusation.  
I gave you ample warning; cautioned you,  
When many might have scourged; and even now,  
While I stand here to crush you,—ay, to crush you,  
My heart bleeds drops of pity for your youth,  
Whose rashness plucks the red destruction down,  
And pulls the bolt upon you.

*Wil.* You know best  
The movements of your heart, sir. Man is blind,

And cannot read them; but there is a Judge,  
To whose all-seeing eye our inmost thoughts  
Lie open. Think to him you now appeal.  
Omniscience keeps Heaven's register;  
And, soon or late, when time unfolds the book,  
Our trembling souls must answer to the record,  
And meet their due reward or punishment.

*Fit.* Now to the point, I pray you.

*Sir E.* Thus it is, then.

I do suspect—By Heaven! the story lingers,  
Like poison, on my tongue; but he will force it.

*Fit.* What is it you suspect?

*Sir E.* That he has—robbed me!

*Wil.* Robbed!—Oh, horrible!

*Fit.* Pray tell me, brother,

How ground you this suspicion?

*Sir E.* Briefly, thus:

You may have noticed in my library  
A chest—(*Wilford starts.*) You see he changes at the word.

*Wil.* (*Aside.*) And well I may!

*Sir E.* Where I have told you, brother,  
The writings which concern our family,  
With jewels, cash, and other articles  
Of no mean value, were deposited.

*Fit.* You oftentimes have said so.

*Sir E.* Yesterday,  
Chance called me suddenly away. I left  
The key in't; but as suddenly returned,  
And found this Wilford  
Fixed o'er the chest, upon his knees, intent,  
As now I think, on plunder. Confusion  
Shook his young joints as he let fall the lid,  
And gave me back the key.

*Fit.* Did you not search  
Your papers on the instant?

*Sir E.* No: for, first,  
(*Habit so long had fixed my confidence*)  
I deemed it boyish curiosity;  
But told him this would meet my further question.

And at that moment, came a servant in,  
To say you were arrived. He must have marked  
Our mixed emotion.

*Fit.* Is that servant here?

*Gregory.* (*Coming down.*) 'Twas I, sir.

*Sir E.* Was it you? Well, saw you ought

To challenge your attention?

*Gre.* Sir, I did.

Wilford was pale and trembling; and our master  
Gave him a look, as if 'twould pierce him  
through,

And cried, "Remember!" Then he trembled  
more;

And we both quitted him.

*Sir E.* (*To Fitzharding.*) When first we met,

You found me somewhat ruffled.

*Fit.* 'Tis most true.

*Sir E.* But somewhat more, when, afterwards, I  
saw

Wilford conversing with you; like a snake,  
Sunned by your looks, and basking in your favour.  
I bade him quit the room with indignation,  
And wait my coming in the library.

*Fit.* I witnessed that, with wonder.

*Sir E.* Oh, good brother!  
You little thought, while you so gently schooled  
me

For my harsh bearing toward him, on what ground  
That harshness rested. I had made my search  
In the brief interval of absence from you,  
And found my property had vanished.

*Fit.* Well,

You met him in the library?

*Sir E.* (*Rising.*) Oh, never

Can he forget that solemn interview!

*Wil.* Ay, speak to that: it was a solemn interview!

*Sir E.* Observe, he does acknowledge that we  
met.

Guilt was my theme: he cannot now deny it.

*Wil.* It was a theme of—(*Checking himself.*) No!

*Sir E.* He pleaded innocence;

While every word he spake belied his features,  
And mocked his protestation.

*Fit.* What said you to him?

*Sir E.* "Regulate your life

In future better. I now spare your youth,

But dare not to proceed. All I exact,

(*'Tis a soft penance*) that you tarry here.

Attempt not flight:

Flight ripens all my doubt to certainty,

And justice to the world unlocks my tongue."

He fled, and I arraign him.

*Fit.* (*Rising, and coming down.*) Trust me, brother,

This charge is staggering: yet accidents

Sometimes combine to cast a shade of doubt

Upon the innocent. May it be so here;

Here in his trunk; 'twas brought he at my order.

'Tis fit it be inspected.

*Wil.* Take the key.—

E'en take it freely. You'll find little there

I value, save a locket, which my mother

Gave me upon her death-bed; and she added

Her blessing to't. Perhaps her spirit now

Is grieving for my injuries.

*Fit.* (*Crossing, and unlocking the box.*) How now?—  
What's here?

The very watch Sir Edward's father wore,  
And here our mother's jewels!

Wil. I am innocent.  
Just heaven hear me—I am innocent!

(Sir Edward Mortimer sits.)

Fitz. Make it appear so. (Pointing to the trunk.)  
But look there! look there!

Wil. Do you not know—

Sir E. What?

Wil. 'Tis no matter, sir;

But I could swear—

Sir E. (Rising.) Nay, Wilford, pause awhile:  
Reflect that oaths are sacred. Weigh the force  
Of these asseverations—mark it well:

"I swear, by all the ties that bind a man,  
Divine or human!" Think on that and shudder.

Wil. (Aside.) The very words I uttered!—I am  
tongue-tied!

Fitz. Wilford, if there be aught that you can urge  
To clear yourself, advance it.

Wil. Oh, I could,—

I could say much, but must not,—no, I will not!  
Do as you please. I have no friend—no witness,  
Save my accuser. Did he not—pray, ask him—  
Did he not menace, in his pride of power,  
To blast my name, and crush my innocence?

Fitz. What do you answer, sir?

Sir E. I answer, no.

More were superfluous, when a criminal  
Opposes empty volubility  
To circumstantial charge. A steadfast brow  
Repels not fact, nor can invalidate  
These dumb, (Pointing to the trunk.) but damning  
witnesses before him.

Wil. By the just power that rules us, I am ig-  
norant

How they came there!—But 'tis my firm belief,  
You placed them there to sink me.

Fitz. Oh, too much!

You steel men's hearts against you. (To the Ser-  
vants.) Call the officers:  
He shall meet punishment.

(The Servants are going.)

Sir E. Hold! (Seating himself.) Pray you, hold.  
Justice has thus far struggled with my pity,  
To do an act of duty to the world.  
I would unmask a hypocrite,—lay bare  
The front of guilt, that men may see and shun it.  
'Tis done, and I will now proceed no further.

Fitz. Look ye, brother; this act  
Is so begrimed with black, ungrateful malice,  
That I insist on justice. Fly, knives—run!  
And let him be secured. [Exeunt Servants.] You  
tarry here.

(To Wilford.)

Sir E. I will not have it thus.

Fitz. You must—you shall!

Does not this rouse you, too? Look on these  
jewels;

Look at this picture,—'twas our mother's. Stay.  
Let me inspect this nearer. (Examining the trunk.)  
What are these?

Parchments!

Sir E. Oh, look no further. They are deeds,  
Which, in his haste, no doubt, he crowded there,  
Not knowing what, to look o'er at his leisure.  
Family deeds: they all were in my chest.

Wil. (Aside.) Oh, 'tis deep laid! These, too, to  
give a colour!

Fitz. What have we here? Here is a paper  
Of curious enfolding; slipt, as 'twere,  
By chance within another. This may be  
Of note upon his trial. What's this drops?  
A knife, it seems.

Sir E. (Starting up.) What!

Fitz. Marks of blood upon it!

Sir E. Touch it not! throw it back! bury it;  
sink it!

Oh, carelessness and haste! Give me that paper!  
Darkness and hell!—Give back the paper!

(Sir Edward rushes down, and attempts to  
snatch it—Wilford runs between the two  
brothers, falls on his knees, and prevents  
him, clinging to Fitzharding.)

Wil. (Rapidly.) No!

I see—I see! Preserve it: you are judge.

My innocence—my life, rests on it!

Sir E. Devils!

Fo! me at my own game! Fate! (Laughing  
hysterically.) Ha! ha! ha!  
Sport, Lucifer! He struck me—

(Mortimer is fainting and falling—Wilford  
runs and catches him.)

Wil. I'll support him.

Read! read! read!

Fitz. What is this? My mind misgives me:

It is my brother's hand. (Reading.) "To be de-  
stroyed before my death.

Narrative of my murder of—" Oh, great heaven!

(Reading.) "If, ere I die, my guilt should be dis-  
closed, May this contribute to redeem the wreck  
Of my lost honour!" I am horror-struck!

Wil. Plain—plain! Stay! he revives.

Sir E. What has been—Soft!

I have been wandering with the damned, sur-  
c!--  
Brother!

And—ay, 'tis Wilford! Oh! thought flashes on me  
Like lightning!—I am brain-scorched!—Give me  
leave;

I will speak—soon I will—a little yet!—

Come hither, boy,—wronged boy! Oh, Wilford!  
Wilford!

(Bursts into tears, and falls on Wilford's neck.)

Wil. Be firm, sir—pray, be firm! My heart bleeds  
for you,—

Warm for you! Oh! all your former charity

To your poor boy is in my mind;—still, still

I see my benefactor.

Sir E. Well, I will,—

I will be firm: one struggle, and 'tis over.

I have most foully wronged you. Ere I die,

And I feel death-struck, let me haste to make

Atonement. Brother, note. The jewels,—

Yes, and that paper,—Heaven and accident  
Ordnained it so,—were placed—curse on my flesh,

To tremble thus!—were placed there by my hand.

Fitz. Oh, mercy on me!

Sir E. More. I feared this boy:

He knew my secret, and I blackened him,

That, should he e'er divulge the fatal story,

His word might meet no credit. Infamy

Will brand my memory for't; Posterity,

Whose breath I made my god, will keep my shame

Green in her damning record. Oh, I had,—

I had a heart o'erflowing with good thoughts

For all mankind: one fatal—fatal turn

Has poisoned all! Where is my honour now?

To die,—to have my ashes trampled on

By the proud foot of scorn!—Polluted!—Hell!

Who dares to mock my guilt?—Is't you? or you?

Wrack me that grinning fiend!—Damnation!

Who spits upon my grave?—I'll stab again!

I'll—Oh!

*Fil.* This rives my heart in twain!—Why, brother  
brother!  
His looks are ghastly.

*Enter GREGORY.*

*Gre.* Sir, the officers—

*Fil.* Away, knave!—Send them hence—the boy  
is innocent!

Tell it your fellows. Hence! Send in some help:  
Your master's ill o' the sudden. Send some help.

*[Exit Gregory.]*

*Wil.* *(Crossing to Sir Edward.)* 'Twere best to  
raise him, sir.

*Fil.* Soft—who comes here?

*Enter HELEN.*

*Hel.* Where is he?—Ill, and on the ground!—  
Oh! Mortimer!

Oh, Heaven!—My Mortimer!—Oh, raise him—  
gently!

Speak to me, love. He cannot!

*Sir E. Helen—'twas I—that—killed—*

*[He struggles to speak, but, unable to utter, he  
falls and dies—Helen kneels over him as the  
curtain slowly descends.]*

# GEORGE BARNWELL.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEORGE LILLO.



*Mil.*—"CALL IT WHAT YOU WILL."—Act iv, scene 2.

## Persons Represented.

THOROWGOOD.  
UNCLE.  
GEORGE BARNWELL.

TRUEMAN.  
BLUNT.  
JAILOR.

MILLWOOD.  
LUCY.  
MARIA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—A Room in Thorowgood's house.

Enter THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN.

*True.* Sir, the packet from Genoa is arrived.  
(Gives letters.)

*Thor.* Heaven be praised, the storm that threatened our royal mistress, pure religion, liberty, and laws, is for a time diverted; by which means, time is gained to make such preparations on our part as may, heaven concurring, prevent his malice, or turn the meditated mischief on himself.

*True.* He must be insensible indeed, who is not

affected when the safety of his country is concerned. Sir, may I know by what means—if I am too bold—

*Thor.* Your curiosity is laudable; and at some future period I shall gratify it with the greater pleasure, because from thence you may learn how honest merchants, as such, may sometimes contribute to the safety of their country, as they do at all times to its happiness; that if hereafter you should be tempted to any action that has the appearance of vice or meanness in it, upon reflecting on the dignity of our profession, you may with honest scorn reject whatever is unworthy of it.

*True.* Should Barnwell or I, who have the benefit

of your example, by our ill conduct bring any imputation on that honourable name, we must be left without excuse.

*Thor.* You compliment, young man. (*Trueman bows respectfully.*) Nay, I am not offended. As the name of merchant never degrades the gentleman, so by no means does it exclude him; only take heed not to purchase the character of complaisance at the expense of your sincerity.

*True.* Well, sir, have you any commands for me at this time?

*Thor.* Only to look carefully over the files, to see whether there are any tradesman's bills unpaid; and if there are, to send and discharge them. We must not let artificers lose their time, so useful to the public and their families, in unnecessary attendance.

[*Exit Trueman.*]

*Enter MARIA.*

*Thor.* Well, Maria, have you given orders for the entertainment? I would have it in some measure worthy the guests. Let them be plenty, and of the best; that the courtiers, though they should deny us citizens politeness, may at least commend our hospitality.

*Maria.* Sir, I have endeavoured not to wrong your well-known generosity by an ill-tempered parsimony.

*Thor.* Nay, it was a needless caution; I have no cause to doubt your prudence.

*Maria.* Sir, I find myself unfit for conversation at present: I should but increase the number of the company, without adding to their satisfaction.

*Thor.* Nay, my child, this melancholy must not be indulged.

*Maria.* Company will but increase it. I wish you would dispense with my absence; solitude best suits my present temper.

*Thor.* You are not reasonable that it is chiefly on your account these noble lords do me the honour so frequently to grace my board; should you be absent, the disappointment may make them repent their condescension, and think their labour lost.

*Maria.* He that shall think his time or honour lost in visiting you, can set no real value on your daughter's company, whose only merit is that she is yours. The man of quality, who chooses to converse with a gentleman and merchant of your worth and character, may confer honour by so doing, but he loses none.

*Thor.* Come, come, Maria, I need not tell you that a young gentleman may prefer your conversation to mine, and yet intend me no disrespect at all; for though he may lose no honour in my company, it is very natural for him to expect more pleasure in yours. I remember the time when the company of the greatest and wisest man in the kingdom would have been insipid and tiresome to me, if it had deprived me of an opportunity of enjoying your mother's.

*Maria.* Yours, no doubt, was as agreeable to her; for generous minds know no pleasure in society but where it is mutual.

*Thor.* Thou knowest I have no heir, no child but thee; the fruits of many years' successful industry must all be thine; now it would give me pleasure great as my love, to see on whom you would bestow it. I am daily solicited by men of the greatest rank and merit for leave to address you; but I have hitherto declined it, in hopes that by observation I should learn which way your inclination

tends; for as I know love to be essential to happiness in the marriage state, I had rather my approbation should confirm your choice than direct it.

*Maria.* What can I say? how shall I answer as I ought this tenderness, so uncommon, even in the best of parents? But you are without example; yet, had you been less indulgent, I had been most wretched. That I look on the crowd of courtiers that visit here with equal esteem, but equal indifference, you have observed, and I must needs confess: yet, had you asserted your authority, and insisted on a parent's right to be obeyed, I had submitted and to my duty sacrificed my peace.

*Thor.* I am your perfect obedience in every other instance, I feared as much, and therefore would leave you without a bias in an affair wherein your happiness is so immediately concerned.

*Maria.* Whether from a want of that just ambition which would become your daughter, or from some other cause, I know not; but I find high birth and titles do not recommend the man who owns them to my affections.

*Thor.* I would not that they should, unless his merit recommends him more. A noble birth and fortune, though they make not a bad man good, yet they are a real advantage to a worthy one, and place his virtues in the fairest light.

*Maria.* I cannot answer for my inclinations but they shall ever be submitted to your wisdom and authority; and as you will not compel me to marry whom I cannot love, so love shall never make me act contrary to my duty. Sir, have I your permission to retire?

*Thor.* I'll see you to your chamber.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Room in *Millwood's* House.

*MILLWOOD* discovered; *LUCY* waiting.

*Mill.* How do I look to-day, Lucy?

*Lucy.* O, killingly, madam! A little more red, and you'll be irresistible! But why this more than ordinary care of your dress and complexion? What new conquest are you aiming at?

*Mill.* A conquest would be new indeed;

*Lucy.* Not to you, who make them every day,—but to me. Well, it is what I'm never to expect, unfortunate as I am: but your wit and beauty—

*Mill.* First made me a wretch, and still continue me so. Men, however generous or sincere to one another, are all selfish hypocrites in their affairs with us. We are no otherwise esteemed or regarded by them, but as we contribute to their satisfaction. It is a general maxim among the knowing part of mankind, that a woman without virtue, like a man without honour or honesty, is capable of any action, though never so vile: and yet what pains will they not take, what arts not use, to seduce us from our innocence, and make us contemptible and wicked, even in their own opinions? Then is it not just, the villains, to their cost, should find us so? But guilt makes them suspicious, and keeps them on their guard; therefore, we can take advantage only of the young and innocent part of the sex, who, having never injured women, apprehend no injury from them.

*Lucy.* Ay, they must be young indeed.

*Mill.* Such a one, I think, I have found. As I've passed through the city, I have often observed him receiving and paying considerable sums of money; from thence I conclude he is employed in affairs of consequence.



*Lucy.* Is he handsome?

*Mill.* Ay, ay, the stripling is well made.

*Lucy.* About—

*Mill.* Eighteen.

*Lucy.* Innocent, handsome, and about eighteen! you will be vastly happy. Why, if you manage well, you may keep him to yourself these two or three years.

*Mill.* If I manage well, I shall have done with him much sooner. Having long had a design on him, and meeting him yesterday, I made a full stop and, gazing wistfully on his face, asked him his name: he blushed, and bowing very low, answered, George Barnwell. I begged his pardon for the freedom I had taken, and told him that he was the person I had long wished to see, and to whom I had an affair of importance to communicate, at a proper time and place. He named a tavern; I talked of honour and reputation, and invited him to my house: he swallowed the bait, promised to come, and this is the time I expect him. (*Knocking at the door.*) Somebody knocks: d'ye hear? I'm at home to nobody to-day but him. [*Exit Lucy.*] Less affairs must give way to those of more consequence; and I am strangely mistaken if this does not prove of great importance to me and him, too, before I have done with him. Now, after what manner shall I receive him? Let me consider—what manner of person am I to receive? He is young, innocent, and bashful; therefore I must take care not to put him out of countenance at first. But, then, if I have any skill in physiognomy, he is amorous: and with a little assistance, will soon get the better of his modesty. I will trust to nature, who does wonders in these matters. If to seem what one is not, in order to be the better liked for what one really is; if to speak one thing, and mean the direct contrary, be art in woman, then I know nothing of nature.

*Enter BARNWELL, bowing very low; LUCY at a distance.*

*Mill.* Sir! the surprise and joy—

*Barn.* Madam!

*Mill.* This is such a favour,—

(*Advancing.*)

*Barn.* Pardon me, madam,—

*Mill.* So unhoped for,—(*Still advances: Barnwell salutes her, and retires in confusion.*) To see you here—excuse the confusion—

*Barn.* I fear I am too bold.

*Mill.* Alas! sir, all my apprehensions proceed from the fear of your thinking me so. Please, sir, to sit. I am as much at a loss how to receive this honour as I ought, as I am surprised at your goodness in conferring it.

*Barn.* I thought you had expected me; I promised to come.

*Mill.* This is the more surprising; few men are such religious observers of their word.

*Barn.* All who are honest are.

*Mill.* To one another; but we silly women are seldom thought of consequence enough to gain a place in your remembrance. (*Laying her hand on his, as if by accident.*)

*Barn.* Her disorder is so great, she don't perceive she has laid her hand on mine. Heaven, how she trembles! What can this mean?

(*Aside.*)

*Mill.* The interest I have in all that relates to you, (the reason of which you shall know hereafter,) excites my curiosity; and, were I sure you would pardon my presumption, I should desire to

know your real sentiments on a very particular affair.

*Barn.* Madam, you may command my poor thoughts on any subject: I have none that I would conceal.

*Mill.* You'll think me bold.

*Barn.* No, indeed.

*Mill.* What, then, are your thoughts of love?

*Barn.* If you mean the love of woman, I have not thought of it at all. My youth and circumstances make such thoughts improper in me yet; but, if you mean the general love we owe mankind, I think no one has more of it in his temper than myself. I do not know that person in the world whose happiness I do not wish, and would not promote, were it in my power. In an especial manner, I love my uncle and my master; but above all, my friend.

*Mill.* You have a friend, then, whom you love?

*Barn.* As he does me, sincerely.

*Mill.* He is, no doubt, often blessed with your company and conversation?

*Barn.* We live in one house together, and both serve the same worthy merchant.

*Mill.* Happy, happy youth! whose'er thou art, I envy thee, and so must all, who see and know this youth. (*Aside.*) What have I lost, by being formed a woman! I hate my sex, myself. Had I been a man, I might, perhaps, have been as happy in your friendship as he who now enjoys it; but as it is—Oh!—

*Barn.* I never observed women before, or this is, sure, the most beautiful of her sex. (*Aside.*) You seem disordered, madam; may I know the cause?

*Mill.* Do not ask me, I can never speak it, whatever is the cause; I wish for things impossible, I would be a servant, bound to the same master as you are, to live in one house with you.

*Barn.* How strange, and yet how kind, her words and actions are: and the effect they have on me is as strange! I feel desires I never knew before: I must be gone, while I have power to go. (*Aside.*) Madam, I humbly take my leave.

*Mill.* You will not, sure, leave me so soon?

*Barn.* Indeed, I must.

*Mill.* You cannot be so cruel. I have prepared a poor supper, at which I promised myself your company.

*Barn.* I am sorry I must refuse the honour that you designed me; but my duty to my master calls me hence. I never yet neglected his service; he is so gentle, and so good a master, that should I wrong him, though he might forgive me, I should never forgive myself.

*Mill.* Am I refused, by the first man, the second favour I ever stooped to ask? Go, then, thou proud, hard-hearted youth! But know, you are the only man that could be found, who would let me sue twice for greater favours.

*Barn.* What shall I do?—How, shall I go or stay?

(*Aside.*)

*Mill.* Yet do not, do not leave me! I wish my sex's pride would meet your scorn; but, when I look upon you, when I behold those eyes—Oh, spare my tongue, and let my blushes speak! This flood of tears to that will force their way, and declare what woman's modesty should hide.

*Barn.* O, heavens! she loves me, worthless as I am; her looks, her words, her flowing tears, confess it; and can I leave her, then? Oh, never, never! Madam, dry up those tears. You shall

command me always: I will stay here for ever if you'd have me.

*Lucy.* So! she has wheedled him out of his virtue of obedience already, and will strip him of all the rest one after another, till she has left him as few as her ladyship, or myself.

(*Aside.*)

*Mill.* Now you are kind, indeed; but I mean not to detain you always; I would have you shake off all slavish obedience to your master, but you may serve him still.

*Lucy.* Serve him still! ay, or he'll have no opportunity of fingering his cash; and then he'll not serve your end, I'll be sworn.

(*Aside.*)

*Enter BLUNT.*

*Blunt.* Madam, supper's on the table.

*Mill.* Come, sir; you'll excuse all defects: my thoughts were too much employed on my guest to observe the entertainment.

[*Exeunt Millwood and Barnwell.*]

*Blunt.* What! is all this preparation, this elegant supper, variety of wines, and music, for the entertainment of that young fellow?

*Lucy.* So it seems.

*Blunt.* What! is our mistress turned fool at last? she's in love with him, I suppose?

*Lucy.* I suppose not: but she designs to make him in love with her, if she can.

*Blunt.* What will she get by that? He seems under age, and can't be supposed to have much money.

*Lucy.* But his master has; and that's the same thing, as she'll manage it.

*Blunt.* I don't like this fooling with a handsome young fellow: while she's endeavouring to ensnare him, she may be caught herself.

*Lucy.* Nay, were she like me, that would certainly be the consequence; for, I confess, there is something in youth and innocence that moves me mightily.

*Blunt.* Yes; so does the smoothness and plumpness of a partridge move a mighty desire in the hawk to be the destruction of it.

*Lucy.* Why, birds are their prey, as men are ours; though, as you observed, we are sometimes caught ourselves: but that, I dare say, will never be the case with our mistress.

*Blunt.* I wish it may prove so; for you know we all depend upon her: should she trifle away her time with a young fellow that there is nothing to be got by, we must all starve.

*Lucy.* There's no danger of that, for I am sure she has no view in this affair but interest.

*Blunt.* Well, and what hopes are there of success in that?

*Lucy.* The most promising that can be. 'Tis true, the youth has his scruples; but she'll soon teach him to answer them, by stifling his conscience. O! the lad is in a hopeful way, depend upon it!

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.—A Room in *Thoroughgood's* house.

*Enter BARNWELL.*

*Barn.* How strange are all things round me! Like some thief, who treads forbidden ground, fearful I enter each apartment of this well-known house. To guilty love, as if that were too little, already have I added breach of trust. A thief!

Can I know myself that wretched thing, and look my honest friend and injured master in the face? Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length, it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the meantime, what must be my life? ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes, in order to conceal them. Sure, such was the condition of the grand apostate, when first he lost his purity; like me disconsolate, he wandered, and, while yet in heaven, bore all his future hell upon him.

*Enter TRUEMAN.*

*True.* Barnwell! O, how I rejoice to see you safe! so will our master, and his gentle daughter; who, during your absence, often inquired after you.

*Barn.* Would he were gone! his officious love will pry into the secrets of my soul.

(*Aside.*)

*True.* Unless you knew the pain the whole family has felt on your account, you cannot conceive how much you are beloved. But why thus cold and silent? When my heart is full of joy for your return, why do you turn away? Why thus avoid me? What have I done? How am I altered, since you saw me last? or, rather, what have you done? and why are you thus changed? for I am still the same.

*Barn.* What have I done, indeed!

(*Aside.*)

*True.* Not speak, nor look upon me!

*Barn.* By my face he will discover all I would conceal: methinks, already, I begin to hate him.

(*Aside.*)

*True.* I cannot bear this usage from a friend, one whom, till now, I ever found so loving, whom yet I love; though this unkindness strikes at the root of friendship, and might destroy it in any breast but mine.

*Barn.* I am not well. Sleep has been a stranger to these eyes, since you beheld them last.

*True.* Heavy they look, indeed, and swollen with tears; now, they overflow: rightly did my sympathizing heart forebode last night, when thou wast absent, something fatal to our peace.

*Barn.* Your friendship engages you too far. My troubles, whatever they are, are mine alone; you have no interest in them, nor ought your concern for me give you a moment's pain.

*True.* You speak as if you knew of friendship nothing but the name. Before I saw your grief, I felt it: even now, though ignorant of the cause, your sorrow wounds me to the heart.

*Barn.* It will not be always thus: friendship and all engagements cease, as circumstances and occasions vary; and, since you once may hate me, perhaps it might be better for us both, that now you loved me less.

*True.* Sure, I but dream! without a cause, would Barnwell use me thus? Ungenerous, and ungrateful youth, farewell! I shall endeavour to follow your advice. (*Going.*) Yet, stay; perhaps I am too rash: prythee, forgive me, Barnwell. Try to compose your ruffled mind, and let me know the cause that thus transports you from yourself; my friendly counsel may restore your peace.

*Barn.* All that is possible for man to do for man, your generous friendship may effect; but, here, even, that's in vain.

*True.* Something dreadful is labouring in your breast! O, give it vent, and let me share your grief! It will ease your pain, should it admit no cure; and make it lighter by the part I bear.

*Barn.* Vain supposition! My woes increase, by being observed; should the cause be known, they would exceed all bounds.

*True.* So well I know thy honest heart guilt cannot harbour there.

*Barn.* O torture insupportable!

*True.* Then why am I excluded? Have I a thought I would conceal from you?

*Barn.* If still you urge me on this hated subject, I'll never enter more beneath this roof, nor see your face again.

*True.* It is strange; but I have done: say but you hate me not.

*Barn.* Hate you: I am not that monster yet.

*True.* Shall our friendship still continue?

*Barn.* It is a blessing I never was worthy of, yet now must stand on terms, and, but upon conditions, can confirm it.

*True.* What are they?

*Barn.* Never, hereafter, though you should wonder at my conduct, desire to know more than I am willing to reveal.

*True.* 'Tis hard; but, upon any conditions, I must be your friend.

*Barn.* Then, as much as one, lost to himself, can be another's, I am yours. *(Embracing.)*

*True.* Be ever so; and may heaven restore your peace. But business requires our attendance:—business, the youth's best preservation from ill, as idleness his worst of anæra. Will you go with me?

*Barn.* I'll take a little time to reflect on what has past, and follow you. *[Exit Trueman.]* I might have trusted Trueman to have applied to my uncle to have repaired the wrong I have done my master; but what of Millwood? Shall I leave her—for ever leave her, and not let her know the cause? She, who loves me with such a boundless passion? Can cruelty be duty? I judge of what she then must feel, by what I now endure. How, then, can I determine?

*Enter THOROWGOOD.*

*Thor.* Without a cause assigned, or notice given, to absent yourself last night was a fault, young man, and I came to chide you for it; but hope I am prevented; that modest blush, the confusion so visible in your face, speak grief and shame: when we have offended heaven, it requires no more; and shall man, who needs himself to be forgiven, be harder to appease? If my pardon or love, be of moment to your peace, look up secure of both.

*Barn.* This goodness has overcome me. *(Aside.)* O, sir! you know not the nature and extent of my offence; and I should abuse your mistaken bounty to receive them. Though I had rather die, than speak my shame; though racks could not have forced the guilty secret from my breast, your kindness has.

*Thor.* Enough, enough; whatever it be, this concern shows you are convinced, and I am satisfied. How painful is the sense of guilt to an ingenuous mind! some youthful folly, which it were prudent not to inquire into.

*Barn.* It will be known, and you recall your pardon and abhor me.

*Thor.* I never will; so heaven confirm to me the pardon of my offences. Yet be upon your guard in this gay, thoughtless season of your life; when vice becomes habitual, the very power of leaving it is lost.

*Barn.* Hear me, then, on my knees, confess.

*Thor.* I will not hear a syllable more upon this

subject; it were not mercy, but cruelty to hear what must give you such torment to reveal.

*Barn.* This generosity amazes and distracts me.

*Thor.* This remorse makes thee dearer to me than if thou hadst never offended: whatever is your fault, of this I am certain, it was harder for you to offend, than me to pardon.

*[Exit.]*

*Barn.* Villain! villain! villain! basely to follow so excellent a man; should I again return to folly—detested thought; but what of Millwood, then? why, I renounce her;—I give her up: the struggle is over, and virtue has prevailed. Reason may convince, but gratitude compels. This unlooked-for generosity has saved me from destruction. *(Going.)*

*Enter to him a Footman.*

*Foot.* Sir, two ladies, from your uncle in the country, desire to see you.

*Barn.* Who should they be? *(Aside.)* Tell them I'll wait upon them. *[Exit Footman.]* Methinks I dread to see them. Guilt! what a coward hast thou made me! Now, everything alarms me.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II. Another Room in Thorowgood's house.

*Enter MILLWOOD and LUCY, and to them a Footman.*

*Foot.* Ladies, he'll wait upon you immediately.

*Mill.* 'Tis very well. I thank you.

*[Exit Footman.]*

*Enter BARNWELL.*

*Barn.* Confusion! Millwood!

*Mill.* That angry look tells me that here I am an unwelcome guest; I feared as much; the unhappy are so, everywhere.

*Barn.* Will nothing but my utter ruin content you?

*Mill.* Unkind and cruel! Lost myself, your happiness is now my only care.

*Barn.* How did you gain admission?

*Mill.* Saying, we were desired by your uncle to visit and deliver a message to you, we were received by the family without suspicion; and, with much respect, directed here.

*Barn.* Why did you come at all?

*Mill.* I never shall trouble you more; I am come to take my leave for ever. Such is the malice of my fate. I go hopeless, despairing ever to return. This hour is all I have left me. One short hour is all I have to bestow on love and you, for whom I thought the longest life too short.

*Barn.* Then we are to part for ever?

*Mill.* It must be so; yet think not that time or absence shall ever put a period to my grief, or make me love you less: though I must leave you, yet condemn me not.

*Barn.* Condemn you? No; I approve your resolution, and rejoice to hear it; it is just, it is necessary; I have well weighed, and found it so.

*Lucy.* I am afraid the young man has more sense than she thought he had. *(Aside.)*

*Barn.* Before you came, I had determined never to see you more.

*Mill.* Confusion!

*(Aside.)*

*Lucy.* Ay; we are all out; this is a turn so unexpected, that I shall make nothing of my part; they

must even play the scene betwixt themselves.  
(*Aside.*)

*Mill.* It was some relief to think, though absent, you would love me still; but, to find you had resolved to cast me off! this as I never could expect, I have not learnt to bear.

*Barn.* I am sorry to hear that you blame in me, a resolution that so well becomes us both.

*Mill.* I have reason for what I do, but you have none.

*Barn.* Can you want a reason for parting, who had so many to wish we never had met.

*Mill.* Look on me, Barnwell; nay, look again: am I not she, whom, yesterday, you thought the fairest and the kindest of her sex?

*Barn.* No more; let me repent my former follies, if possible, without remembering what they were.

*Mill.* Why?

*Barn.* Such is my frailty, that it is dangerous.

*Mill.* Where is the danger, since we are to part?

*Barn.* The thought of that already is too painful.

*Mill.* If it be painful to part, then I may hope at least you do not hate me?

*Barn.* No, no; I never said I did. O my heart!

*Mill.* Perhaps, you pity me?

*Barn.* I do, I do; indeed, I do.

*Mill.* You will think upon me?

*Barn.* Doubt it not, while I can think at all.

*Mill.* You may judge an embrace at parting too great a favour, though it would be the last! (*He drives back.*) A look shall then suffice; farewell for ever.

*Barn.* If to resolve to suffer, be to conquer, I have conquered. Painful victory!

*Re-enter MILLWOOD and LUCY.*

*Mill.* One thing I had forgot: I never must return to my own house again. This I thought proper to let you know, lest your mind should change, and you should seek in vain to find me there. Forgive me this second intrusion; I only came to give you this caution, and that, perhaps, was needless.

*Barn.* I hope it was; yet it is kind, and I must thank you for it.

*Mill.* My friend, your arm. (*To Lucy.*) Now I am gone for ever. (*Going.*)

*Barn.* One thing more; sure there's no danger in my knowing where you go? If you think otherwise—

*Mill.* Alas! (*Weeping.*)

*Lucy.* We are right, I find, that's my cue. (*Aside.*) Ah! dear sir, she's going she knows not whither; but go she must.

*Barn.* Humanity obliges me to wish you well; why will you expose yourself to needless troubles?

*Lucy.* Nay, there's no help for it; she must quit the town immediately, and the kingdom as soon as possible; it was no small matter, you may be sure, that could make her resolve to leave you.

*Mill.* No more, my friend; since he for whose dear sake alone I suffer, and am content to suffer, is kind, and pities me. Wherever I wander, through wilds and deserts, benighted and forlorn, that thought shall give me comfort.

*Barn.* For my sake! O tell me how: which way am I so cursed as to bring such ruin on thee?

*Mill.* To know it will but increase your troubles.

*Barn.* My troubles cannot be greater than they

*Lucy.* Well, well, sir, if she won't satisfy you, I will.

*Barn.* I am bound to you beyond expression.

*Mill.* Remember, sir, that I desired you not to hear it.

*Barn.* Begin, and ease my racking expectation.

*Lucy.* Why, you must know, my lady here was an only child; her parents dying while she was young, left her and her fortune, (no inconsiderable one, I assure you,) to the care of a gentleman who has a good estate of his own.

*Mill.* Ay, say, the barbarous man is rich enough; but what are riches when compared to love?

*Lucy.* For awhile he performed the office of a faithful guardian, settled her in a house, hired her servants; but you have seen in what manner she lived, so I need say no more of that.

*Mill.* How I shall live hereafter, heaven knows!

*Lucy.* All things went on as one could wish, till, some time ago, his wife dying, he fell violently in love with his charge, and would fain have married her: now the man was neither old nor ugly, but a good personable sort of man, but I don't know how it was, she could never endure him; in short, her ill usage so provoked him, that he brought in an account of his executorship, wherein he makes her debtor to him—

*Mill.* A trifle in itself, but more than enough to ruin me, whom, by this unjust account, he had stripped of all before.

*Lucy.* Now she having neither money nor friend, except me, who am as unfortunate as herself, he compelled her to pass his account, and give bond for the sum he demanded; but still provided handsomely for her, and continued his courtship, till being informed by his spies (truly I suspect some of her own family) that you were entertained at her house, and stayed with her all night, he came this morning, raving and storming like a madman; talks no more of marriage, so there's no hopes of making up matters that way, but vows her ruin, unless she'll allow him the same favour that he supposes she granted you.

*Barn.* Must she be ruined, or find a refuge in another's arms.

*Mill.* He gave me but an hour to resolve in, that's happily spent with you; and now I go.

*Barn.* To be exposed to all the rigours of the various seasons; the summer's parching heat, and winter's cold; unhoused, to wander friendless through the inhospitable world, in misery and want; attended with fear and danger, and pursued by malice and revenge; wouldst thou endure all this for me, and can I do nothing, nothing to prevent it?

*Lucy.* 'Tis really a pity there can be no way found out.

*Barn.* O, where are all my resolutions now?

*Lucy.* Now I advised her, sir, to comply with the gentleman.

*Barn.* Tormenting fiend, away! I had rather perish, nay, see her perish, than have her saved by him; I will myself prevent her ruin, though with my own. A moment's patience; I'll return immediately.

*Lucy.* It was well you came; or, by what I can perceive, you had lost him.

*Mill.* Hush!—he's here.

*Enter BARNWELL, with a bag of money.*

*Barn.* What am I about to do? Now you, who boast your reason all sufficient, suppose yourselves in my condition, and determine for me; whether

it's right to let her suffer for my faults, or, by this small addition to my guilt, prevent the ill effects of what is past. Here, take this, and with it purchase your deliverance; return to your house, and live in peace and safety.

*Mill.* So I may hope to see you there again.

*Barn.* Answer me not, but fly; lest, in the agonies of my remorse, I take again what is not mine to give, and abandon thee to want and misery.

*Mill.* Say but you will come.

*Barn.* You are my fate, my heaven, or my hell!

[*Exeunt Millwood and Lucy.*]

What have I done? Were my resolutions founded on reason, and sincerely made, why then has heaven permitted me to fall? I sought not the occasion; and, if my heart deceives me not, compassion and generosity were my motives. But why should I attempt to reason? All is confusion, horror, and remorse; I find I am lost, cast down from all my late erected hopes, and plunged again in guilt, yet scarce know how or why—

*Such undistinguish'd horrors make my brain,  
Like hell, the seat of darkness and of pain.*

[*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Room in Thorowgood's house.

THOROWGOOD and TRUEMAN sitting at a table,  
with account books.

*Thor.* Well! I have examined your accounts: they are not only just, as I have always found them, but regularly kept, and fairly entered. I commend your diligence. Method in business is the surest guide. Are Barnwell's accounts ready for my inspection? he does not use to be the last on these occasions.

*True.* Upon receiving your orders he retired, I thought, in some confusion. If you please, I'll go and hasten him.

*Thor.* I'm now going to the exchange; let him know, at my return, I expect to find him ready.

[*Exeunt Thor. and True.*]

*Enter MARIA, with a book, who sits and reads.*

*Maria.* How forcible is truth: The weakest mind, inspired with love of that, fixed and collected in itself, with indifference beholds the united force of earth and hell opposing: such souls are raised above the sense of pain, or so supported, that they regard it not. The martyr cheaply purchases his heaven; small are his sufferings, great is his reward. Not so the wretch, who combats love with duty: when the mind, weakened and dissolved by the soft passion, feeble and hopeless opposes its own desires. What is an hour, a day, a year of pain, to a whole life of tortures such as these?

*Enter TRUEMAN.*

*True.* O, Barnwell! O, my friend, how art thou fallen!

*Maria.* Ha! Barnwell! What of him? Speak, say what of Barnwell.

*True.* 'Tis not to be concealed. I've news to tell of him that will afflict your generous father, yourself, and all who knew him.

*Maria.* Defend us, heaven!

*True.* I cannot speak it. See there. (*Gives a letter.*)

*Maria.* (*Reads.*) "Trueman,—I know my absence will surprise my honoured master and yourself; and the more, when you shall understand that the reason of my withdrawing, is my having embezzled part of the cash with which I was entrusted. After this, 'tis needless to inform you that I intend never to return again: though this might have been known, by examining my accounts, yet, to prevent that unnecessary trouble, and to cut off all fruitless expectations of my return, I have left this from the lost

"GEORGE BARNWELL."

*True.* Lost indeed! Yet how he should be guilty of what he there charges himself withal, raises my wonder equal to my grief. Never had youth a higher sense of virtue; justly he thought, and as he thought he practised; never was life more regular than his; an understanding uncommon at his years; an open, generous, manliness of temper; his manners easy, unaffected, and engaging.

*Maria.* This and much more you might have said with truth. He was the delight of every eye, and joy of every heart that knew him.

*True.* Since such he was, and was my friend, can I support his loss? See the fairest and happiest maid this wealthy city boasts, kindly condescends to weep for thy unhappy fate, poor ruined Barnwell!

*Maria.* Trueman, do you think a soul so delicate as his, so sensible of shame, can ever submit to live a slave to vice?

*True.* Never, never. So well I know him, I'm sure this act of his, so contrary to his nature, must have been caused by some unavoidable necessity.

*Maria.* Is there no means yet to preserve him?

*True.* O! that there were! But few men recover reputation lost. A merchant never. Nor would he, I fear, though I should find him, ever be brought to look his injured master in the face.

*Maria.* I fear as much, and therefore would never have my father know it.

*True.* That's impossible!

*Maria.* What's the sum?

*True.* 'Tis considerable. I've marked it here, to shew it, with the letter, to your father, at his return.

*Maria.* If I should supply the money, could you so dispose of that and the account, so as to conceal this unhappy mismanagement from my father?

*True.* Nothing more easy: but can you intend it? Will you save a helpless wretch from ruin? Oh! 'twere an act worthy such exalted virtue as Maria's. Sure heaven, in mercy to my friend, inspired the generous thought.

*Maria.* Doubt not but I would purchase so great a happiness at a much dearer price. But how shall he be found?

*True.* Trust to my diligence for that. In the meantime, I'll conceal his absence from your father, or find such excuses for it, that the real cause shall never be suspected.

*Maria.* In attempting to save from shame, one whom we hope may yet return to virtue, to heaven, and you, the judges of this action, I appeal, whether I have done anything misbecoming my sex and character.

*True.* Earth must approve the deed, and heaven, I doubt not, will reward it!

*Maria.* If heaven succeed it, I am well rewarded. A virgin's fame is sullied by suspicion's slightest breath; and, therefore, as this must be a secret from my father, and the world, for Barnwell's sake, for mine, let it be so to him.

SCENE II.—*Millwood's House.**Enter LUCY and BLUNT.*

*Lucy.* Well! what do you think of Millwood's conduct now?

*Blunt.* I own it is surprising; I don't know which to admire most, her feigned or his real passion; though I have sometimes been afraid that her avarice would discover her; but his youth and want of experience made it the easier to impose on him.

*Lucy.* No; it is his love. To do him justice, notwithstanding his youth, he don't want understanding; but you men are much easier imposed on, in these affairs, than your vanity will allow you to believe. Let me see the wisest of you all, as much in love with me, as Barnwell is with Millwood, and I'll engage to make as great a fool of him.

*Blunt.* And, all circumstances considered, to make as much money of him too.

*Lucy.* I can't answer for that. Her artifice in making him rob his master at first, and the various stratagems, by which she has obliged him to continue in that course, astonish even me, who know her so well.

*Blunt.* But, then, you are to consider that the money was his master's.

*Lucy.* There was the difficulty of it; had it been his own, it had been nothing; were the world his, she might have had it for a smile. But those golden days are done; he's ruined, and Millwood's hopes of further profit there, are at an end.

*Blunt.* That's no more than we all expected.

*Lucy.* Being called, by his master, to make up his accounts, he was forced to quit his house and service, and wisely flies to Millwood for relief and entertainment.

*Blunt.* How did she receive him?

*Lucy.* As you would expect. She wondered what he meant—was astonished at his impudence; and, with an air of modesty peculiar to herself, swore so heartily, that she never saw him before, that she put him out of countenance.

*Blunt.* That's much, indeed! But how did Barnwell behave?

*Lucy.* He grieved; and at length, enraged at this barbarous treatment, was preparing to be gone; and, making toward the door, showed a bag of money, which he had stolen from his master; the last he's ever like to have from thence.

*Blunt.* But then, Millwood?

*Lucy.* Ay; she, with her usual address, returned to her old arts of lying, swearing, and dissembling: hung on his neck, and wept, and swore 'twas meant in jest; till the easy fool, melted into tears, threw the money into her lap, and swore he had rather die, than think her false.

*Blunt.* Strange infatuation!

*Lucy.* But what followed was stranger still. As doubts and fears, followed by reconciliation, ever increase love, where the passion is sincere; so in him, it caused so wild a transport of excessive fondness,—such joy, such grief, such pleasure and such anguish, that nature in him seemed sinking with the weight, and the charmed soul disposed to quit his breast for hers; just then, when every passion with lawless anarchy prevailed, and reason was in the raging tempest lost, the cruel, artful, Millwood, prevailed upon the wretched youth to promise, what I tremble but to think on.

*Blunt.* I am amazed! what can it be?

*Lucy.* You will be more so, to hear it is to attempt the life of his nearest relation, and best benefactor.

*Blunt.* His uncle! whom we have often heard him speak of as a gentleman of large estate and fair character, in the country, where he lives.

*Lucy.* The same. She was no sooner possessed of the last dear purchase of his ruin, but her avarice, insatiate as the grave, demands this horrid sacrifice.

*Blunt.* 'Tis time the world was rid of such a monster. There is something so horrid in murder, that all other crimes seem nothing when compared to that. I would not be involved in the guilt of that for all the world.

*Lucy.* Nor I, heaven knows! therefore, let us clear ourselves by doing all that is in our power to prevent it. I have just thought of a way, that to me seems probable. Will you join with me to detect this cursed design?

*Blunt.* With all my heart. How else shall I clear myself? He who knows of a murder intended to be committed, and does not discover it, in the eye of the law and reason, is a murderer.

*Lucy.* Let us lose no time; I'll acquaint you with the particulars as we go.

[*Exeunt.*]SCENE III.—*A Walk at some distance from a country-seat.**Enter BARNWELL.*

*Barn.* A dismal gloom obscures the face of day; either the sun has slipped behind a cloud, or journeys down the west of heaven, with more than common speed, to avoid the sight of what I'm doomed to act. Since I set forth on this accursed design, wherever I tread, methinks the solid earth trembles beneath my feet. Murder my uncle! My father's only brother! who since his death has been to me a father; who took me up an infant and an orphan; reared me with tenderness and care, and still indulged me with most paternal fondness; yet here I stand avowed his destined murderer! I stiffen with horror at my own impiety! 'Tis yet unperformed. What if I quit my bloody purpose and fly the place! (*Going, then stops.*) But whither, O whither shall I fly! My master's once friendly doors are ever shut against me; and without money, Millwood will never see me more, and life is not to be endured without her: she's got such firm possession of my heart, and governs there with such despotic sway; ay, there's the cause of all my sin and sorrow: 'tis more than love; 'tis the fever of the soul, and madness of desire. In vain does nature, reason, conscience, all oppose it; the impetuous passion bears down all before it, and drives me on to lust, to theft, and murder. Oh, conscience! feeble guide to virtue, who only shews us when we go astray, but wants the power to stop us in our course. Ha! in yonder shady walk I see my uncle. He's alone. Now for my disguise. (*Plucks out a visor.*) This is his hour of private meditation. Thus daily he prepares his soul for heaven, whilst I—But what have I to do with heaven! Ha! No struggles, conscience—

*Hence! hence remove, and every thought that's good;*

*The storm that has begun, must end in blood.*

[*Puts on the visor, draws a pistol, and exits.*]

SCENE IV.—*A Cut Wood.*

*Enter Uncle.*

*Uncle.* If I were superstitious, I should fear some danger lurked unseen, or death were nigh: a heavy melancholy clouds my spirits; my imagination is filled with ghastly forms of dreary graves, and bodies changed by death.

*Enter BARNWELL at a distance.*

O death, thou strange mysterious power, seen every day, yet never understood, but by the incommunicative dead, what art thou? The extensive mind of man, that with a thought circles the earth's vast globe, sinks to the centre, or ascends above the stars; that worlds exotic finds, or thinks it finds, thy thick clouds attempt to pass in vain, lost and bewildered in the horrid gloom; defeated she returns more doubtful than before; of nothing certain, but of labour lost.

*[During this speech, Barnwell sometimes presents the pistol, and draws it back again; at last he drops it, at which his uncle starts, and draws his sword.]*

*Barn.* Oh! 'tis impossible.

*Uncle.* A man so near me, armed and masked!

*Barn.* Nay, then there's no retreat.

*[Plucks a poniard from his bosom, and stabs him.]*

*Uncle.* Oh! I am slain! All gracious heaven, regard the prayer of thy dying servant. Bless, with thy choicest blessings, my dearest nephew; forgive my murderer, and take my fleeting soul to endless mercy.

*(Barnwell throws off his mask, runs to him, and kneeling by him, raises and chafes him.)*

*Barn.* Expiring saint! Oh! murdered, martyred uncle! Lift up your dying eyes, and view your nephew in your murderer. O do not look so tenderly upon me. Let indignation lighten from your eyes, and blast me ere you die. By heaven, he weeps in pity of my woes. Tears, tears, for blood. The murdered in the agonies of death, weeps for his murderer. O, speak your pious purpose; pronounce my pardon them, and take me with you. He would, but cannot. O why, with such fond affection do you press my murdering hand! What! will you kiss me? *(Kisses his hand. Uncle groans and d'c.)* Life that hovered on his lips but till he had sealed my pardon, in that sigh expired. He's gone for ever, and oh! I follow. *(Swoons away upon his uncle's dead body.)* Do I still live to press the suffering bosom of the earth? Do I still breathe, and taint with my infectious breath the wholesome air! Let heaven, from its high throne, in justice or in mercy now look down on that dear murdered saint, and me the murderer. And, if his vengeance spares, let pity strike and end my wretched being. Murder, the worst of crimes, and parricide the worst of murders, and this the worst of parricides.

*O, may it ever stand alone, accursed,  
The last of murders, as it is the worst.*

*[Exit.]*

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A Room in Thorowgood's house.*

*Enter MARIA and TRUEMAN.*

*Maria.* What news of Barnwell?

*True.* None. I have sought him with the greatest diligence, but all in vain.

*Maria.* Doth my father yet suspect the cause of his absenting himself?

*True.* All appeared so just and fair to him, it is not possible he ever should; but his absence will no longer be concealed. Your father's wise; and though he seems to harden to the friendly excuses, I would make for Barnwell, yet I'm afraid he regards them only as such, without suffering them to influence his judgment.

*Maria.* How does the unhappy youth defeat all our designs to serve him! yet I can never repent what we have done. Should he return, it will make his reconciliation with my father easier, and preserve him from future reproach from a malicious, unforgiving world.

*Enter THOROWGOOD and LUCY.*

*Thor.* This woman here has given me a sad, (and bating some circumstances) too probable account of Barnwell's defection.

*Lucy.* I am sorry, sir, that my frank confession of my former unhappy course of life should cause you to suspect my truth on this occasion.

*Thor.* It is not that; your confession has in it all the appearance of truth. *(To them.)* Among many other particulars, she informs me that Barnwell has been influenced to break his trust, and wrong me at several times, of considerable sums of money; and I know this to be false, I would fain doubt the whole of her relation: too dreadful, to be willingly believed.

*Maria.* Sir, your pardon; I find myself on a sudden so indisposed, that I must retire. Poor ruined Barnwell! Wretched, lost Maria!

*(Aside.—Exit.)*

*Thor.* How am I distressed on every side! Pity for that unhappy youth, fear for the life of a much valued friend; and then my child, the only joy and hope of my declining life. Her melancholy increases hourly, and gives me painful apprehensions of her loss. O Trueman! this person informs me that your friend, at the instigation of an impious woman, is gone to rob and murder his venerable uncle.

*True.* O execrable deed! I am blasted with the horror of the thought.

*Lucy.* This delay may ruin all.

*Thor.* What to do or think I know not; that he ever wronged me, I know is false, the rest may be so too, there is all my hope.

*True.* Trust not to that, rather suppose all true than lose a moment's time: even now the horrid deed may be a doing; dreadful imagination! or it may be done, and we are vainly debating on the means to prevent what is already past.

*Thor.* This his earnestness convinces me that he knows more than he has yet discovered. What ho! without there! who waits?

*Enter a Servant.*

Order the groom to saddle the swiftest horse, and prepare himself to set out with speed. An affair of life and death demands his diligence. *[Exit Servant.]* For you, whose behaviour on this occasion, I have no time to commend as it deserves, I must engage your farther assistance. Return and observe this Millwood till I come. I have your directions, and will follow you as soon as possible. *[Exit Lucy.]* Trueman, you I am sure would not be idle on this occasion.

*[Exit.]*

*True.* He only who is a friend can judge of my distress.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—*Millwood's House.**Enter MILLWOOD.*

*Mill.* I wish I knew the event of this design: the attempt without success would ruin him. Well! what have I to apprehend from that? I fear too much. The mischief being only intended, his friends, in pity of his youth, turn all their rage on me. I should have thought of that before. Suppose the deed done, then, and then only I shall be secure; or what if he returns without attempting? But he is here, and I have done him wrong; his bloody hands shew he has done the deed, but shew he wants the prudence to conceal it.

*Enter BARNWELL, bloody.*

*Barn.* Where shall I hide me? Whither shall I fly to avoid the swift unerring hand of justice.

*Mill.* Dismiss those fears; though thousands had pursued you to the door, yet being entered here, you are safe as innocence; I have such a cavern, by art so cunningly contrived, that the piercing eyes of jealousy and revenge may search in vain, nor find the entrance to the safe retreat. There will I hide you if any danger's near.

*Barn.* O hide me from myself if it be possible; for while I bear my conscience in my bosom, though I were hid where man's eye never saw, nor light ever dawned, it were all in vain. For that inmate, that impartial judge, will try, convict, and sentence me for murder; and execute me with never ending torments. Behold these hands all crimsoned over with my dear uncle's blood! Here's a sight to make a statue start with horror, or turn a living man into a statue.

*Mill.* Ridiculous! Then it seems you are afraid of your own shadow; or what's less than a shadow, your conscience.

*Barn.* Though to man unknown I did the accursed act, what can we hide from heaven's omniscient eye?

*Mill.* No more of this stuff. What advantage have you made of his death? or what advantage may yet be made of it? Did you secure the keys of his treasure? those, no doubt, were about him. What gold, what jewels, or what else of value have you brought me?

*Barn.* Think you I added sacrilege to murder? Oh! had you seen him as his life flowed from him in a crimson flood, and heard him praying for me by the double name, of nephew and murderer; alas, alas! he knew not then that his nephew was his murderer; how would you have wished as I did, though you had a thousand years of life to come, to have given them all to have lengthened his one hour. But, being dead, I fled the sight of what my hands had done, nor could I, to have gained the empire of the world, have violated by theft his sacred corpse.

*Mill.* Whining, preposterous, canting villain! to murder your uncle, rob him of life, nature's first, last, dear prerogative, after which there's no injury, then fear to take what he no longer wanted; and bring to me your penury and guilt. Do you think I'll hazard my reputation; nay, my life, to entertain you?

*Barn.* Oh, Millwood! this from thee? But I have done. If you hate me, if you wish me dead; then are you happy, for oh! 'tis sure my grief will quickly end me.

*Mill.* In his madness he will discover all, and involve me in his ruin. We are on a precipice from

whence there's no retreat for both. Then to preserve myself. *(Pause.)* There is no other way, it is dreadful, but reflection comes too late when danger's pressing, and there's no room for choice. It must be done.

*(Kings.)**Enter a Servant.*

Fetch me an officer and seize this villain; he has confessed himself a murderer; should I let him escape, I justly might be thought as bad as he.

*[Exit Servant.]*

*Barn.* O Millwood! sure thou dost not, cannot mean it. Stop the messenger, upon my knees I beg you to call him back. *(Kneels.)* 'Tis fit I die indeed, but not by you. I will this instant deliver myself into the hand of justice, indeed I will, for death is all I wish. But thy ingratitude so tears my wounded soul, 'tis worse ten thousand times than death with torture.

*Mill.* Call it what you will, I am willing to live: and live secure: which nothing but your death can warrant.

*(Barnwell rises.)*

*Barn.* If there be a pitch of wickedness that seats the author beyond the reach of vengeance, you must be secure. But what remains for me, but a dismal dungeon, hard-galling fetters, an awful trial, and ignominious death, justly to fall unpitied and abhorred? After death to be suspended between heaven and earth, a dreadful spectacle, the warning and horror of a gaping crowd. This I could bear, nay, wish not to avoid, had it but come from any hand but thine.

*Enter BLUNT, Officer and Attendants.*

*Mill.* Heaven defend me! Conceal a murderer! here, sir, take this youth into your custody, I accuse him of murder, and will appear to make good my charge.

*(They seize him.)*

*Barn.* To whom, of what, or how shall I complain? I'll not accuse her, the hand of heaven is in it, and this the punishment of lust and perjury.

*Be warn'd, ye youths, who see my sad despair,  
Avoid lewd women, false as they are fair,  
By reason guided, honest joys pursue.  
The fair to honour, and to virtue true,  
Just to herself, will ne'er be false to you.  
By my example, learn to shun my fate,  
(How wretched is the man who's wise too late)  
Ere innocence and fame, and life be lost,  
Here purchase wisdom cheaply, at my cost.*

*[Exit, with Officers.]*

*Mill.* Where's Lucy? why is she sent at such a time?

*Blunt.* Would I had been so, too! Lucy will soon be here, and I hope to thy confusion, thou devil!

*Mill.* Insolent! this to me!

*Blunt.* The worst that we know of the devil is, that he first seduces to sin, and then betrays to punishment.

*[Exit.]*

*Mill.* They disapprove of my conduct: my ruin is resolved; I see my danger, but scorn it and them. I was not born to fall by such weak instruments.



*Enter THOROWGOOD.*

*Thor.* Where is this scandal of her own sex, and curse of ours?

*Mill.* What means this insolence? Who do you seek?

*Thor.* Millwood.

*Mill.* Well, you have found her, then. I am Millwood.

*Thor.* Then you are the most impious wretch that ever the sun beheld.

*Mill.* From your appearance, I should have expected wisdom and moderation; but your manners belie your aspect. What is your business here? I know you not.

*Thor.* Hereafter you may know me better; I am Barnwell's master.

*Mill.* Then you are master to a villain; which I think is not much to your credit.

*Thor.* Had he been as much above thy arts, as my credit is superior to thy malice, I need not have blushed to own him.

*Mill.* My arts! I do not understand you, sir! Is he has done amiss, what's that to me? Was he my servant, or yours? You should have taught him better.

*Thor.* Why should I wonder to find such uncommon impudence in one arrived to such a height of wickedness? Know, sorceress, I am not ignorant of any of your arts, by which you first deceived the unwary youth: I know how, step by step, you have led him on, reluctant and unwilling, from crime to crime, to this last horrid act, which you contrived, and, by your cursed wiles, even forced him to commit, and then betrayed him.

*Mill.* Ha! Lucy has got the advantage of me, and accused me first; unless I can turn the accusation, and fix it upon her and Blunt, I am lost.

*(Aside.)*

*Thor.* Had I known your cruel design sooner, it had been prevented. To see you punished as the law directs, is all that now remains. Poor satisfaction! for he, innocent as he is, compared to you, must suffer too.

*Mill.* I find, sir, we are both unhappy in our servants. I was surprised at such ill treatment, from a gentleman of your appearance, without cause, and therefore, too hastily returned it, for which I ask your pardon. I now perceive you have been so far imposed on, as to think me engaged in a formal correspondence with your servant; and, some way or other, accessory to his undoing.

*Thor.* I charge you as the cause, the sole cause of all his guilt and all his suffering; of all he now endures, and must endure, till a violent and shameful death shall put a dreadful period to his life and miseries together.

*Mill.* 'Tis very strange! but who's secure from scandal and detraction? So far from contributing to his ruin, I never spoke to him till hence that fatal accident, which I lament as much as you: 'tis true, I have a servant, on whose account he has of late frequented my house; if she has abused my good opinion of her, am I to blame? Has not Barnwell done the same by you?

*Thor.* I hear you; pray go on.

*Mill.* I have been informed he had a violent passion for her, and she for him; but I always thought it innocent; I knew her poor, and given to expansive pleasures. Now who can tell but she may have influenced the amorous youth to commit this murder, to supply her extravagancies?—It must be so, I now recollect a thousand circumstances that confirm it: I'll have her and a man-servant, that I

suspect as an accomplice, secured immediately. hope, sir, you will lay aside your ill-grounded suspicions of me, and join to punish the real contrivers of this bloody deed.

*(Offers to go.)*

*Thor.* Madam, you pass not this way: I see your design, but shall protect them from your malice.

*Mill.* I hope you will not use your influence, and the credit of your name, to screen such guilty wretches. Consider, sir, the wickedness of persuading a thoughtless youth to such a crime.

*Thor.* I do, and of betraying him when it was done.

*Mill.* That which you call betraying him, may convince you of my innocence. She who loves him, though she contrived the murder, would never have delivered him into the hands of justice, as I, struck with the horror of his crimes, have done.

*Thor.* Those whom subtly you would accuse, you know are your accusers; and what proves unanswerably their innocence and your guilt, they accused you before the deed was done, and did all that was in their power to have prevented it.

*Mill.* Sir, you are very hard to be convinced; but I have such a proof, which, when produced, will silence all objections.

*(Exit.)*

*Enter LUCY, TRUEMAN, BLUNT, Officers, &c.*

*Lucy.* Gentlemen, pray place yourselves, some on one side of that door, and some on the other; watch her entrance, and act as your prudence shall direct you. This way. *(To Thorowgood.)* She's driven to the last extremity, and is forming some desperate resolution. I guess at her design.

*Enter MILLWOOD with a pistol. Trueman secures her.*

*True.* Here thy power of doing mischief ends; deceitful, cruel, bloody woman!

*Mill.* Fool, hypocrite, villain,—man! thou canst not call me that.

*True.* To call thee woman, were to wrong the sex, thou devil!

*Mill.* That imaginary being is an emblem of thy cursed sex collected. A mirror, wherein each particular man may see his own likeness, and that of all mankind.

*True.* Think not by aggravating the fault of others to extenuate thy own, of which the abuse of such uncommon perfections of mind and body is not the least.

*Mill.* If such I had, well may I curse your barbarous sex, who robbed me of them, ere I knew their worth; then left me, too late, to count their value by their loss. Another and another spoiler came, and all my gain was poverty and reproach. My soul disdained, and yet disdains, dependence and contempt. Riches, no matter by what means obtained, I saw secured the worst of men from both: I found it therefore necessary to be rich; and, to that end, I summoned all my arts. You call them wicked; be it so; they were such as my conversation with your sex had furnished me withal.

*Thor.* Sure none but the worst of men conversed with thee.

*Mill.* Men of all degrees and all professions I have known, yet found no difference, but in their several capacities; all were alike wicked to the utmost of their power. In pride, contention, avarice, cruelty, and revenge, the reverend priesthood

were my unerring guides. From suburb magistrates, who live by ruined reputations, as the inhospitable natives of Cornwall do by shipwrecks, I learned that to charge my innocent neighbours with my crimes, was to merit their protection; for to screen the guilty, is the less scandalous, when many are suspected, and detraction, like darkness and death, blackens all objects, and levels all distinction. Such are your venal magistrates, who favour none but such as, by their office, they are sworn to punish: with them not to be guilty, is the worst of crimes; and large fees privately paid, are every needful virtue.

*Thor.* Your practice has sufficiently discovered your contempt of laws, both human and divine; no wonder then that you should hate the officers of both.

*Mill.* I hate you all; I know you, and expect no mercy; nay, I ask for none; I have done nothing that I am sorry for; I followed my inclinations, and that the best of you does every day. All actions are alike natural and indifferent to man and beast, who devour, or are devoured, as they meet with others weaker or stronger than themselves.

*Thor.* What pity it is, a mind so comprehensive, daring and inquisitive, should be a stranger to religion's sweet, but powerful charms.

*Mill.* I am not fool enough to be an atheist, though I have known enough of men's hypocrisy to make a thousand simple women so. Whatever religion is in itself, as practised by mankind it has caused the evil you say it was designed to cure. War, plague, and famine have not destroyed so many of the human race, as this pretended piety has done; and with such barbarous cruelty, as if the only way to honour heaven, were to turn the present world into hell.

*Thor.* Truth is truth, though from an enemy, and spoke in malice. You bloody, blind, and superstitious bigots, how will you answer this?

*Mill.* What are your laws, of which you make your boast, but the fool's wisdom, and the coward's valour; the instrument and screen of all your villainies, by which you punish in others what you act yourselves, or would have acted, had you been in their circumstances? The judge who condemns the poor man for being a thief, had been a thief himself had he been poor. Thus you go on deceiving, and being deceived, harassing and plaguing, and destroying one another; but women are your universal prey.

*Women, by whom you are, the source of joy,*

*With cruel arts you labour to destroy:*

*A thousand ways our ruin you pursue*

*Yet blame in us those arts, first taught by you.*

*O may, from hence, each violated maid,*

*By flattering, faithless, bar'rous man betray'd,*

*When robb'd of innocence, and virgin fame,*

*From your destruction raise a nobler name;*

*To right their sex's wrongs devote their mind,*

*And future Milkwoods prove to plague mankind.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*A Dungeon, a table and lamp.*  
BARNWELL reading.

*Enter THOROWGOOD.*

*Thor.* See there the bitter fruits of passion's detested reign, and sensual appetite indulged. Severe actions, penitence, and tears.

*Barn.* My honoured, injured master, forgive this last unwilling disrespect,—indeed I saw you not.

*Thor.* 'Tis well; I hope you were better employed in viewing of yourself; I sent a reverend divine to teach you to improve it, and should be glad to hear of his success.

*Barn.* The word of truth, which he recommended for my constant companion in this my sad retirement, has at length removed the doubts I laboured under. From thence I have learned the infinite extent of heavenly mercy; that my offences, though great, are not unpardonable; and that it is not my interest only, but my duty to believe, and to rejoice in that hope; so shall heaven receive the glory, and future penitents the profit of my example.

*Thor.* Go on. How happy am I, who live to see this!

*Barn.* 'Tis wonderful,—that words should charm despair, speak peace and pardon to a murderer's conscience; but truth and mercy flow in every sentence, attended with force and energy divine. How shall I describe my present state of mind? I hope in doubt—and trembling, I rejoice. I feel my grief increase, even as my fears give way. Joy and gratitude now supply more tears, than the horror and anguish of despair before.

*Thor.* These are the genuine signs of true repentance—the only preparatory—certain way to everlasting peace.

*Barn.* What do I owe for all your generous kindness? but though I cannot, heaven can and will reward you.

*Thor.* To see thee thus, is joy too great for words. Farewell! Heaven strengthen thee. Farewell!

*Barn.* O! sir, there's something I could say, if my sad swelling heart would give me leave.

*Thor.* Give it vent awhile, and try.

*Barn.* I had a friend,—'tis true I am unworthy, yet methinks your generous example might persuade; could I not see him once before I go from whence there's no return.

*Thor.* He's coming,—and as much thy friend as ever; but I'll not anticipate his sorrow, too soon he'll see the sad effect of this contagious ruin. I must retire to indulge a weakness I find impossible to overcome. [*Aside.*] Much loved, and much lamented youth, Farewell. Heaven strengthen thee—eternally farewell.

*Barn.* The best of masters and of men—Farewell;—while I live let me not want your prayers.

*Thor.* Thou shalt not; thy peace being made with heaven, death is already vanquished; bear a little longer the pains that attend this transitory life, and cease from pain for ever.

[*Exit.*]

*Barn.* I find a power within that bears my soul above the fears of death, and spite of conscious shame and guilt, gives me a taste of pleasure more than mortal.

*Enter TRUEMAN*

*Barn.* Trueman,—my friend, whom I so wished to see, yet now he's here I dare not look upon him.

[*Weeps.*]

*True.* O Barnwell! Barnwell!

*Barn.* Mercy! Mercy! gracious heaven! for death, but not for this, was I prepared.

*True.* What have I suffered since I saw you last? What pain has absence given me? But oh! to see thee thus!

*Barn.* I know it is dreadful! I feel the anguish of thy generous soul; but I was born to murder all who love me. *(Both weep.)*

*True.* I came not to reproach you; I thought to bring you comfort. O had you trusted me when first the fair seducer tempted you, all might have been prevented.

*Barn.* Alas! thou knowest not what a wretch I have been! breach of friendship was my first and least offence. So far was I lost to goodness; so devoted to the author of my ruin; that had she insisted on my murdering thee, I think I should have done it.

*True.* Prithee aggravate thy faults no more.

*Barn.* I think I should! thou good and generous as you are, I should have murdered you!

*True.* We have not yet embraced, and may be interrupted. Come to my arms.

*Barn.* Never, never will I taste such joys on earth; never will I so smooth my just remorse. Are those honest arms, and faithful bosom, fit to embrace and to support a murderer? These iron fetters only shall clasp, and flinty pavement bear me; even these are too good for such a bloody monster.

*True.* Shall fortune never those whom friendship joined? Thy miseries cannot lay thee so low, but love will find thee. Upon this rugged couch then let us lie, for well it suits our most deplorable condition. Here will we offer to stern calamity, this earth the altar and ourselves the sacrifice. Our mutual groans shall echo to each other through the dreary vault. Our sighs shall number the moments as they pass, and mingling tears communicate such anguish, as words were never made to express.

*Barn.* Since you propose an intercourse of woe, pour all your griefs into my breast, and in exchange take mine. *(Embracing.)* Where's now the anguish that you promised? You have taken mine, and made me no return. Sure peace and comfort dwell within these arms, and sorrow cannot reproach me while I am here! This, too, is the work of heaven; who, having before spoke peace and pardon to me, now sends thee to confirm it. O take, take some of the joy that overflows my breast.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keeper.* Sir.

*True.* I come.

*(Exit Keeper.)*

*Barn.* Must you leave me! Death would soon have parted us for ever.

*True.* O my Barnwell, there is yet another task behind: again your heart must bleed for others' woes.

*Barn.* To meet and part with you, I thought was all I had to do on earth! What is there more for me to do or suffer?

*True.* I dread to tell thee, yet it must be known! *Maria—*

*Barn.* Our master's fair and virtuous daughter!

*True.* The same.

*Barn.* No misfortune, I hope, has reached that lovely maid! Preserve her, heaven, from every ill, to shew mankind that goodness is your care.

*True.* Whatever you and I have felt, and more, if more be possible, she feels for you.

*Barn.* This is, indeed, the bitterness of death! *(Aside.)*

*True.* You must remember, for we all observed it, for some time past, a heavy melancholy weighed

her down. Disconsolate she seemed, and pined and languished from a cause unknown: till hearing of your dreadful fate, the long stifled flame blazed out, and in the transport of her grief, discovered her own lost state, while she lamented yours.

*Barn.* *(Weeping.)* Why didn't you let me die and never know it?

*True.* It was impossible; she makes no secret of her passion for you, and is determined to see you ere you die; she waits for me to introduce her.

*[Exit.]*

*Barn.* Vain busy thoughts be still! What avails it to think on what I might have been? I now am,—what I have made myself.

*Enter TRUEMAN and MARIA.*

*True.* Madam, reluctant I lead you to this dismal scene: this is the seat of misery and guilt. Here awful justice reserves her public victims. This is the entrance to shameful death.

*Maria.* To this sad place then no improper guest, the abandoned, lost Maria brings despair; and see the subject and the cause of all this world of woe. Silent and motionless he stands, as if his soul had quitted her abode, and the lifeless form alone was left behind.

*Barn.* Just heaven, I am your own; do with me what you please.

*Maria.* Why are your streaming eyes still fixed below? as though thou wouldst give the greedy earth thy sorrows, and rob me of my due? Were happiness within your power, you should bestow it where you please; but in your misery, I must and will partake.

*Barn.* Oh! say not so, but fly, abhor, and leave me to my fate. Consider what you are: so shall I quickly be to you as though I had never been.

*Maria.* When I forget you, I must be so indeed. Reason, choice, virtue, all forbid it. Let woman, like Millwood, if there be more such women, smile in prosperity, and in adversity forsake. Be it the pride of virtue to repair, or to partake, the ruin such have made.

*True.* Lovely, ill-fated maid!

*Maria.* Yes, fruitless is my love, and unavailing all my sighs and tears. Can they save thee from approaching death? From such a death? O, sorrow insupportable.

*Barn.* Preserve her, heaven, and restore her peace, nor let her death be added to my crimes. *(Bell tolls.)* I am summoned to my fate.

*Enter Keeper.*

*Keeper.* The officers attend you, sir. Millwood is already summoned.

*[Exit.]*

*Barn.* Tell them I am ready. And now, my friend, farewell. *(Embracing.)* Support and comfort the best you can this mourning fair. No more. Forget not to pray for me; would you, bright excellence, permit me the honour of a chaste embrace, the last happiness this world could give were mine. *(They embrace.)* Exalted goodness! O turn your eyes from earth and me, to heaven, where virtue, like yours, is ever heard. Pray for the peace of my departing soul. Early my race of wickedness began, and soon has reached the summit. Ere nature has finished her work, and stamped me man, just at the time that others begin to stray, my course

is finished; though short my span of life, and few my days, yet count my crimes for years, and I have lived whole ages. Justice and mercy are in heaven the same; its utmost severity is mercy to the whole, thereby to cure man's folly and presumption, which else would render even infinite mercy vain and ineffectual. Thus justice, in compassion to mankind, cuts off a wretch like me, by one such example to secure thousands from future ruin.

*If any youth, like you, in future times,  
Shall mourn my fate, though he abhor my crimes;  
Or tender maid, like you; my tale shall hear,  
And to my sorrows give a pitying tear:  
To each such melting eye, and throbbing heart,  
Would gracious heaven this benefit impart,  
Never to know my guilt, nor feel my pain,  
Then must you own you ought not to complain;  
Since you nor weep, nor shall I die in vain.*

*Exeunt*

# ROB ROY MACGREGOR; OR, "AULD LANG SYNE."

AN OPERATIC DRAMA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY I. POCOCK.



*Bailie.*—"EH! MY CONSCIENCE!"—Act 1, scene 6.

## Persons Represented

SIR FREDERICK VERNON.  
RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE.  
FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.  
MR. OWEN.  
CAPTAIN THORNTON.  
MAJOR GALBRAITH.  
BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

ROB ROY MACGREGOR  
CAMPBELL.  
DOUGAL.  
MACSTUART.  
ALLAN.  
MACVITHE.  
LANCIE WINGFIELD.  
JONSON.

SAUNDERS WYLIE.  
ANDREW FAIRSEE-  
VICE.  
WILLIE.  
SERJEANT.  
CORPORAL.  
RAMSH.  
ROBERT.

DIANA VERNON.  
MARTHA.  
MATTIE.  
JEAN M'LEIPINE.  
HOSTESS.  
KATY.  
HELEN MACGREGOR.

HIGHLANDERS, TRAVELLERS, LENNOX TROOPERS, ENGLISH SOLDIERS, &c.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The interior of a Village Inn.*—TRAVELLERS preparing to set forward on their journey—HOSTESS attending them.

#### GLEE.

*Soon the sun will gae to rest,  
Let's ayea' thegither;  
Company is aye the best.  
Crossing o'er the heather.*

*Tak' each lad his stirrup cup,  
His heart will feel the lighter;  
Tak' each lass a wee bit sup,  
Her e'e will sparkle brighter.*

*Solo. Bold Rob Roy, the Southrons say,  
Is now upon the border;  
Should he meet wi' us the day,  
'Twad brce a sad disorder.*

*Chorus. Soon the sun, &c.*

*Hostess. Brawly sung, my maisters, brawly sung!  
I wish ye a' safe hame, for ye're ain sakes, an' a  
quick return for mine. Here Tam, g'e our frien's  
their stirrup-cup, while I rub down the table.  
wish you a' gude e'en, frien's.*

*[Exeunt Travellers.]*  
*Odd! there are twa mair travellers just alighting.  
Wha'd hae thought o' mair company at the "Thistle*

an' Bagpipes" said late i' the day. But what w' Whigs and Tories, Jacobites an' Rob Roy, we in the North here drive a bonny trade o't.

*Enter ROB ROY, dressed like a north-country grazier—and OWEN, in a plain brown suit, boots, a whip, &c., shown in by WILLIE.*

*Willie. Traveller to Glasco', maister.*

*Rob. Landladdy, let us have your best, and quickly too.*

*Host. Troth will I, sir; ye'll be for a dram, nae doubt, till we can toss up something het for yer late dinner.*

*[Exit Hostess.]*

*Owen places a small saddle-bag on the table, and sinks into a chair, evidently greatly fatigued.*

*Owen. Oh, my poor bones! the sum of my constitution has been worse shaken than the great house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London.*

*Hostess re-enters, and places liquor and glasses on the table.*

*Young man, have you sent my message to the hall, hard by.*

*(Rob Roy pours out, and Owen drinks.)*

*Willie. Ay, sir, and the lassie will sune be back wi' the answer,*

*[Exit.]*

*Rob. Well, fellow-traveller, how does our Scotch whisky agree with your English Stomach?*

*Owen. Thank you, sir, thank you—it cheers the body, but it cannot raise the spirit. I'm quite below par, as we say in the city.*

*Rob. Try it again, man.*

*Owen. I hope Mr. Francis Osbaldistone will make haste—yet I have a sad tale to tell him.*

*Rob. Osbaldistone! I know something of that family, sir, and if there's anything I can serve you in, you may command me.*

*Owen. You are very kind, sir, but is is far beyond your help.*

*Rob. Perhaps not. Will you trust me with the matter?*

*Owen. Surely I will, sir. The affairs of the great commercial and banking house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, are no secret by this time. All public as the Gazette. That I should live to see it and to say it! Oh dear!*

*Rob. Come, come, there's naught so bad but what it may be mended. Let's hear the business that brings you to the Hall.*

*Owen. It's a long account, sir; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules. You must know, sir, my name is Owen. I am head clerk and junior partner of the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London; and I am now on my way to Glasgow, to recover certain papers which have been taken—stolen, I'm afraid, in the absence of the head of the firm.*

*Rob. Stolen! by whom!*

*Owen. By his nephew, Mr. Rashleigh.*

*Rob. Rashleigh! I know—I remember, the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the Hall here.*

*Owen. The same, sir. Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons are taken up on suspicion of treasonable practices. It's an awful balance they have to strike.*

*Rob. But how happened it that this son, this Mr. Francis you talk of, was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh?*

*Owen. Ah, sir, there lies all the mischief! Mr.*

*Francis loathed the counting-house, worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money, he was making poetry; and so his father, sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take Mr. Frank's place; for he would never ask his only child, a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections. Oh dear!*

*Rob. Well, sir; but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust which, for his own interest, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to?*

*Owen. I suspect, to aid some political purpose, whereby, at the expense of honour and conscience, he expects to make a larger per centage of worldly profit. He knew that to shake the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, was to alarm the government. The cash he took was no hurt; but the assets—the assets, sir; however, I'll not give them up, for I know Rashleigh has come north.*

*Rob. (aside.) North, indeed! Umph! he's a cunning chield that—he'll be too cunning for himself at last, I fear. A false friend, Mr. Owen, never yet served a good cause.*

*Owen. You say true, sir, such people are as variable as the courée of exchange. But when we reach Glasgow, sir, perhaps you can assist my inquiries.*

*Rob. I—I'll meet you there, Mr. Owen. I just-recollect a small matter of business that I have to do in this neighbourhood. (Aside.) I must go to the Hall; Rashleigh has been there, no doubt; and Sir Frederick Vernon may wish to speak with me. I'll meet you at Glasgow, Mr. Owen.*

*Owen. Heaven help me! I shall never live to balance an account there, without a companion or guida. I was never ten miles from Crane Alley before in all my days.*

*Rob. Pho, man! there is nothing to fear. Where shall I hear of you?*

*Owen. At Messrs. Macvittie and MacFin's, in the Gallowgate, sir. We have another agent, one Mr. Nicol Jarvie, in the Saltmarket, but I can't depend upon him.*

*Rob. Fare ye well, Mr. Owen—Rashleigh in the north! then the heather will soon be on fire (Aside, and going up.)*

*Enter WILLIE.*

*Willie. Here's the squire to speak wi' ane Mr. Owen.*

*Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE—after he enters*  
*“ROB ROY exits hastily, unperceived by him.”*

*Francis. Owen, my excellent, kind friend!*

*Owen. O, Mr. Frank! O, Mr. Osbaldistone! such news! (wiping his eyes.) But why did you never answer our letters—mine and your good father's?*

*Francis. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonished at receiving no reply.*

*Owen. O, Lord! no letters! O, my stars! no letters! then they have been intercepted. How has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr. Francis, what have you not to answer for? But that's past now—it's all over!*

*Francis. Good Heaven! my father, he is ill—dead?*

*Owen. No, no, not so bad as that! thank Heaven, his day book is still open, but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain—oh, dear!*

*Francis. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.*

*Owen. Well, well, the sum total is, that your*

cousin Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded with papers of such consequence to ourselves and the government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co., Crane-alley, London, is in the bankrupt list as sure as the Gazette!

*Francis.* Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience then have ruined my father! Tell me, how shall I redeem the consequence of my error?

*Owen.* Oh, Mr. Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say, of debtor and creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great ethic rule of three—let A do to B as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

*Francis.* It shall, it must be so—this very hour I'll bid adieu to the enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, instantly—by the time you have made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, I shall be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then part?

*Owen.* Diana! Ah, love, love! I thought so—never knew a man open an account with him, but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr. Francis, than meddling with contraband goods: But I've heard of the consignment—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections! Item, heart! Item, honour! Item—Oh, Mr. Francis, look at the per contra—Blank! ruin! Oh, dear!

[Exit.]

*Francis.* Yes, for a while we must separate; yet I cannot cease to love—cannot live without her.

SONG.—BY BURNS.

*Air.*—"Low Down in the Broom."

*O my love's like the red, red rose,  
That's newly sprung in June.  
O my love's like the melody,  
That's sweetly played in tune.  
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,  
So dicker in love am I;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
Tho' a' the seas gang dry.*

*Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,  
And rocks melt wi' the sun;  
And I will love thee still, my dear,  
While the sands of life shall run.  
But fare thee weel, my only love,  
And fare thee weel awhile!  
And I will come again, my love,  
Tho' 'twere ten thousand miles.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Library of Osbaldistone Hall.

Enter SIR FREDERICK and DIANA VERNON, MARTHA attending.

*Sir F.* It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions. We are surrounded by dangers, which will require all your prudence to avert. 'Tis evident, your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments; and though this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to im-

pose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who and what I am before the plans are matured on which my future happiness now entirely rest.

*Diana.* Rely on my discretion, sir! you may with safety.

*Martha.* (Advancing with a cloak, resembling that of a Catholic priest, and giving it to Sir Frederick.)

Indeed, Sir Frederick—I beg pardon, father Vaughan, I mean your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot towards this part of the house after nightfall.

*Sir F.* I repeat, it is not from them I fear detection; the character I openly bear, of confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security; but remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present government; and should he discover me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and ourselves.

*Diana.* But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings; he would never betray you, sir.

*Sir F.* You mean he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflections, my child, for the sake of your future peace of mind—annihilate them, while it is yet in your power—thine that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[Exit at a tapestry panel.]

*Diana.* You may leave now, Martha. When my cousin Francis arrives, say I wish to speak with him here.

[Exit.]

The bride of Rashleigh! never, never! any lot rather than that—the convent, the jail, the grave! I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry. Yet how preferable is the lot of those whose birth and situation neither renders them meanly dependent, nor raises them to the difficulties and dangers which too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

(Sing introduced.)

Enter MARTHA, introducing FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, and exit.

*Francis.* Diana, you sent for me.

*Diana.* Yes, Frank, it was to bid you farewell. Suppress your amazement while I tell you that I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

*Francis.* How, in the name of Heaven! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed?

*Diana.* Ask me no questions. I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word, for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

*Francis.* And how is that possible?

*Diana.* Everything is possible to him that possesses courage and activity.

*Francis.* What do you advise?

*Diana.* Quit this place instantly, and for ever!

*Francis.* Diana!

*Diana.* You have only one friend to regret, and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her

friendships and comforts to the welfare of others. Repair instantly to Glasgow.

*Francis.* Such was my intention; but if Rashleigh has really formed the scheme of plundering his benefactor, and disturbing the state, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?

*Diana.* Stay!—Yes, I will insist upon it. Do not leave this room till I return.

[*Exit.*

*Francis.* She has then a confederate, a friend—perhaps a lover! Everything confirms it—the light from these windows which I have seen at unusual times—the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this library—the report, too, of apparitions—a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

*Re-enter DIANA, with a packet.*

*Diana.* Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day; take this packet, but do not open it till all other means fail. Ten days before the bills are due, you are at liberty to break the seal.

*Francis.* It has no superscription.

*Diana.* If you are compelled to open it, you will find directions enclosed.

*Francis.* And now, Diana, after the mysterious but kind interest you have shown to my worldly cares, relieve my heart, by explaining—

*Diana.* I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are row to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not, then, make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less encumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes, and evil times.

*Francis.* Never, never! the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me.

DUETT.—AIR—"Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch."

*Diana.* } *Tho' { you } leave { me } now in sor-*  
*Francis.* } *I { } { thee } row.*

*Smiles may light our loves to-morrow,  
Doom'd to part! my faithful heart,  
A gleam of joy from hope shall borrow.*

*Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,*

*This heart alone is thine, { for ever.*

*{ Diana.*

*Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,*

*But not a love like mine, { SO never.*

*{ Diana.*

*Tho' you leave, &c.*

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—A Room in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's House in Glasgow.

*Enter BAILIE and WYLIE.*

*Bailie.* My conscience! I tell ye, Saunders, ye're daft—ye're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger! It's no possible!

*Wylie.* It's very true, Bailie, and I thought it but right to let you, my auld master, ken o't.

*Bailie.* Troth, Saunders, ye've stunned me wi' the evil communication. Osbaldistone and Co. fall? 'Op!—My conscience! Mattie!

[*Calling off.*

*Wylie.* Maister Owen, the head clerk and junior partner, has been at our house wi' the news, an' begging for time to tak' up the bills.

*Bailie.* Owen! I remember—he's a man o' figures—a man o' calculation; an' if he talks o' ruin, by my soul, it's no far aff! But what for did he no ca' upon Nicol Jarvie? I'm a merchant an' a magistrate, as weel as Mac Vitie; but he thinks nae mair o' me, I reckon, than o' an auld Scotch pedlar. Mattie, Mattie, Mattie!

*Enter MATTIE.*

Tell the clerk to bring the ledger.

*Mattie.* The clerk! Lord, Bailie! he's safe in his bed these two hours.

*Bailie.* A-bed, the lazy blackguard! Then fetch it yourself, Mattie.

*Mattie.* I see do your bidding, Bailie.

[*Exit.*

*Bailie.* My conscience! I havena had sic an a shock since my worthy faither, the Deacon, (peace be wi' him) left me to fetch my way aane in this wicked world. But what says Mac Vitie—will he grant the time?

*Wylie.* No a day, Mr. Jarvie—no an hour. Things look sae bad, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk o' arresting Maister Owen; so you had best look to yourself.

*Enter MATTIE with the ledger.*

*Bailie.* Look to myself! let me look at the ledger first (*putting on his spectacles, and opening it eagerly.*) L—M—N—O—Os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance maun be enormous—but I havena the heart to run it up noo (*returning the ledger to Mattie*). How muckle is Mac Vitie in wi' him, Saunders?

*Wylie.* I canna justly say, Bailie; but some hundreds.

*Bailie.* Hundreds! only hundreds! Damn their supple snouts! And would they oppress a fa'ing man for the sake o' hundreds—they that hae made thousands by him? Your maisters, Saunders, Wylie, hae taen mony a gude fat job frae between my teeth; but I'll snap them this turn—I'll snap them this turn!

*Wylie.* I wish you could, Bailie—I wish you could Ah! I made a sair change when I left you to serve twa sic infernal—

*Bailie.* Whist! Saunders, whist! while you eat their bread, dinna abuse the dam'd scoundrels ahint their backs.

*Wylie.* Ye've a kind heart, Mr. Jarvie, and an honest an' too.

*Bailie.* My conscience! so had my worthy faither the Deacon, Saunders—rest and bless him!

*Wylie.* Wad ye be pleased to consult on this business wi' our partners, sir?

*Bailie.* No; I'll see them baith damn'd first—My conscience! that is, a man that meddles wi' pitch is sure to be defiled. I'd sooner hae a parley wi' Auld Clotie! Na, na; Nichol Jarvie has a way o' his ain to manage this matter. Gang your ways, Mattie, wi' that huge memorial o' misfortunes, and bring my walking gear, an' the lantern.

[*Exit Mattie.*

As for you, Saunders, speed ye hame again, an' no a word that ye hae seen me.

[*Exit Wylie.*

Osbaldistone and Co., stop! My conscience! I'd sooner hae dreamed o' the downfa' o' the Bank o' Lunnon! Why, it's enough to gar the very hairs o' my wig rise, an' stand on end! But the distress cannot be permanent. At ony rate I see prove



myself a friend, and if the house regains its credit I shall recover my loss; and if no, why I have done as I would be done by, like my worthy father the Deacon gude man—blessings on his memory, say I, that taught me gude will towards my fellow-creatures!

*Enter MATTIE, decked out for walking—her apron pinned up, &c., and bearing the Bailie's tartan cloak, hat, lantern, &c.*

*Mattie.* I've brought your gear, sir; but, gude save us! whar wad ye be gangin' to, at such a time o' night? *(She helps him on with his dress.)*

*Bailie.* Ye'll sune ken that, Mattie, for ye maun e'en tramp along wi' me. I wadna like to be breaking my shins in the dark just now; for, truth to speak, I had never mair occasion to stand firm on my legs, baith at hame and abroad. Now, gi'e us the beaver, lassie.

*Mattie.* Weel! to think o' putting on clathes when ye suld be taking 'em aff, an' scampering abroad, when ye suld be gangin' to your bed!

*Bailie.* Time and tide wait for nae man, Mattie.

*Mattie.* But whar are ye gangin' to, Bailie?

*Bailie.* To many places that I'd as lie bide awa frae.

*Mattie.* Now wrap this 'kerchief about your thrapple. *(Ties a handkerchief round his neck.)*

*Bailie.* Ye're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie.

*Mattie.* There, leave a wee bit room for your mou!

*Bailie.* *(Aside.)* I wonder whar she's gaun to dae wi' my mou! *(Stroking his chin.)*

*Mattie.* *(Giving him a flask.)* Ye maun needs hae a drop o' the cordial your father, the Deacon, was sae fond o';—he aye liked to sip the cordial.

*Bailie.* Best and bless him! sae he did; and sae do I too, Mattie. *(Drinks.)* You're a gude-tempered soul, Mattie, and a bonnie lass too. Ye're come o' gude kith and kin, Mattie—the Laird o' Limmerfield's cousin—only seven times removed. *(Mattie is taking away the bottle.)* Stay, you may bring the bottle wi' you, Mattie, and tuck yourself under my arm—there's nae disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm wi' ane o' gentle bluid—Sae, come your ways, Mattie. Osbaldistone and Co.—Stop! My conscience!

*(Exeunt.)*

SCENE IV.—*The Old Bridge of Glasgow—the Gate of the Tolbooth.*

*Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE and ANDREW FAIRSERVICE.*

*Andrew.* *(Drunk.)* Weel, sir, thanks to the gude guidance o' Andrew, here ye are in Glasgow, spite o' the bogies and bad ways.

*Francis.* Was it the bogies or the brandy that made you ride at such an infernal pace? You are half drunk, you scoundrel—but get you gone—see the horses taken care of, and order something for my supper; while it's preparing I shall walk hero upon the bridge.

CAMPBELL, muffled in a cloak, appears at the back, but seeing ANDREW, retires.

*Andrew.* A walk by moonlight after a lang ride, is but cauld comfort for aching bones; but your honour kens best. *(Aside.)* He's crack-brained, and cockle-headed, wi' his poetry nonsense; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word o' sense from a sober steady chield like myself!

*(Exit)*

*Francis.* 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or inquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection! All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable profession.

*Enter ROB ROY.*

*Rob.* Mr. Osbaldistone, you are in danger.

*Francis.* From whom? *(Starting.)*

*Rob.* Follow me, and you shall know.

*Francis.* I must first know your name and puny posse.

*Rob.* I am a man, and my purpose is friendly.

*Francis.* That is too brief a description.

*Rob.* It will serve for him who has no other to give. He that is without a name, without friends, without coin, and without a country, is at least a man; and he that has all these, is no more. Follow me, or remain without the information which I wish to afford you.

*Francis.* Can you not give it me here?

*Rob.* No, you must receive it from your own eyes, not from my mouth. What is it you fear?

*Francis.* I fear nothing—walk on, I attend you.

*Rob.* Yet, if you knew who was by your side, you might feel a tremor.

*Francis.* *(Aside.)* The spirit of Rashleigh seems to hover round me—yet 'tis neither his form nor voice.

*Rob.* Would you not fear the consequence of being found with him whose very name, whispered in this lonely street, would make the stonings themselves rise up to apprehend him? On whose head the men of Glasgow would build their fortune, as on a found treasure!—the sound of whose downfall were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

*Francis.* Who are you then, whose name should create such terror?

*Rob.* No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place where, if I myself were recognised and identified, iron to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

*Francis.* You have said either too much or too little, to induce me to confide in you. *(Rob Roy makes a step towards him; he draws back and lays his hand on his sword.)*

*Rob.* What! on an unarmed man, and your friend?

*Francis.* I am yet ignorant if you are either one or the other.

*Rob.* Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head. I love a free young blood, that knows no protection but the cross of the sword! I am taking you to see one whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you stand. Come on!

*(Rob Roy knocks cautiously at the Tolbooth door.)*

*Dougal.* *(Speaks within.)* Fat's tat?

*Rob.* *(Without.)* Greagarach!

*(The door is flung open—Rob Roy beckons, and goes in—Francis following cautiously.)*

SCENE V.—*Hall in the Tolbooth of Glasgow.*

DOUGAL enters joyfully, bringing on ROB ROY and FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE—he has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary appearance: a huge bundle of keys at his belt, and a lamp in his hand.

*Rob.* Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

*Dougal.* Och, te'll a pit! te'll a pit! whar'll she

gang? fat will she do for you? Oigh, it's lang sin she wudna sae't ye.

*Francis.* She! she seen him? It is then a female to whom I am conducted, or is it merely the dialect of his country, in which that animal expresses himself? (*As he says this apart, Rob Roy speaks to Dougal, and points to him.*)

*Dougal.* To be sure she wull, wi' aw her heart, wi' aw her soul! But fat wull cum o' ye, if the Bailies should cum, or the captains should waken?

*Rob.* Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

*Dougal.* Och, tell a pit, tell a pit! She would hack em baith aff at te elbuck first.

*Rob.* Then dispatch.

*Dougal.* Wi' aw my heart, wi' aw my soul. (*He trims his lamp, and beckons Francis, who paces over, but perceiving Rob Roy, does not follow, pauses.*)

*Francis.* Do you not go with us?

*Rob.* It is unnecessary; my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain, and secure our retreat. Lose no time.

[Exit.

(*Francis seems at a loss what to do—Dougal impatient.*)

*Dougal.* Fuith! fuith! come awa, man. Drochcoil ortsa!

[Exit.

SCENE VI.—A Cell in the Tolbooth. A pallet bed, with OWEN reposing on it. A small table and chair. DOUGAL opens the door, and advances, followed by

FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

*Francis.* I cannot suppose he means to betray me: yet 'tis strange—

*Dougal.* (*Having looked towards the bed.*) She's sleepin'.

*Francis.* She! who?

*Dougal.* Shentleman's to spoken wi' her. (*Shaking Owen.*)

*Owen.* Ey, what? Oh, dear! (*Pops his head, adorned with a red nightcap, from beneath the clothes.*)

*Francis.* Owen! (*Pausing in surprise.*)

*Owen.* I'll tell you what, Mr. Dugwell, or Hugwell, or whatever your name may be, if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, the sum total of the amount is this, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

*Dougal.* Ugh! chanell Sassnach.

[Exit.

*Francis.* Owen!

*Owen.* Ey! Oh, dear! have they caught you too? then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

*Francis.* Do not be so much alarmed; all may not be so bad as you expect.

*Owen.* (*Rises and advances.*) Oh, Mr. Frank, we are gone! Osbaldistone and Co., Crane Alley, London, is no longer a firm! I think nothing of myself—I am a mere cypher; but you that were your father's sum-total, as I may say, his omnium—that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city—to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail—a Molbooth, I think they call it—Oh, dear!

*Francis.* I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

*Owen.* No prisoner! Heaven be praised! But what news this will be upon 'Change!

*Francis.* Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

*Owen.* It's soon told, Mr. Frank. When I disclosed my business to Messrs. MacVittie and MacFin,

instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security; and as I am liable, being a small partner in our house, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and—here I am. Oh, dear!

*Francis.* Why did you not apply to our other correspondent, Mr. Nicol Jarvie?

*Owen.* What! the cross-grained crabstick in the Salt-market? 'Twould have been of no use. You might as well ask a broker to give up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. O, Mr. Frank, this is all your doing! But I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter ROB ROY and DOUGAL, hastily.

*Dougal.* (*Running about.*) Och hone a rie—Och hone a rie! what'll she do now? It's my Lord Provost, an' Bailies, an' Town Guard! Hide yoursel' abint to bed. (*To Rob Roy.*) Fuiths, fuiths, man, ye maun gang, for te captain has opened the wicket

*Rob.* Lend me your pistols!—yet it's no matter, I can do without them—whatever you see take no heed—do not mix your hand in another man's quarrel. (*To Francis.*) I must manage as I can. (*Sits himself on the table.*)

[Exit Dougal.

Enter MATTIE, followed by JARVIE.

*Bailie.* (*Looking back.*) I'll ca' when I want ye, Stanchells. Dougal shall mak' a fast, or I'll mak' him fast, the scoundrel! A bounie thing, and be-seeing, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knocking as hard to get into jail, as any body else would be to get oot o' it. Roo's this? (*Seeing Rob Roy and Francis.*) Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours! Keep the door lockit, you Dougal creature—I'll sune talk to these gentlemen; but I maun first hae a crack wi' an auld acquaintance. Ah! Mr. Owen, how's a' wi' ye, Mr. Owen?

*Owen.* Pretty well in body, Mr. Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

*Bailie.* Ay, ay, w're a' subject to downfa's, Mr. Owen, as my worthy father, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—used to say. "Nick, said he (ye maun ken his name was Nicol, as well as mine, so the folks in their daffin used to ca' us Young Nick and Auld Nick.) Young Nick," said he, "never put oot your arm any farther than you can draw it easily back again."

*Owen.* You need not have called these things to my memory in such a situation, Mr. Nicol Jarvie.

*Bailie.* What! do you think I can oot as sic time o' night, to tell a fa'ing man of his backslidings? My conscience! No, no, that's no Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy father's, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—afore him. I sune discovered what lodgings your friends had provided you, Mr. Owen—but gie us your list, mon, and let us see how things stand between us, while I rest my shanks. Mattie, hand the lantern. (*Taking papers from Owen, and sitting at the corner of the bed.*)

DOUGAL enters cautiously at the door—beckons ROB ROY, and expresses anxiety to get him off.

*Bailie.* Eh? what's that ye're about, sir?

*Dougal.* Och! dit ye mak a spok for me?

*Rob.* Say nothing. (*In a low tone, approaching the door.*)

*Bailie.* Eh? look to the door there, you Dougal creature—let me hear you lock it, and keep watch

on the outside. (*Dougal retires and locks the door, but instantly opens it again, and peeps on, expressing to Rob Roy that his retreat is open. Rob Roy observing this, snuggers round the stage, and then seats himself on the table.*) That's a deevilish queer ohie! he seems unco near his ain fireside. Sit still, sir, and I'll talk to you by and bye.

Owen. There, sir, you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's nae time to consider, Mr. Owen—it's plain you owe me siller; but I canna, for the saue o' me, see how you'll clear it off by snoring here in the Tolbooth. Now, sir, if you'll promise me to flee the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

Owen. O, sir! O, Mr. Jarvis!

Bailie. I'm a carefu' mon as ony in the Sautmarket, and I'm a prudent mon, as my worthy father the Deacon, good soul! was before me; but rather than that doublefaced dog, MacVittie, shall keep an honest, civil gentleman by the heels, I see be your bail myself—(*Owen goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.*) There, you've said enough. But, in the name o' misrule how got ye companions? Gie me the light, Mattie. (*He catches it from her, and holding it towards Rob Roy, who is seated as mly on the table and whistles in his face—starts back.*) Ey! my conscience! it's impossible! and yet I'm clean bamboozled! Why, your robber—you eateen—*you cheat the gallow's rogue!*

Owen. Bless me! it's my poor friend, Mr. Campbell—a very honest man, Mr. Jarv—

Bailie. Honest! my conscience! You in the Glasgow Tolbooth! What d'ye think's the value o' your heed?

Rob. Umph! why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight, one Provost, four Bailies, a Town-clerk, and sax Deacons.

Bailie. Sax Deacons! Was there ever sic a born deevil? But tell owre your sins, sir, for if I but say the word—

Rob. True, Bailie, but you never will say that word.

Bailie. And what for no, sir? What for no?

Rob. For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie—first for auld langsyne.

Bailie. (*Softening.*) Ay, Rab!

(*Shakes his hand.*)

Rob. Secondly, for the good wife ayont the fire, that made some mixture of our bloods—

Bailie. Weel, Rab?

Rob. And third and lastly, Bailie Nicol Jarvie—

Bailie. Ay, Rab?

Rob. Because, if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaister that wall with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you. (*Owen in great consternation runs to the bed.*)

Bailie. My conscience! Weel, weel, Rab! it would be quite as unpleasant for me to hae my head knocked about, as it would be discreditable to string up a kinsman in an hempen cravat: but if it hadna been yourself, Rab, I'd hae gripped the best mon in the Highlands.

Rob. You'd hae tried, Bailie Jarvie,—you'd hae tried, Bailie.

Bailie. Ay, "I wad hae tri'd, Bailie"—but wha the deevil's this? (*To Francis.*) Another honest mon, I reckon.

Owen. This, good sir, is Mr. Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o' this spark—run away frae his father, in pure dislike to the labour an honest

man should live by—weel, sir, what do you say to your handywork?

Francis. My dislike to the commercial profession, Mr. Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge.

Owen. Oh, dear!

Rob. It's manfully spoken, and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons. (*Owen goes to bed again.*)

Bailie. Weavers and spinners, indeed! I'm a weaver and spinner, and wha's better? Will a' your ancestry tell whar Rashleigh is, or a' your deep oaths and drawn dirks procure Mr. Frank five thousand pounds to answer the bills which fa' due in ten days.

Francis. Ten days! is the time so near? I may then have recourse—(*draws out the letter, opens it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope—the Bailie catches it up.*)

Bailie. My conscience! (*reads.*) for "Rob Roy."

Francis. Rob Roy! (*Rob Roy instantly snatches the letter.*)

Bailie. Weel, her'd a wind blawn a letter to its right owner; but, as I am a Bailie, there were ten thousand chances to one against its coming to hand. (*going up.*)

Francis. You are too hasty, sir—I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

Rob. Make yourself easy, sir, Dina Vernon has more friends than you are aware of. (*Reads to himself.*)

Francis. (*Aside.*) Is it possible? Is the fate of a being so amiable, involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

Rob. (*After reading.*) So, Rashleigh has sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her. Mr. Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens; and considn, if you dare venture to shew him the way—

Bailie. Catch me!

Rob. And eat a leg of red-deer venison with me—

Bailie. (*Coolly.*) No, thank ye, Rab.

Rob. I'll pay you the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr. Owen the while, to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say nae mair, Rab—say nae mair. I'll gang wi' you; but you maun guarantee me safe hame again to the Sautmarket.

Rob. There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile you. (*They shake hands.*) But I must be going. The air of the Glasgow Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a Highlander's constitution.

Bailie. Noe, to think that I should be aiding and abetting an escape free justice. It'll be a disgrace to me and mine, and the memory o' my worthy father the deacon—rest and bless him! for ever.

Rob. Hout, tout, mair! when the dirt's dry it will rub out again. Your father could look over a friend's faults, and why not your father's son.

Bailie. So he could, Robin, so he could; he was a gude mon, the deacon. Ye mind him, Rab, duna ye?

Rob. Troth, do I—he was a weaver and wrought my first pair o' hose.

Bailie. Thk care his son doesna weave your last cravat. Ye've a lang craig for a gibbet, Rab. But whar's that Dougal creature?

Rob. If he is the lad I think him, he has not waited your thanks for his share of this night's work.

Bailie. What, gone! and left me and mattie locked

up in jail for a night? I'll hang the Highland deevil as high as Haman.

Rob. When you catch him, Baillie Jarvie, when you catch him. (*Mattie tries the door and finds it open.*) But see, he knew an open door would serve me at a pinch. Come, Baillie, speak the password.

Baillie. Stanchells, let this stranger out—he—he's—

Rob. What?

Baillie. He's a friend o' mine. (*groans*) My conscience! an' a bonny friend he is.

Rob. Fare-ye-weel! Be early with me at Aberfoil.

"Now, open your gates, and let me go free,  
I darena stay longer in bonny Dundee."

[*Exit.*]

Baillie. So that Dougal creature was an agent o' Rab's! I shouldna wonder if he has one in ilka jail in Scotland. (*whistling without.*) Do ye hear thes Highland deevil whistling, without any regard for Sunday or Saturday. I fancy they think theselves on the tap o' Ben Lomond already. Weel, I has done things this blessed night that my worthy faither the deacon, rest and bless him! wadna have believe—but ther's balm in Gilead. (*going to the bedside.*) Mr. Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast in the morning. (*Owen snores.*) Eh! why the mon's fast.

Francis. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, sir, the better, for it must be near midnight.

Baillie. Midnight! Weel, Mattie shall light ye hame. (*Francis takes Mattie under his arm—Jarvie gently disengages her from him.*) Name o' your Lunnon tricks here, my mon! Mattie's a decent lassie, and come o' gude kith and kin—the laird o' Limerfield's cousin—only seven times removed. Noo that I look at you again, my fine spark, I see ye hame mysel'.

(*St. Mungo's clock strikes twelve.*)

Enter TWO GAOLERS for chorus.

### FINAL

Francis. *Hark! hark! now from St. Mungo's tower  
The bell proclaims the midnight hour,*

*Borne!*

Mattie. *And thro' the city, far and near,  
From spire and turret now I hear,*

*Borne!*

Both. *Ere yet the first vibration dies,  
Each from tongue of time replies,*

*Borne!*

Owen. (*snores.*) *Augh!*

Baillie. *Hark! hark! from Mister Owen's nose,  
A cadence deep! a dying cress,*

*Borne!*

Owen. (*snores.*) *Augh!*

Francis. *Ere yet, &c.*  
Mattie & Baillie. *Ere yet the first vibration dies,  
His nasal organ quick replies,*

*Borne!*

Owen. (*snores.*) *Augh! (wakes.)  
Bless me! in every way I am undone;  
I did not dream of being here;  
But snug in sweet Crane Alley, London,  
And Stocks were up, and I—oh dear!*

### ALL.

Francis. } *Home, home, { we } must no longer stay*  
Baillie & } *For soon will peep the morning light.*  
Mattie. } *Now { let us } haste { come, come,*  
Owen & } *{ pray make } go, go,*  
Stanch. } *Farewellal once, at once good night. (away*  
*Retiring up, as drop descends.—Owen gets into bed.*

### ACT II

SCENE I.—*The College Gardens at Glasgow, and view of the spire of St. Mungo.*

Enter RASHLEIGH, and JOBSON rather behind him, waiting his instructions—he walks rapidly, turns, and pauses.

Rash. Galbraith and MacStuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good! When did Captain Thornton march?

Jobson. Yesterday morning, sir.

Rash. Umph! You are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described was given to him?

Jobson. I delivered it myself into his hands, sir.

Rash. You committed, Mr. Owen to prison, you say—is he there now?

Jobson. He is.

Rash. If my cousin, Mr. Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which you have a duplicate.

Jobson. It shall be done, you may depend on it, sir.

Rash. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way—that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes. Now, sir, a word—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them. As to the papers which I forwarded to Macgregor, ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody. Make yourself ready, and be well armed. Leave me. (*Exit JOBSON.*) Macgregor is by this time in the Highlands. He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged and assisted; and those papers, which I now regret having committed to his care, will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation!—yet I repine not, for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying cheek; linked with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will—such it hath been, and such it shall be now! Rejected by her I love, scorned by him I would have served—they shall at least find the false friend, and the renegade knows how to resent those insults. Ah! (*starts, and instantly recovers himself.*)

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Francis. You are well met, sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it (*aside*). He's earlier than I expected—but Jobson is prepared.

Francis. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought, then. I'm easily found by friends, and still more easily by my foes—in which am I to class Mr. Francis Osbaldistone?

Francis. In that of your foes, sir—your mortal

foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

*Rash.* And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

*Francis.* Your sneer, sir, is no answer; you must accompany me to a magistrate.

*Rash.* Be it so; yet—no—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate—but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man; amuse yourself in your world of poetical imagination, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

*Francis.* This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you, sir—the name we both bear never yet submitted to insult.

*Rash.* Right, right! you remind me that it was dishonoured in my person—you remind me also by whom. Think you I have forgotten that blow—never to be washed out, but by blood? For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating—you owe me a long account; and fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

*Francis.* Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay?

*Rash.* You may trample on the harmless worm, but pause ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

*Francis.* I will not be trifled with.

*Rash.* I had other views respecting you! but enough. Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence.

*They draw, and at the moment their swords cross, Rob Roy rushes forward, and beats up their guard.*

*Rob.* Hold! stand off!

*Rash.* MacGregor!

*Rob.* By the hand of my father! the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the briskeet. (*to Francis.*) Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat? Or do you, sir (*to Rashleigh*), imagine men will trust their lives, their fortunes, and a great political interest with one that brawls about like a drunken gillie? Nay, nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man! If you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you.

*Rash.* You presume, sir, on my present situation, or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned.

*Rob.* Presume! And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr. Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not; but you are neither a better nor a braver man than myself; and it will be news to me, indeed, when I hear you are half so good. And dare, too—dare! Hout, tout! much daring there is about it.

*Rash.* (*aside.*) What devil brought him here to mar a plan so well devised; I must lure him to the toils.

*Rob.* What say you?

*Rash.* My kinsman will acknowledge he forced this on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastised his insolence too severely. The quarrel was none of my seeking.

*Rob.* Well, then, walk with me—I have news for you.

*Francis.* Pardon me, sir; I will not lose sight of him, till he has done justice to my father.

*Rob.* Would you bring two on your head instead of one?

*Francis.* Twenty—rather than again neglect my duty.

*Rash.* You hear him, MacGregor! Is it my fault that he rushes on his fate? The warrants are out.

*Rob.* Warrants? Curses on all such instruments! they have been the plague of poor old Scotland for this hundred years—but, come on! what will, I'll never consent to his being hurt that stands up for the father that begot him.

*Rash.* Indeed!

*Rob.* My conscience will not let me.

*Rash.* Your conscience, MacGregor!

*Rob.* Yes, my conscience, sir; I have such a thing about me; that, at least, is one advantage which you cannot boast of.

*Rash.* You forget how long you and I have known each other.

*Rob.* If you know what I am, you know likewise that usage made me what I am; and, whatever you may think, I would not change with the proudest of the oppressors that have driven me to take the heather bush for shelter. What you are, and what excuse you have for being what you are, lies between your own heart and the long day.

*Rash.* (*aside.*) Can MacGregor suspect? Has MacVittie betrayed me?

*Rob.* Leave him, I say! you are in more danger from a magistrate than he is; and were your cause as straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it. (*Francis persists in not leaving Rashleigh, but is withheld by Rob Roy.*) Take your way, Rashleigh—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands. You have done that before now.

*Rash.* Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; but I quit you now, in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption.

[*Exit.*]

*Rob.* (*as Francis struggles to follow.*) As I live by bread, you are as mad as he! Would you follow the wolf to his den? (*pushes him back.*) Come, come, be cool—'tis to me you must look for that you seek. Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging justice-clerk, Jobson; above all from MacVittie. Make the best of your way to Aberfoill, and by the word of a MacGregor, I will not see you wronged! Remember the Clachan of Aberfoill. (*shakes his hand with great cordiality.*)

[*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—The Library of Osbaldistone Hall.

*A knocking heard without. Enter SIR FREDERICK VERNON from the panel, with haste and agitation.*

*Sir F.* I was not mistaken—it is at the private door. (*Knocking again.*) Can it be Campbell?—Rashleigh? No, perhaps, a courier from the Earl of Mar. My hopes, my existence, hang upon a thread—either Scotland has her rights restored, or I have nothing more to do with life.

*Re-enter MARTHA with a letter.*

*Martha.* A gentleman—a cavalier—a—I ken na what to ca him. This, he said, would speak for him. (*Gives the letter, which Sir Frederick opens, and reads with agitation.*) And weel it ought, for he had

scarcely breath to say, "Deliver that," when he put spurs to his panting steed, and dashed irae the wicket as if he had seen a warlock or a witch, instead o' a decent-looking lassie.

*Sir F. Betrayed—ruined—lost! Desire my daughter to attend me.*

[*Exit Mac-ha.*]

O, villain—villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale. Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish. I must hasten instantly to the Highlands—if our friends there are as weak as some are false, but one course remains—an immediate escape to France.

*Enter DIANA VERNON.*

*Diana.* Dear sir, what means this unusual summons?

*Sir F.* Diana, our perils are now at the utmost—you must accompany and share them with me.

*Diana.* I have been taught endurance, sir, and will not shrink from it now. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again. But the cause—some political secret?

*Sir F.* Yes—which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband has induced him to betray, contrary to the oath by which he bound himself. But prepare instantly for your departure.

*Diana.* Whither to go?

*Sir F.* First to the Highlands. I must endeavour to see MacGregor. You shall know more when I have made my own arrangements. I will relieve the distresses of your cousin Francis, if possible; but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

*Diana.* Forsake the faith of my gallant fathers? Never—I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners when the tide of war pressed hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies! (*Sir Frederick clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exits.*) Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger, and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman.

SONG—(Words by Burns). AIR—"White Cockade."

*A Highland lad my love was born,  
The Lowland lous he held in scorn,  
But he still was faithful to his clan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

*Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,  
Sa' g ho my braw John Highlandman,  
There's not a lad in a' the clan,  
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.*

*With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,  
And good claymore down by his side,  
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,  
My gallant braw John Highlandman.*

*Sing hey, &c.*

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Interior of Jean MacAlpine's Change House, in the Clachan of Aberfoyle. Turf fire.

*At an oak table sit MAJOR GALBRAITH and MACSTUART. DOUGAL lies asleep, at back, his sword and target near him.*

*MacS.* Enough, enough, Galbraith—I can teuk my pint of usquebagh, or pranty either, wi' ony man. But we have wark in hand just noo, and had better look to it.

*Major.* Hout tout, mon—meat and mass never yet hindered wark; had it been my directing, instead of this Rash—Rash—what the devil is the Saxon's name?

*MacS.* Haud your whist, Major, man—haud your whist,—don't let the pranty be owre strang for your prains. Do you no see? (*Pointing to the sleeper.*)

*Major.* I say that the garrison and our troops, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Roy Roy, without bringing you all the way from the Glens to Aberfoyle here. There's the hand that would lay him flat upon the green, and never ask a Hieler for help.

*MacS.* Come, come—'tis time we were going.

*Major.* Going! why, 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us; besides, mind the auld saw—"It's a bauld moon, quo' Bennygask—another pint, quo' Lesslie;" and we'll no stir a step till we've drucken it neither. (*Kisses.*)

SONG.—(Words altered from Wordsworth's Poem of "Rob Roy's Grace.")

AIR—"My love she's but a lassie yet."

*A famous man was Robin Hood,  
The English ballad singer's joy;  
But Scotland has a thief as good—  
She has she has her bold Rob Roy.  
A dauntless heart MacGregor shows,  
And wondrous length and strength of arm;  
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,  
And kept—and kept his friends from harm.  
Chorus.—A famous man, &c.*

*His daring mood protects him still,  
For this—the robber's simple plan,  
That they should take who have the will,  
That they should keep—should keep who can.  
And while Rob Roy is free to rove,  
In summer's heat and winter's snow,  
The eagle he is lord above,  
And bold Rob Roy is lord below.  
Chorus.—A famous man, &c.*

JEAN MACALPINE is heard without in loud exhortation to FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE and BAILLIE NICHOL JARVIE. GALBRAITH and MACSTUART look round awfully. The Sleeper rises his head, and discovers him self to be DOUGAL.—He secures his sword and target, and resumes his position as the BAILLIE and FRANCIS enter.

*Jean.* Indeed, gentlemen, my house is taken up wi' them that winna like to be intruded on.

*Francis.* But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

*Baillie.* Starving! Sax hoors since I tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs o' an auld moor-cock. (*Crosses towards fire.*)

*Jean.* You had better gang far'er than fare waur.  
*Baillie.* I've ither eggs upon the spit. I'll no stir a stap, woman.

*Jean.* Weel, weel; a wilfu' man maun hae his ain way. But I wash my hands o' this.

Francis. I must make the best apology I can to your guests; but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company.

Exit JEAN MACALPINE.—BAILIE turns up a a meat-tyb, and seats hims if e-y composedly near the fire—FRANCIS goes to seat hims if near G'L-BRAITH who instantly throws his legs upon the seat.

Major. You mak yoursel perfectly at hame, sir.

Francis. We usually do so, sir, when we enter a house of public entertainment.

Bailie. Pray, gentlemen, dinna be angry; we are only bits o' Glasgow bodies, travelling to get in some siller that's awing us.

MacS. Did you no saw by the white wain' at the door, that the public-house was occupied.

Francis. The white wain! I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country, but I am yet to learn how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

Bailie. There's nae reason for't, gentlemen—we mean nae offence; and if a stoup o' brandy will heal the quarrel—

Major. D—n your brandy!

Bailie. That's ceevil. It's my opinion ye've gotten owre muckle o' that already, if aye may judge by your manners.

MacS. We want naither your company nor your pranty.

Major. (mimicking MacStuart.) No, we want naither your company nor your pranty; and if ye be pretty men, draw! (Unsheathes his sword—MacStuart and Francis do the same.)

MacS. Ay, traw!

Bailie. (starts up.) Draw! I'm neither a pretty man, nor hae I ony thing to draw! but by the soul o' my father the deacon, I s'e no tak a blow without giv'ing a thrust. (Runs to the fire and seizes a red hot poker.) So that, he that likes it, has it. (As they tilt at each other, Dougal starts up and darts between the Bailie and MacStuart.)

Dougal. Her naiser! has ecen to town pread o' Glasgo', and she'll feicht for Bailie Nicol Sharvie at Aberfoill—troth will she! Och, ne-ish!

MacS. Haud, haud—the quarrel's no mortal, and the gentlemen hae given reasonable satisfaction.

Bailie. I'm glad to heart.

Major. Well, weel, as the gentlemen have shown themselves men o' honour—

(Dougal goes off.)

MacS. Men o' honour! Wha's teevil ever saw men o' honour feicht with a fire brand before? Figh! my brow now plaidie smells like a singit sheep's head.

Bailie. Let that be nae hindrance to gude fellowship; there's aye a plaster for a broken head. If I've burnt ye'se plaidie, I can mend it wi' a new ane. I'm a weaver.

Major. A weaver! Pah! (Retires up the s'age, snapping his fingers at him with great contempt.)

MacS. Weel, sir, the neist time that ye'll feicht, let it be wi' a sword, like a Christian, and no wi' a red-hot poker, like a wild Indian savage.

Bailie. My conscience! a man maun dae his best. I was obleeged to grip at the first thing that came in my way; and, as I'm a Bailie, I wadna desire a better.

Major. Come, come, let's drink and agree like honest fellows. (Sheathes his sword—Francis and

MacStuart do the same, and the Bailie replaces the poker.)

Bailie. Well, noo, I find there's nae hole in my wama, I'll noo be the waur for putting something in till't. (Seats hims if—he and the Major converse apart.)

ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, with a letter in his hand, appears at the door, terrified for fear of intruding—FRANCIS beckons him forward—DOUGAL appears at the window, watching.

Andrew. I'm an honest lad, sir—I wadna part wi' your honour lightly—but, the—the—the—read that!

Francis. 'Tis from Campbell! (reads) "There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet you at Aberfoill, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted; he will guide you to a place where we will be safe and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance. Robert MacGregor Campbell." Hawks! he means the government forces. From whom did you receive this?

Andrew. Frae a Hieland doevil w' a red head—that—that—

(Perceives Dougal's head at the window.)

Francis. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice. (Dougal, satisfied that the letter has been read, disappears.)

Andrew. De'll be in my feet if I stir a tae's length far'er—to gang into Rab Roy's country is a mere tempting o' providence.

Francis. Wait without, one way or the other I will determine speedily.

Andrew. I dinna gie a d—n how ye determine, sir, but I wadna do't—I'm no sick a born idiwut—I'll no do't.

Bailie. Let Glasgow flourish! I'll hear no language offensive to the Duke o' Argyle, or the name o' Campbell. My conscience! Remember the het poker! I say, he's a credit to the country, and a good friend to our toon and trade.

Major. Ah! there'll be a new world soon—we shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and mair royal clans.

Bailie. Sir, ye gie your tongue owre great a leecence—ye may be mair loyal clans, but by my soul, ye're no better man.

Major. No?

Bailie. No!

(Bailie takes the poker, fight again.)

Francis. Pray, gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel; in a few moments we must part company.

MacS. Weel, weel, there's nae occasion for any mair het blude. But you must ken, sir, that we are harried oot o' all patience here wi' meetings to put down Rab Roy. I hae chased the MacGregor mysel—hae had him at pay like a red-deer; but still the Duke o' Argyle gie's him shelter. Oh! it's enough to make a man mad. I wad gie something to be as near to him as I hae been.

Bailie. Wad ye?

(Ironically.)

MacS. Ay.

Bailie. Ye'll forgie me, friend, for speaking my mind, but it's my thought, you'd hae g'en the best button on your coat to hae been as far awa' frae Rab Roy then as you are noo. My conscience!

my het poker would have been naething to his playmore.

*MacS.* You tamn'd weaver! one word mair about that shilly poker, by my saul, I'll make you sit it, and sax inches o' could steel into the pargain.

*Bailie.* (Seizing the poker.) Wull you, sir?

*Francis.* Come, come, gentlemen, let us all be friends here, and drink to all friends far away.

SONG.—(Words by Burns.)

*Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' never brought to mind?  
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,  
An' the days o' lang syne,  
For auld lang syne, my friends,  
For auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,  
For auld lang syne.*

Chorus. *For auld lang syne, &c.*

*An' here's a hand, my trusty friend,  
An' gie's a hand o' thine,  
An' we'll toom the stoop to friendship's  
growth,*

Chorus. *For auld lang syne, &c.*

*An' surely you'll be your pint-stowp,  
An' surely I'll be mine,  
An' we'll tak a right gude willy-wacht,  
For auld lang syne.*

Chorus. *For auld lang syne, &c.*

(A drum heard without.)

Enter JEAN MACALPINE, in alarm.

*Jean.* The red coats! the red coats!

[Exit.

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON.

*Captain.* You, sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia? and these are the Highland gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place?

*Major.* You are right, sir; Captain Thornton, I presume. Will you take any refreshment?

*Captain.* I thank you, none—I am late, and desirous to make up time. I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices. Do these gentlemen belong to your party?

*Bailie.* No, sir—we're travellers, sir—lawfu' travellers by land and sea.

*Captain.* My instructions are, to place under arrest an elderly and a young person—you answer the description.

*Bailie.* Me! Tak care what ye say, sir—tak care what ye say! It'll no be your red coat, nor your laced hat, that'll protect you, gin you put an affront on me. I'll convene you in an action o' scandal and fause imprisonment. I'm a free burgess, and a magistrate. Nicol Jarvie is my name—so was my father—before me. I'm a Bailie—be praised for the honour!—and my father was a Deacon—yes, sir, he was a Deacon o' the weavers.

*Major.* True enough—his father was a prick-eard'd cur, and fought against the King at Bothwell-Brig.

*Bailie.* My father paid what he ought, and what he bought, Major Galbraith, since I ken you are Major Galbraith; and was an honest man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks, Major Galbraith.

*Major.* Clumsy shanks!

(Looking at his legs.)

*Captain.* I have no time to attend to all this. And you, sir, what may your name be?

(To Francis.)

*Francis.* Francis Osbaldistone.

*Captain.* What, a son of Sir Hildebrand?

*Bailie.* No, sir, a son till a better man—the great William Osbaldistone, Crane Alley, London, as Mr. Owen has it.

*Captain.* I am afraid, sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

*Bailie.* (Aside.) That's a very modest request.

*Francis.* I have none to surrender.

*Captain.* What is that naw in your breast?

*Francis.* Oh! to this you are welcome. (Giving it—aside.) Yet it may endanger—I have done wrong.

*Bailie.* What for did ye dae it then, ye gowk?

*Captain.* 'Tis confirmed. Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber, MacGregor Campbell.

*Major.* Spies of Rob!

*MacS.* Strap 'em us to the next tree!

*Bailie.* Gently, gently, kind gentlemen, if you please, there's nae hurry.

*Captain.* How came you possessed of this?

*Francis.* You will excuse my answering.

*Captain.* (To Bailie.) Do you, sir, know anything of this?

*Bailie.* By the soul o' my father, the Deacon, no!

*Captain.* Gentleman, you are waited for. (Significantly to Galbraith.) I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the 'door.

[Exit Galbraith and MacStuart.]

*Bailie.* Sentinels! sentinels! What—

*Captain.* I can hear no remonstrance—the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions. Come, sir—

*Bailie.* O, vera weel, sir, vera weel. Ye're welcome to a tune on your ain fiddle; but if I dinna make ye dance till't, before I've done, my name's no Nicol Jarvie! Gude save us! arrest a bailie—a free burgess—a magistrate—My conscience!

[Exit, following Captain Thornton and Francis.]

SCENE IV.—The Clachan of Aberfoil. A few miserable looking, low-roofed hovels in various parts of the crags, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brushwood, &c. The back of the scene exhibits the distant Highland country. Part of a house conspicuous near the front.

MACSTUART enters from inn, followed by MAJOR GALBRAITH, who beckons on the SERJEANT, and after giving him directions to place SENTINELS before the inn door, exits with MACSTUART. The SERJEANT brings on the SOLDIERS, who range themselves in the back-ground, two SENTINELS are placed in front of the inn. Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, from the inn.

*Captain.* Serjeant, make the men fall in.

[Exit Serjeant]

We must at once get under arms. I cannot be mistaken—these strangers must be the persons described by Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Yet his own relative, one would think, might have been overlooked. No, no—he is one that makes no exceptions. The self-interested wretch that would have first betrayed his country, and now his dearest friends, respects no tie of honour, kindred, or affection. Sentinels, bring out your prisoners.



*The SENTINELS enter the inn. At the same instant a noise is heard without—the SERJEANT and two men enter, dragging forward DOUGAL, followed by the INHABITANTS of the village, consisting of WOMEN and CHILDREN; they are eager for the safety of Dougal, and with difficulty suppress their enmity to the Soldiers.*

*Dougal. Oigh, oigh!*

*Serjeant. Bring him along!*

*People. Oigh, oigh! Poor Dougal!*

*Captain. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard!*

*Dougal. Oigh, oigh!*

*Serjeant. We caught this fellow lurking behind the inn, Captain—he confesses to have seen Rob Roy within this half hour.*

*Captain. How many men had he with him, fellow, when you parted?*

*Dougal. She cannot just be fery sure about that.*

*Captain. Your life depends upon your answer. How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?*

*Dougal. No aboon half so mony as there wud pe here the noo.*

*Captain. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon? (Dougal looks about him, as beset with doubt and difficulty.) Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie—what errand?*

*Dougal. Just to see what your honour and the redcoats wad pe want at Aberfoil.*

*Enter the SENTINELS from the Inn, conducting FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE and BA' LIE NICOL JARVIE, who come down.*

*Baillie. Mowry on us! they've gripped the puir Dougal creature. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient for that that Dougal creature.*

*Captain. You know him then—are interested for his safety?*

*Baillie. Yes, sir, he did me a good turn ance, when I was sair beset, and I—*

*Captain. Mr. Jarvie, you will please to recollect, that for the present you likewise are a prisoner.*

*Baillie. Me? My conscience! Sir, I tak you to witness the captain refuses sufficient bail. (Taking one of the sentinels by the breast.) The Dougal creature has a gude action o' wrangous imprisonment, and I see he him righted—I see he him righted.*

*Captain. Mr. Jarvie—*

*Baillie. Mr. Baillie Jarvie, gin ye please, sir.*

*Captain. Well, then, Mr. Baillie Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself, I shall resort to unpleasant measures.*

*Baillie. My conscience! wull ye really?*

*ROB ROY, in his Highland dress, unarmed, appears in the background, and listens.*

*Captain. Now, my friend, let us understand each other. You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree—but, come, if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business, and I'll give you five guineas earnest to look.*

*Dougal. Oigh, oigh! she canna do tat—she'd rather be hanged!*

*Captain. Hanged then you shall be.*

*Baillie. Hanged! My conscience?*

*Captain. Sergeant, away with him!*

*People. O hone, O hone!*

*(Sergeant seizes Dougal.)*

*Dougal. (Perceiving Rob.) Hooly, hooly, she'll do her honour's bidding.*

*Baillie. Wull ye? Then ye deserve to be hanged, ye Highland deevil! Awa' wi' him—awa' wi' him he's owre lang leeving!*

*Captain. Mr. Jarvie—Mr. Baillie Jarvie, it's my belief, sir, when your own turn arrives, you will not be in such a devil of a hurry.*

*Baillie. Me—mine? I'm a Baillie—my faither was a deacon! My conscience! wad ye hang a magistrate?*

*Dougal. She'll no ask her to gang ony far'er then just to let you see whar the red Gregarach is?*

*Captain. Not a step.*

*Dougal. And to five guineas?*

*Captain. Here they are. (Takes out his purse, and counts the money into Dougal's hands.) One.*

*Dougal. Aon.*

*Captain. Two.*

*Dougal. Da.*

*Captain. Three.*

*Dougal. Tri.*

*Captain. Four.*

*Dougal. Cethar. (A pause, Captain feeling in his purse—Dougal impatient.) Coig!*

*Captain. Coig! what the devil does the fellow mean? Coig! (Baillie shakes his head.)*

*Dougal. (Recollecting.) Hout, teevil, five, five.*

*Captain. Oh! (Gives him the fifth guinea.)*

*Baillie. The Dougal Creature's waur than I thought him—a wardly and perfidious creature! My worthy faither, the deacon—reet be wi' him, honest man!—used to say that goud slew mair souls than the sword did bodies—and it's true, it's true. Oh, Dougal! Dougal! I'm dune wi' ye now.*

*Dougal. Haud your wisht, Baillie, haud your wisht.*

*Captain. Mr. Osbaldistone, and you Mr. Baillie Jarvie, if loyal and peaceable subjects, will not regret being detained a few hours, when it is essential to the king's service—if otherwise, I need no excuse for acting according to my duty. (to Dougal.) Now observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand.*

*Baillie. My conscience!*

*Dougal. (aside.) She no just sure about tat.*

*Two Sentinels are placed on each side of the BAILIE, who looks at them with anger and dismay—the same is done with FRANCIS.—Dougal leads the march, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with ROB ROY.*

*Captain. March!*

*Military Music—they march—music dies away as they disappear.—Enter ROB ROY, and RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE from behind the hut.*

*Rob. Who'd have thought Dougal had so much sense under that ragged red pow of his.*

*Rash. Did he act then by your direction?*

*Rob. Troth did he—and well acted it was! He'll lead the Saxon Captain up the loch; but not a redcoat of them will come back to tell what they landed in.*

*Rash. And their prisoners—my cousin and the Baillie?*

*Rob. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.*

*Rash. (aside.) Perhaps not.*

*Rob. Fetch my dirk and claymorg, some of you. I must away.*

*Rash. (aside.) If Thornton has been fool enough to be led into an ambushade. This opportunity shall not be lost.*

*Rob. My dirk and claymore! I must attack these buzzards in the rear.*

*(A boy runs into the inn.)*

*Rash.* A word, MacGregor. You told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprise you.

*Rob.* I did.

*Rash.* How then have you been able to provide so suddenly for this unexpected party of Thornton's?

*Rob.* Look around you.

*Rash.* Well!

*Rob.* Think you that any but old men, women, and bairns, would stand idle when King James's cause or MacGregor's safety needed them? Ten determined men might keep the pass of Lochard against a hundred; and I sent every man forward that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

*Rash.* Indeed! move on then.

ROB ROY goes up the stage—the Boy enters from inn, with the claymore—RASHLEIGH sizes it, and calls "GALBRAITH MACSTUART!"—the People show—ROB ROY sees he is betrayed, and, running off, is met by two soldiers, who point their guns at him—he rushes across the other side, where he is met by two more soldiers, then by GALBRAITH, then by MAC STUART—he then makes a rush at RASHLEIGH, who keeps him at bay with his drawn sword! Tableau—pause, ROB ROY is bound by soldiers with a cord.

*Rash.* Now, MacGregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

*Rob.* But not the last. Oh, villain! villain! villain!

*Rash.* I should better have deserved that reproach, when under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of your squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison.

*Rob.* There's a day of reckoning at hand! think on't—dream on't; there's not a red MacGregor in the country, but from this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom. There's a day to come; you have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

*Rash.* Away!

*Military Music.*—ROB ROY is led off, looking steadily at RASHLEIGH.

## FINALE.—HIGHLANDERS and SOLDIERS.

Chorus. *Tramp, tramp, o'er moss and fell,*

People. *MacGregor's}*  
Soldiers. *The robber's}* found,

People. *MacGregor's}*  
Soldiers. *The traitor's}* bound;

*And leading clans shall hear his knell,  
Whose battle cry  
Was "win or die!"*

## SOLO.

Women. *Guardian spirits of the brave,  
Freedom grant, the chieftain save.*

Chorus. *Tramp, tramp, &c.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Pass of Lochard.—Military Music.*  
*Enter DOUGAL, CAPT. THORNTON, FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, SERGEANT, and SOLDIERS.*

*Captain.* Halt! front! *(To Dougal.)* Go to the front, sir! *(To the Bailie.)* Now, sir, you wish to speak with me.

*Bailie.* Yes, captain, I crave that liberty; and for the sake o' a concerned, I'm sorry you didn't grant it a full hour gane by! for it's my sincere advice, for the sake o' ye're friends in general, and myself in particular, that you make the best o' your way back again to a place o' safety—if you do not by the hand o' my body, there is no ane o' us will gang hame to tell the tale.

*Captain.* Make yourself easy, sir!

*Bailie.* Easy! I canna mak myself easy, sir. My conscience! he'll hae us a' butcher'd. *(Aside.)*

*Captain.* As you are friends of the government, gentlemen, you will be happy to learn that it is impossible this gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from the garrison secure the hills in different parts; three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper, while Major Galbraith and his troopers occupy the lower passes of this country.

*Bailie.* Ah! that sounds a "very weel"; but, in the first place, there's mair brandy than brains in the head o' that Major Galbraith; in the next I wadna hae you place owre muckle confidence in the Highlanders—corbies winna pick out corbies' een. They may quarrel among themselves, and gie ilk ither a stab wi' a dirk, or a slash wi' a claymore now and then; but tak my word for't, they are sure to join in the lang run against a' fo'ks that wear breeks on the hinner ends, and hae got purses in their pockets.

*Captain.* *(Suddenly turning to Dougal.)* The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

*Dougal.* Weel, weel, Dougal didna mak the roads.

*Bailie.* That's very true.

*Dougal.* If the shentlemen wad gang upon better gait, they should hae staid at hames at Glasgow.

*Bailie.* That they should, indeed!

*Dougal.* Besides, your honour can no tink to tak the red Gregarch without some tanger.

*Bailie.* The Dougal creature's right again.

*Captain.* You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your brains out on the spot. Your caution, sir, shall not go unregarded, *(to the Bailie.)* but we must proceed.

*Bailie.* Proceed! My conscience! there's something deevilish hard in being obliged to risk ane's life in a quarrel with which we hae nae concern.

*Francis.* I sincerely grieve that your kindness for me has led you into perils in a cause which is now so hopeless.

*Bailie.* We may shake hands on't. Your troubles will sune be owre, and I shall slumber wi' my worthy father the deacon—rest and bless him.

*Captain.* Now, my lads, forward!

HELEN MACGREGOR appears on the point of a projecting rock, with a claymore, and target—a brace of pistols in her belt, and a man's bonnet and tarian plaid.

*Helen.* Hold, there! stand! Tell me what seek you in the country of the MacGregor?

*Bailie.* By the soul o' my father, the deacon! it's Rab's wife, Helen! there'll be broken heads among us in three minutes. Digitized by Google

[Exit.]

*Helen.* Answer me! what is it you seek?

*Captain.* The outlaw rebel MacGregor Campbell. Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

*Helen.* Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ye have left me neither name, nor fame—my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them. Ye have left me neither house nor hold—blanket nor bedding—cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us—you have taken from us all—all! the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come to seek our lives!

*Captain.* I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

*Bailie.* Nor I mine!

*Captain.* You have, therefore, nothing to fear—but should there be any among you hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their heads. A hundred guineas for Rob Roy!

*Helen.* Fie!

*Captain.* Forward!

*The heads of the HIGHLANDERS appear above the rocks—a volley is fired as HELEN disappears—the first party of SOLDIERS, led on by the SERGEANT, return it, and rush forward—the BAILIE, at the first discharge starts, runs about in great alarm, and scrambles up a rock—DOUGAL at the same time rushes on with HIGHLANDERS, who drive the SOLDIERS up the pass—then re-enters, and rushes off to assist the BAILIE—the drums, bagpipes, and bagpipes: heard incessantly—as the tumult subsides in the distance, FRANCIS, who has gone off, now re-enters.*

*Francis.* The contest has terminated, and I fear, fatally for the assailants. But where is my poor friend? I saw him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust no random shot has confirmed his melancholy prophecy.

*Bailie.* (Without.) My conscience!

*Enter BAILIE, greatly disordered—the skirts of his coat torn off, and ragged, his wig off, shewing his bald pate—he seizes a cocked hat which is left on the stage, and in his confusion puts it on his head.*

*Bailie.* My conscience!

*Francis.* Somewhat damaged, I perceive; but I heartily rejoice the case is no worse.

*Bailie.* Thank ye, thank ye—the case is naething to brag o'—they say a friend sticks as close as a blister. My conscience! I wish I had fand it sae. (Putting himself to rights.) When I cam' up to this cursed country—forgive me for swearing—on nae aen's errand but yours, Mr. Osbaldistone! d'ye think it was fair, when my footslipped and I hung by the hurdles to the branch o' a ragged thorn, to lave me dangling, like the sign o' the Golden Fleece ower the door o' a mercer's shop on Ludgate Hill? D'ye think it was kind, I say, sir, to let me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for ball practice, and never aenae try to help me down, sir?

*Francis.* My good sir, recollect the impossibility of my affording you any relief, without assistance. But how were you able to extricate yourself?

*Bailie.* Me extricate! My conscience? I should hae hung there, like Mahomet's coffin, till the day o' Pentecost, gin it hadna been for that Dougal creature. He cut aff the tails o' my coat, and clappit me on my legs again, as clean as if I had never been aff them.

*Francis.* And where is Dougal now?

*Bailie.* Following your example, sir!

*Francis.* My example! What's that?

*Bailie.* Taking deevilish good care o' himself. He warned me to keep clear o' that amiable leddy we saw the noo; and troth, he's right there again, for Rab himself's frightened at her, when her bluid's up.

*Francis.* Do you know her?

*Bailie.* A deevilish deal ower weel—but it's lang since we've met, and it's odds if she'll remember me.

Two or three HIGHLANDERS rush on, DOUGAL following.

*HIGHLANDERS.* Mair Saxons! whis a brace o' ball through 'em!

*Dougal.* Hand, hand! they're friends to the MacGregor.

*Bailie.* Yes! I carena wha kens it—I'm a Macgregor—we're bairn Macgregors!

(March.)

HELEN MACGREGOR, followed by HIGHLANDERS, advances down the pass.

*Helen.* Englishmen, and without arms!—that's strange, where there is a Macgregor to hunt and slay!

*Bo He. (Hesitating.)* I—I am very happy—exceeding happy—to hae this joyfu' opportunity—ahem! this joyfu' occasion o' wishing my kinsman Rab's wife—a—(she looks at him with great contempt)—a very good morning.

*Helen.* Is it so?

*Bailie.* Ye'll maybe hae forgotten me, Mistress Helen Campbell, but—

*Helen.* How! Campbell! My foot's upon my native heath, and my name is Macgregor.

*Bailie.* Very weel, Mrs. Camp—Mistress Rob Roy—tutz—Mrs. Macgregor, I beg pardon—I would just crave the liberty o' a kinsman, to salute you.

*Helen.* What fellow art thou, that dare claim kindred with our clan, yet neither wear our dress nor speak our language? Who are you that have the tongue and habit of the hound, yet seek to shelter with the deer?

*Bailie.* Why, my mither, Elspeth Macfarlane, was the wife o' my father Nicol Jarvie—she was the daughter o' Parlane Macfarlane, and Maggy Macfarlane married Duncan M'Nab, wha stood in the fourth degree—

*Helen.* And doth the stream of rushing water acknowledge any relationship with the portion that's withdrawn from it for the mean domestic use of those who dwell upon its banks?

*Bailie.* Maybe, no—but when the summer's sun has dried up the brook, and left naething but the chucky-stones, it wad fain hae that portion back again. I ken ye hand us Glasco' bodies unco cheap; but, Lord help ye, Mrs. Ca—Macgregor, think what a figure I should cut wi' my pair auld hurdies in a kilt and hose gathered below the knee. My conscience! I wad be a bonny figure. I hae been very serviceable to Rab as I am, and wad be mair sae, gin he wad hae aff his evil ways, and no disturb the king's peace.

*Helen.* Yes—you, and such as you, would have us hewers of wood, and drawers of water—you'd have us find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress and trample on. But we are free—free by the very act which has left us neither houses nor hearth, food or covering,—which has bereaved us of all—all by vengeance!

*Bailie.* For heaven's sake dinna speak o' vengeance!

*Helen.* I will speak on't—I will perform it too—I will carry on this day's work by a deed that shall break all bonds between Macgregor and the Lowlanders for ever. Here! Allan, Dougal, bind these Sassenachs neck and heels, and throw them into the Highland Lock to seek for their Highland kinsfolk!

*Bailie.* My conscience!

*Dougal.* Oigh! to be surely, her pleasure maun be done.

*Bailie.* Ah! but Dougal—ye ken—

*Dougal.* Oh, ay! they are friends o' to chief, as I can testify, and cam' here on his assurance o' welcome and safety.

*Helen.* Dog! were I to order you to tear out their hearts, and place them in each other's breast, to see which there could best plot treason against the MacGregor—would you dare to dispute my orders? (*Distant voices are heard, singing the burthen of "The Lament."*) Hark! hark! what means that strain? (*An emotion of alarm in the Highlanders.—Helen becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.*) Why is this? Why a lament in the moment of victory?

*Enter ROBERT, HAMISH, and a party of HIGHLANDERS.*

Robert, Hamish, where's the MacGregor? Where's your father? (*They intimate his captivity.*) Ah! a prisoner—taken prisoner! Then MacGregor dies! Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies—that you should see him taken prisoner, and come back to tell it! Ah! cowards—cowards! (*Suddenly turning to Francis.*) Your name is Osbaldistone?

*Francis.* It is.

*Helen.* Rashleigh? (*presenting a pistol.*)

*Francis.* No; Francis.

*Helen.* That word has saved you. (*Puts pistol in belt.*)

*Francis.* Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

*Helen.* I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love and ambition. He robbed your father's house of government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted, and by his treachery has my husband fallen. Dare you carry a message to these bloodhounds, from the wife of your friend?

*Francis.* I am ready to set out immediately—

*Bailie.* So am I.

*Helen.* No, you must remain; I have further occasion for you. Bring forth the Saxon captain.

[*Exit Dougal.*]

*Francis.* You will be pleased to understand, that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid in the recovery of those papers you have just now mentioned; and my friend, Mr. Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

*Bailie.* And I wish your friend Mr. Jarvie's boots had been fu' of boiling water, when he pat them on for sic a damnable purpose.

*Helen.* Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells you—wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the claymore is in his hand. He never exchanges the tartan for the broad cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of these Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave.

*Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, led on by DOUGAL.*

But enough of this. Now mark well my message. If they injure a hair of the Mac Gregor's head—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them their Saxon captain, and this Glasgow bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan.

*Bailie.* My conscience! For Heeven's sake dinna send sic an a message!

*Captain.* Give the commanding officer my compliments, sir—Captain Thornton's compliments, of the Royals—tell him to do his duty, and not to waste a thought upon me. I am only sorry for the poor fellows that have fallen into such butcherly hands. If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve, or the country that gave me birth!

*Bailie.* My conscience! whisht! are you weary o' your life! Oh, Mr. Osbaldistone! gie my service—Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a merchant and a magistrate in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow—and tell them there are some folks here in great tribulation, and (*looking at Helen*) like to come to mair; and the best thing they can do for a' parties, is just to let Rab awa', and mak' nae mair about it.

*Helen.* Remember my injunctions! for as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I will, others shall wail with me—there's not a lady in the Lennox, but shall cry the Coronach for those she will be loath to lose—there's not a farmer but shall cry, "Weel awa'," over a burnt barn-yard, and an empty byre—there's not a laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night, with assurance of being a live man in the morning. Conduct him on his way.

\* *The Bailie, unwilling to leave Francis, is following him off, when a Highlander suddenly seizes him by the neck, and throws him round. [Exit Francis and Guide. Thornton retires, guarded.]*

Now, Allaster, the "Lament!" the "Lament!"

#### LAMENT.

*O hone a rie! O hone a rie!*

*Before the sun has sunk to rest,*

*The turf will lie upon his breast.*

*O hone a rie, &c.*

*The pride of all our line deplore,*

*Brave MacGregor is no more.*

*O hone a rie, &c.*

(*She sinks in grief upon the rock, while the "Lament" is sung—at the close—*)

*Rob Roy. (Without.)* Gregarach!

*Dougal.* Rob Roy! Rob Roy!

*Rob Roy rushes on, and is received in the arms of Helen, with wild and exulting shouts from the clan—the Bailie, exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy, from the deepest despondency.*

*Helen.* MacGregor! husband! life!

*Bailie.* But how did you get out o' their clutches, Bab?

*Rob.* Passing the ford of Avandow, Ewan of Briglands cut the belt that bound us; and I ducked and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared to follow me.

*Helm.* And how fell you within their grasp?

*Rob* By him who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive—Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But were he the last and the best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when we next meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

*Bailie.* Weel, there are as many slips between the throat and the gallows as there are between the cup and the lip. I'm like a dead man restored to life! (a boy advances with the Bailie's wig and cane, which he joyfully receives.) Eh! ye're a braw Hielerander; ye'll be a man afore your mither. (turns to Rob Roy jocularly.) Oo, Rab, when ye're dividing the spoils o' the field, if you find the tail o' my coat, I'll be muckle obliged to ye for't.

*Rob.* (laughs.) Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe!

*The Dougal passes about horn cups and cans; the music strikes. The Bailie shakes hands with Rob Roy, who pledges him with cordiality—Chorus.*

*Rob's wife of Aldvalloch,*

*Rob's wife of Aldvalloch,*

*We can be*

*As blythe as she,*

*Dancing now the Highland Walloch.*

*Drink and dance, and sing wi' gl.e,*

*Joy can never mak' us weary!*

*Rob is frae the sodgers free,*

*And Helen she has found her deary.*

*Rob's wife, &c.*

*A Highland dance to the bagpipes by Dougal, and Highland lads and lasses. The Bailie, enraptured at his escape from danger, joins the dancers. Closed in by*

## SCENE II.—Rocks, near Aberfoill.

*Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.*

*Francis.* I fear I have dismissed my guide too early. Every step I have taken since his departure renders my way to Aberfoill more intricate. The twilight darkens rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surrounding objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortunes.

SONG.—AIR—"Fee him, father, fee him."

*O! life is like a summer flower,*

*Blooming but to wither;*

*O! love is like an April hour,*

*Tears and smiles together.*

*And hope is but a vapour light,*

*The lover's worst deceiver;*

*Before him now it dances bright,*

*And now, 'tis gone for ever!*

*O! joy is but a passing ray,*

*Lovers' hearts beguiling;*

*A gleam that cheers a winter's day,*

*Just a moment sm'ing.*

*But though in hopeless dark despair.*

*The thread of life may sever,*

*Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear*

*My heart is thine for ever!*

*Enter SIR FREDERICK and DIANA VERNON, muffled in horsemen's cloaks.*

*Sir F.* Soho, friend, whither go you?

*Francis.* To Aberfoill—can you direct me thither?

*Sir F.* Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you.

*Francis.* I thank you—in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open—there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood,

*Sir F.* We have heard so. But the soldiers had the worst, had they not?

*Francis.* Yes; but in another quarter, the outlaw, called Rob Roy, has been captured.

*Sir F.* Know you not Rob Roy has again escaped?

*Francis.* Escaped! I rejoice to hear it. That circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted on his behalf.

*Sir F.* Who are you? What is your name?

*Francis.* My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger.

*Diana.* Mr. Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs when he wishes to remain concealed.

*Francis.* Miss Vernon! at such an hour, in such a lawless country?

*Sir F.* Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

*Diana.* But one moment, sir—but one moment, to say farewell.

*Sir F.* Remember, 'tis your last.

[Exit.

*Francis.* Our last?

*Diana.* Yes, dear Frank, there is a gulph between us—a gulph of absolute perdition. Where we go, you must not follow. What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

*Francis.* And is there no way in which I may be allowed to show my gratitude?

*Diana.* Alas, none! Adieu! be happy!

DUET.—AIR—"The Lass of Patie's Mill."

*Forlorn and broken-hearted,*

*I weep my last adieu!*

*And sigh o'er joys departed,*

*That time can ne'er renew.*

*Farewell, my love, I leave thee,*

*For some far distant shore;*

*Let no fond hope deceive thee—*

*We part, to meet no more!*

*Tho' grief may long oppress thee,*

*Your love I'll ne'er resign;*

*My latest sigh shall bless thee,*

*My last sad tear be thine!*

*Farewell, my love, &c.*

[Exit Diana and Francis.

SCENE III.—Interior of Jean MacAlpine's.

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE discovered seated at the table.

*Bailie.* Weel, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer this blessed day, a cup o' brandy does nae harm. My cousin Rab is bringing his family up to an ill end; and as for my cousin Helen—my conscience! (Drinks.) Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this dolefu' country.

*Enter ROB ROY—he sits down opposite the Bailie.* Rab again! why, the man's like a bogle or a ghajst.

*Rob.* 'Twas business that made me follow you so quickly, Bailie, and business waits for no man. There is the two hundred pounds I promised you. Never say a Highlander belied his word.

*Bailie.* You're an honest man, Rab—that is, ye've a sort of honesty—a kind o'—Rab, ye're an honest rogue.

*Rob.* Come, come, take your money; and your cup, and say no more about it.

*Bailie.* Weel, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's health, and your twa hopeful sons, of whom mair anon. As to Helen, her reception o' me this blessed day was the north side o' friendly, that I maun say.

*Rob.* Say nothing of her but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

*Bailie.* Weel, weel, we'll let that flee stick to the wa'; but I maun tell you, that your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

*Rob.* And where was I to get them teachers? Would you have me put on the college gate of Glasgow,—"Wanted a Tutor for the children of Rob Roy, the outlaw?"

*Bailie.* Not exactly, that cock wudna fecht, but you might hae taught them something.

*Rob.* I have taught them something. Hamish can bring down a black-cock on the wing, with a single bullet; and his brother drives a dirk through a two-inch deal board.

*Bailie.* Sae muckle the waur, Rab—sae muckle the waur. But I hae been thinking, Rab, to tak' them hame to the Sautmarket, and mak' them 'prentices—*(Rob starts angrily.)*—and I'll gie ye back your twa hundred pounds for the satisfaction.

*Rob.* What! a hundred thousand deevils! The sons of MacGregor weavers? I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire?

*Bailie.* My conscience! that wad be a bleeze! Weel, weel, you needna grip your dirk, as though you were goan to drive it through me; I'm no a two-inch deal board.

*Rob.* Give me your hand. You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider the cause that has forced me to become what I am.

*Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.*

*Francis.* Ah! MacGregor and Mr. Jarvie, both safe?

*Rob.* Ay, and like to keep so—the worst hour is past.

*Bailie.* My conscience! but it has left plenty o' sair banes ahint it; but a man mustna expect to carry the comforts o' the sautmarket at his tail, when he gangs visiting his Hieland kinsfolk.

*Rob (Aside to Francis.)* Your father is now in Glasgow; send the packet to him by Mr. Jarvie.

*Francis.* My father! How knew you this?

*Rob.* Dispatch your business and follow me. You shall see the moonlight on the mountain—you shall hear—

*Bailie.* What?

*Rob.* The night-bird scream! you will listen to her bodings? Now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregorach walks! But I forget—you mean kindly. Farewell, cousin, farewell. *(Shakes hands with the Bailie, who is much affected.—No Francis.)* Follow me towards the Loch; I would speak with you in private. *(As Rob is about to exit, the Bailie goes up to him, and offers him the purse, which he rejects.)* Keep your trash, Bailie, keep your trash.

*[Exit.]*

*Bailie.* What did Rab say to ye?

*Francis.* Something concerning these papers.

*Bailie.* Ey, papers! Why, by the son o' my father, Rab is an honest—stay! *(Francis tears open the packet.)* Here's Mr. Owen's list—"Catch

'em and Whittington, 706," Delightfu' "Pollock and Peelman, 2—8—7," Exact! "Grub and Grinper,"—right to a fraction. Lord save us! what's this? "Will o' Sir Hildebrand Oobaldistone, in favour o' his nephew, Francis!" My conscience!

*Francis.* Is it possible?

*Bailie.* As fac as death!

*Francis.* This, then, was the cause of Bashleigh's unrelenting hatred.

*Bailie.* Nae matter, we've got the stuff, praise be blest—we've got the stuff!

*Francis.* Mr. Jarvie, I intrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole agent of my father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

*Bailie.* Sole agent, Mr. Osbaldistone! *(Bowing.)* I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours o' my friends in Crane Mill, London; or that the recompense will not be advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, merchant and magistrate, in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow. But, Mr. Osbaldistone, I trust you'll say as little as need be o' our prauks here among the hills. If the members o' the Town Council were to ken that aye o' their body was seen feighting we' a red-hot poker, or dangling like an auld scarecrow o'er a potatoe garden—my conscience! they wadna be weel pleased. If Bailie Graham was to hear o' it wad be a sair hair in my neck as lang as I leave.

*Francis.* Fear nothing, sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

*Bailie.* That you may swear; and the next time you catch me out o' hearing o' St. Mungo's bells again, may Rab Roy sleep wi' his ancestors, and me wi' his widow! *Exit! My conscience!*

*[Exeunt Bailie and Francis.]*

SCENE IV.—*Rob Roy's Cave, and view of Loch Lomond by moonlight.*

*Enter ROB ROY and FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.*

*Rob.* Let me now speak of my own concerns. My kinsman said something of my boys that sticks to my heart, and maddens in my brain—"twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it—'twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life."

*Francis.* Is there no way for amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of—

*Rob.* You speak like a boy! Think you that the old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling? Think you I can forget being branded as an outlaw—stigmatised as a traitor a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf? The very name, which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil.

*Francis.* Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

*Rob.* Still it is proscribed; and they shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs; they shall find the name of MacGregor is a spell to raise the wild devil within. Ah, Heav'n help me! I found desolation where I

had left plenty—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold nor ooph, shed nor shelter; so I o'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broadsword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen, and became a broken man. But why do I speak of this? 'Tis of my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

*Francis.* Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service? If such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

*Rob.* (Stretching one hand to him and passing the other across his eyes.) I thank you. I thank you. I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in MacGregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter—we'll talk of it to Helen—but I cannot well spare my boys yet. The heather is on fire.

*Francis.* Heather on fire? I do not understand you.

*Rob.* Rashleigh has set the torch—let them that can pervert the blaze. (bagpipes without) Ah! they come—then all's well.

*Francis.* I comprehend.

HELEN and the HIGHLANDERS enter, HAMISH and ROBERT directing their movements.

*Rob.* Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way.

*Helen.* I have. Stranger, you came to our unhappy country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red. Excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

*Rob.* Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and proffered nobly—our boys, our children—

*Helen.* I understand, but no, no, this is not the time—besides, I no, no, I will not—cannot part from them.

*Francis.* Your separation is not required—leave the country with them.

*Helen.* Quit the land of my sires—never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a scene that could console me for the loss of these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweetened by the recollection of our revenge.

*Francis.* MacGregor?

*Rob.* She says truly—'twas a vain project. We cannot follow them—we cannot part with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern in the winter's frost. No, Helen, no—the heather we have trode on while living, shall sweetly bloom over us when dead.

(Helen throws herself into his arms.)

*Francis.* I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me is incommensurable with their prospects and desires.

*Rob.* Farewell—the best wish MacGregor can give his friend is, that he may see him no more.

*Helen.* A mother's blessing, for the only kindness shown for years to the blood of MacGregor, be upon you. Now, farewell—forget me and mine for ever.

*Francis.* Forget? Impossible!

*Helen.* All may be forgotten, but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

*Rob.* No more. Strike!

(March.—The HIGHLANDERS file through the mouth of the cave, ROBERT and HAMISH stretch forth their hands to FRANCIS as they pass in the march.—HELEN and ROB ROY each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exit through the cave.)

*Francis.* What a wayward way is mine! My father's peace of mind is happily restored but mine, with Diana, is lost for ever.

RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE appears at the back of the cave, and seeing FRANCIS, conceals himself.

What noise? Surely I heard—no, they have left me. (The boats are seen passing the Loch & the Highlanders.) They are passing the Loch—had see them no more.

Enter SIR FREDERICK and DIANA VERNON, greatly alarmed.

*Diana.* Gone! MacGregor—Helen—our friends gone!

*Sir F.* Embarked already! Then my course is ended.

*Francis.* Amazement! Diana Vernon and—

*Diana.* Her father—her unhappy, her wretched father. Oh, Frank! we are beset by enemies on every side—the only path by which we could escape is guarded.

*Francis.* No danger shall befall you here.

*Sir F.* Do not involve yourself in my fate—protect my child, but leave me to suffer. I am familiar with danger, and prepared to meet it.

*Rash.* (Advances.) Meet it then, here!

*All.* Rashleigh!

(Diana turns from him to her father.)

*Rush.* Ah, I come to repay the various obligations conferred on me by my friends. (He beckons to Soldiers, who enter.) Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an attainted traitor—Diana Vernon, and Francis Osbaldistone, aiders and abettors of treason!

*Francis.* Rashleigh, thou art too great a villain for words to speak thee.

*Rash.* I can forgive your spleen, my gentle cousin—it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in one night. Take charge of your prisoners. If my conduct displeases you, lady, you may thank your minion there.

*Francis.* I never gave you cause.

*Rash.* 'Tis false: In love, in ambition, in the paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house—I have been its destruction and disgrace, my very patrimony has been yours—but if you ever live to possess it, the death curse of him you have thus injured shall stick to it.

*R. b.* (without) Gregorach!

*Rash.* (starts) Ah!

ROB ROY darts in and confronts RASHLEIGH.—HIGHLANDERS, led by DOUGAL, appear at the mouth of the cave, and overpower the SOLDIERS.

*Rob.* Now ask for mercy for your soul's sake.

*Rash.* Never!

(Standing on his guard.)

*Rob.* Claymore, then! (Short and rapid combat.—

*Rashleigh falls, and is caught by Dougal.* Die, traitor, in your treason!

*(Rashleigh is carried off by Dougal.)*

*Highland march. Enter HELEN MACGREGOR, and the Clan, male and female. BAILIE runs on confused.*

*Bailie.* My conscience! what's here to do? I fear I've lost my way.

*Francis.* Mr. Jarvie! I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.

*Bailie.* I thought so; too; but, troth, the brandy has deceived me. My conscience! to think o' a magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too! A little man, ca'd Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice and gallop'd off, as though my cousin Helen herself was at his—*(sies Helen.)*—My conscience!

*Sir F. Brave Highlander!* you have saved more than my life—you have preserved my honour. You, young man, *(to Francis)* have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. But whence this unexpected aid? I surely saw the boats depart. *(To Rob.)*

*Rob.* With half my band, no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which deceived the villain to his own snare.

*Helen.* By Sir Frederick Vernon's means, your father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the government a remission of the law in favour of a noble enemy.

*Rob.* We shall rejoice in your happiness, though

we may not share in it. If, in such moments, you ever think upon MacGregor, think kindly of him; and when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget Rob Roy.

FINALE.—Air,—“Duncan Gray cam' here to woo.”

*Chorus.* Pardon now the bold Outlaw,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Grant him mercy, gentles a',  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Let your hands and hearts agree,  
Set the Highland Laddie free;  
Mak' us sing wi' muckle glee,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

*Francis.* Long the State has doom'd his fate  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Still he spurn'd the hateful law,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Scots can for their country die,  
Ne'er from Britain's foes they flee—  
A' that's past forget, forgie,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

*Chorus.* Let your hands, &c.

*Diana.* Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Your award must now abide,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!  
Long your favours have been mine,  
Favours I will ne'er resign—  
Welcome then, for auld lang syne,  
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

*Chorus.* Let your hands, &c.



# C A T O.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY JOSEPH ADDISON.



*Por.*—"OH, SIR, FORGIVE YOUR SON."—*Act v, scene last.*

## Persons Represented.

CATO.  
LUCIUS.  
PORCIUS.

MARCUS.  
DECIVS.  
JUDA.

SEMPRONIUS.  
SYPHAX.  
JUNIUS.

TITUS.  
MARCIA.  
LUCIA.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*A Hall in the Palace.*

*Enter PORCIUS and MARCUS.*

*Por.* The dawn is overcast, the morning lowers,  
And heavily in clouds brings on the day,  
The great, the important day, big with the fate  
Of Cato and of Rome. Our father's death  
Would fill up all the guilt of civil war,  
And close the scene of blood. Already Cæsar  
Has ravag'd more than half the globe, and  
sees

Mankind grown thin by his destructive sword:  
Should he go further, numbers would be want-  
ing

To form new battles, and support his crimes.

Ye gods, what havoc does ambition make  
Among your works!

*Mar.* Thy steady temper, Porcius.  
Can look on guilt, rebellion, fraud, and Cæsar,  
In the calm lights of mild philosophy:  
I'm tortur'd, even to madness, when I think  
On the proud victor: every time he's nam'd,  
Pharsalia rises to my view; I see  
The insulting tyrant prancing o'er the field  
Strew'd with Rome's citizens, and drenched in  
slaughter.

O Porcius, is there not some chosen curse,  
Some hidden thunder in the stores of heaven,  
Red with uncommon wrath, to blast the man  
Who owes his greatness to his country's ruin?

*Por.* Believe me, Marcus, 'tis an impious great-  
ness!

And mix'd with too much horror to be envied.  
How does the lustre of our father's actions,  
Through the dark cloud of ills that cover him,  
Break out, and burn with more triumphant bright-  
ness!

His sufferings shine, and spread a glory round  
him:

Greatly unfortunate, he fights the cause  
Of honour, virtue, liberty, and Rome.

*Mar.* Who knows not this? But what can Cato  
do

Against a world, a base, degenerate world,  
That courts the yoke, and bows the neck to  
Cæsar?

Pent up in Utica, he vainly forms  
A poor epitome of Roman greatness,  
And cover'd with Numidian guards, directs  
A feeble army and an empty senate,  
Remnants of mighty battles fought in vain.  
By heavens! such virtues, joined with such suc-  
cess,

Distract my very soul: our father's fortune  
Would almost tempt us to renounce his pre-  
cepts.

*Par.* Remember what our father oft has told  
us;

The ways of heaven are dark and intricate;  
Our understanding traces them in vain:  
Lost and bewilderd in the fruitless search,  
Nor see with how much art the windings run,  
Nor where the regular confusion ends.

*Mar.* These are suggestions of a mind at ease:  
O Porcius, didst thou taste but half the griefs  
That wring my soul, thou couldst not talk thus  
calmly.

Passion captiv'd and unsuccessful love  
Plant daggers in my heart, and aggravate  
My other griefs. Were but my Lælia dead,—

*Por.* (Aside.) Thou seest not that thy brother is  
thy rival:

But I must hide it; for I know thy temper.—  
Now, Marcus, now thy virtue's on the proof:  
Put forth thy utmost strength, work every  
nerve,

And call up all thy father in thy soul:  
To quell the tyrant love, and guard thy heart  
On this weak side, where most our nature  
fails,

Would be a conquest worthy Cato's son.

*Mar.* Alas! the counsel which I cannot take.  
Instead of healing, but upbraids my weak-  
ness.

Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost  
In high ambition, and a thirst of greatness!  
'Tis second life, that grows into the soul,  
Warms every vein, and beats in every pulse:  
I feel it here: my resolution melts—

*Por.* Behold young Juba, the Numidian prince:  
He loves our sister Marcia, greatly loves her:  
But still the smother'd fondness burns within  
him:

The sense of honour and desire of fame  
Drive the big passion back into his heart.  
What! shall an African, shall Juba's heir,  
Reproach great Cato's son, and shew the world  
A virtue wanting in a Roman soul?

*Mar.* No more, no more! your words leave stings  
behind 'em.

Whene'er did Juba, or did Porcius, shew  
A virtue that has cast me at a distance,  
And thrown me out in the pursuits of honour!

*Por.* O Marcus! did I know the way to  
ease

Thy troubled heart, and witt'gate thy pains

Believe me, I could freely die to do it.

*Mar.* Thou best of brothers, and thou best of  
friends!

Pardon a weak, distemper'd soul, that swells  
With sudden gusts, and sinks as soon in calms,  
The sport of passions.—But Sempronius comes:  
He must not find this softness hanging on  
me.

[Exit

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

*Sem.* Conspiracies no sooner should be form'd  
Than executed. (Aside.) What means Porcius  
here?

I like not that cold youth. I must dissemble,  
And speak a language foreign to my heart.  
Good morrow, Porcius! Let us once em-  
brace,  
Once more embrace, whilst yet we both are  
free:

To-morrow, should we thus express our friend-  
ship,

Each might receive a slave into his arms.  
This sun, perhaps, this morning's sun's the  
last

That e'er shall rise on Roman liberty.

*Por.* My father has this morning call'd to-  
gether

His little Roman senate,—  
The leavings of Pharsalia,—to consult  
If yet he can oppose the mighty torrent

That bears down Rome and all her gods before  
it;

Or must, at length, give up the world to Cæsar.

*Sem.* Not all the pomp and majesty of Rome  
Can raise her senate more than Cato's pre-  
sence:

His virtues render her assembly awful:  
They strike with something like religious fear,  
And make even Cæsar tremble at the head  
Of armies crush'd with conquest. O my Por-  
cius!

Could I but call that wondrous man my father,  
Would but thy sister Marcia be propitious

To thy friend's vows, I might be bless'd in-  
deed.

*Por.* Alas! Sempronius, wouldst thou talk of  
love

To Marcia, whilst her father's life is in danger?  
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling  
vestal,

When she beholds the holy flame expiring.

*Sem.* The more I see the wonders of thy race,  
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my  
Porcius;

The world has all its eyes on Cato's son:  
Thy father's merit sets thee up to view,  
And shows thee in the fairest point of light,  
To make thy virtues, or thy faults conspi-  
cuous.

*Por.* Well dost thou seem to check my lingering  
here

On this important hour. I'll straight away,  
To animate the soldiers' drooping courage

With love of freedom, and contempt of life,  
And try to rouse up all that's Roman in  
'em.

Tis not in mortals to command success;  
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

[Exit

*Sem.* Curse on the stripling! How he apes his  
sire:

Ambitiously sententious!—But I wonder,  
Old Syphax comes not; his Numidian genius

Is well dispos'd to mischief.  
 Cato has us'd me ill: he has refus'd  
 His daughter Marcia to my ardent vows:  
 Besides, his baffled arms and ruin'd cause  
 Are bars to my ambition. Cæsar's favour,  
 That showers down greatness on his friends, will  
 raise me  
 To Rome's first honours. If I give up Cato,  
 I claim in my reward his captive daughter.—  
 Syphax comes.

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. Sempronius, all is ready;  
 I've sounded my Numidians, man by man,  
 And find them ripe for a revolt: they all  
 Complain aloud of Cato's discipline,  
 And wait but the command to change their  
 master.

Sem. Believe me, Syphax, there's no time to  
 waste,  
 Even whilst we speak, our conqueror comes  
 on,  
 And gathers ground upon us every moment.  
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young  
 Juba?

That still would recommend thee more to Cæsar,  
 And challenge better terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost,  
 He's lost, Sempronius; all his thoughts are  
 full

Of Cato's virtues. But I'll try once more,  
 For every instant I expect him here.  
 If yet I can subdue these stubborn principles  
 Of faith, of honour, and I know not what,  
 That have corrupted his Numidian temper,  
 And struck the infection into all his soul.

Sem. Be sure to press upon him every mo-  
 tive:

Juba's surrender, since his father's death,  
 Would give up Africa into Cæsar's hands,  
 And make him lord of half the burning zone.

Syph. But is it true, Sempronius, that your se-  
 nate

Is call'd together? Gods, thou must be cautious:  
 Cato has piercing eyes, and will discern  
 Our frauds, unless they're covered thick with art.

Sem. Let me alone, good Syphax: I'll conceal  
 My thoughts in passion: 'tis the surest way:  
 I'll bellow out for Rome and for my country,  
 And mouth at Cæsar, till I shake the senate.  
 Your cold hypocrisy's a stale device,  
 A worn-out trick: would'st thou be thought in  
 earnest,

Clothe thy feign'd zeal in rage, in fire, in fury.

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct grey  
 hairs,

And teach the wily African deceit.

Sem. Once more, be sure to try thy skill on  
 Juba.

Meanwhile, I'll hasten to my Roman soldiers,  
 In flame the mutiny, and, underhand,  
 Blow up their discontents, till they break out,  
 Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on Cato.  
 Remember, Syphax, we must work in haste.  
 O think, what anxious moments pass between  
 The birth of plots, and their last fatal periods;  
 It is a dreadful interval of time,  
 Fill'd up with horror all, and big with death;  
 Destruction hangs on every word we speak,  
 On every thought, till the concluding stroke  
 Determines all, and closes our design.

[Exit.

Syph. I'll try if yet I can reduce to reason

This headstrong youth, and make him spurn as  
 Cato.

The time is short; Cæsar comes rushing on us:—  
 But hold!—young Juba sees me, and approaches.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.  
 I have observ'd of late thy looks are fallen,  
 O'ercast with gloomy cares and discontent:  
 Then tell me, Syphax, I conjure thee, tell me,  
 What are the thoughts that knit thy brow in  
 frowns,

And turn thine eye thus coldly on thy prince?

Syph. 'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,  
 Nor carry smiles and sunshine in my face,  
 When discontent sits heavy at my heart;  
 I have not yet so much the Roman in me.

Juba. Why dost thou cast out such ungenerous  
 terms  
 Against these wondrous sovereigns of the  
 world?

Dost thou not see mankind fall down before  
 'em,

And own the force of their superior virtue?

Syph. Gods! where's the worth that sets this  
 people up

Above your own Numidia's tawny sons?

Do they with tougher sinews bend the bow?

Or flies the javelin swifter to its mark,

Launch'd from the vigour of a Roman arm?

Who, like our active African, instructs

The fiery steed, and trains him to his hand?

Or guides in troops the embattled elephant,

Loaden with war? These, these are arts, my  
 prince,

In which your Zama does not stoop to Rome.

Juba. These all are virtues of a meaner  
 rank,

Perfections that are placed in bones and nerves:

A Roman soul is bent on higher views.

To make man mild and sociable to man,

To cultivate the wild, licentious savage,

With wisdom, discipline, and liberal arts,

The embellishments of life; virtues like these

Make human nature shine, reform the soul,

And break our fierce barbarians into men.

Syph. Patience, kind heavens! Excuse an old  
 man's warmth:—

What are these wondrous civilizing arts,

This Roman polish, and this smooth behaviour,

That render men thus tractable and tame?

Are they not only to disguise our passions,

To set our looks at variance with our thoughts?

In short, to change us into other creatures

Than what our nature and the gods design'd  
 us?

Juba. To strike thee dumb, turn up thy eyes to  
 Cato!

There may'st thou see to what a godlike  
 height

The Roman virtues lift up mortal man:

Renouncing sleep, and rest, and food, and  
 ease,

He strives with thirst and hunger, toil and  
 heat;

And, when his fortune sets before him all

The pomps and pleasures that our souls can  
 wish,

His rigid virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, prince, there's not an African  
 That traverses our vast Numidian deserts  
 In quest of prey, and lives upon his bow,  
 But better practises these boasted virtues:  
 Coarse are his meals, the fortune of the chase;

Amidst the running stream he slakes his thirst,  
Tolls all the day, and, at the approach of  
night,

On the first friendly bank he throws him  
down.

Or rests his head upon a rock till morn;  
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted game,  
And if, the following day, he chance to find  
A new repeat, or an untasted spring,  
Blesses his stars, and thinks it luxury.

Juba. Thy prejudice, Syphax, won't discern  
What virtues grow from ignorance, and choice;  
Nor how the hero differs from the brute.  
But, grant that others could with equal glory,  
Look down on pleasures and the baits of  
sense,

Where shall we find the man that bears affliction,

Great and majestic in his griefs, like Cato?  
How does he rise against a load of woes,  
And thank the gods that throw the weight upon  
him?

Syph. 'Tis pride, rank pride, and haughtiness of  
soul;

I think, the Romans call it stoicism.  
Had not your royal father thought so highly  
Of Roman virtue, and of Cato's cause,  
He had not fallen, by a slave's hand, inglorious;  
Nor would his slaughter'd army now have  
lain

On Afric's sands, disfigur'd with their wounds,  
To gorge the wolves and vultures of Numidia.

Juba. Why dost thou call 'my sorrows up  
afresh?

My father's name brings tears into my eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your father's  
ills!

Juba. What wouldst thou have me do?

Syph. Abandon Cato.

Juba. Never: I should be more than twice an  
orphan

By such a loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the tie that binds you;  
You long to call him father: Marcia's charms  
Work in your heart unseen, and plead for Cato;  
No wonder, you are deaf to all I say.

Juba. No more; your zeal becomes importunate.

I've hitherto permitted it to rave,  
And talk at large: but learn to keep it in,  
Lest it should take more freedom than I'll give  
it.

Syph. Yet hear me, prince, tho' hard to conquer  
love,

'Tis easy to divert and break its force:  
Absence might cure it, or a second mistress  
Light up another flame, and put out this.  
The glowing dames of Zamba's royal court  
Have faces flush'd with more exalted charms;  
The sun that rolls his chariot o'er their heads;  
Works up more fire and colour in their cheeks:  
Were you with these, my prince, you'd soon forget

The pale, unripen'd beauties of the north.

Juba. 'Tis not a set of features, nor complexion,  
The tincture of a skin, that I admire:  
Paucity soon grows familiar to the lover,  
Fades in his eye, and palls upon the sense.  
The virtuous Marcia towers above her sex:  
True, she is fair,—O how divinely fair!  
But still the lovely maid improves her charms  
With inward greatness, unaffected wisdom,  
And sanctity of manners. Cato's soul  
Shines out in every thing she acts or speaks,

While winning mildness and attractive smiles  
Dwell in her looks, and, with becoming grace,  
Softens the rigour of her father's virtues.

Syph. How does your tongue grow wanton in her  
praise!

But, on my knees, I beg you would consider—

Juba. Ha! isn't not she? It is!—she moves this  
way:

And with her Lucia, Lucius' fair daughter.

My heart beats thick. I pry'thee, Syphax, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand curses fasten on them  
both!

Now will this woman, with a single glance,  
Undo what I've been labouring all this while.

*Exit.*

*Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.*

Juba. Hail, charming maid! How does thy  
beauty smooth

The face of war, and make even horror smile!

At sight of thee my heart shakes off its sorrows;

I feel a dawn of joy break in upon me;

And, for a while, forget the approach of Caesar.

Marc. I should be griev'd, young prince, to think  
my presence

Unbent your thoughts, and slacken'd them to  
arms,

While, warm with slaughter, our victorious foe  
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the field.

Juba. O Marcia! let me hope thy kind concerns

And gentle wishes follow me to battle:

The thought will give new vigour to my arm,

Add strength and weight to my descending sword,

And drive it in a tempest on the foe.

Marc. My prayers and wishes always shall attend

The friends of Rome, the glorious cause of virtue,  
And men approv'd of by the gods and Cato.

Juba. That Juba may deserve thy pious cares,

I'll gaze for ever on thy godlike father;

Transplanting, one by one, into my life

His bright perfections, till I shine like him.

Marc. My father never at a time like this  
Would lay out his great soul in words, and waste  
Such precious moments.

Juba. Thy reproofs are just,

Thou virtuous maid! I'll hasten to my troops,

And fire their languid souls with Cato's virtue.

If e'er I lead them to the field, when all

The war shall stand rang'd in its just array

And dreadful pomp, then will I think on thee,—

O lovely maid!—then will I think on thee;

And in the shock of charging hosts, remember

What glorious deeds should grace the man who  
hopes

For Marcia's love.

*[Exit.]*

Luc. Marcia, you're too severe.

How could you chide, and drive so sternly from  
you,

A prince that loves and dotes on you to death?

Marc. How, Lucia! would'st thou have me sink  
away

In pleasing dreams, and lose myself in love,

When every moment Cato's life's at stake?

Luc. Why have not I this constancy of mind,

Who have so many griefs to try its force?

Pity and love, by turns, oppress my heart.

Marc. Lucia, disburden all thy cares on me,

And let me share thy most retir'd distress:

Tell me, who raises up this conflict in thee?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I  
say,

They're Marcia's brothers, and the sons of Cato.

Mar. But tell me, whose address thou favour'st most:

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Suppose 'twere Porcius, could you blame my choice?

O Porcius, thou hast stolen away my soul!

Marcus is furious, wild, in his complaints;

I hear with a secret kind of dread,

And tremble at his vehemence of temper.

Mar. Alas, poor youth! And canst thou throw him from thee?

How will thy coldness raise

Tempests and storms in his afflicted bosom!

I dread the consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your brother Porcius.

Mar. Lucia, no;

Had Porcius been the successful lover,

The same compassion would have fallen on him.

Luc. Porcius himself oft falls in tears before me,

As if he mourn'd his rival's ill success;

Then bids me hide the motions of my heart,

Nor shew which way it turns: so much it fears

The sad effects that it would have on Marcus

Mar. Let us not, Lucia, aggravate our sorrows;

But to the gods submit the event of things.

Our lives, discolour'd with our present woes,

May still grow bright, and smile with happier hours:

So the pure limpid stream, when foul with stains

Of rushing torrents and descending rains,

Works itself clear, and, as it runs, refines,

Till, by degrees, the floating mirror shines,

Reflects each flower that on the border grows,

And a new heaven in its fair bosom shews.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II

### SCENE I.—The Senate House.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, and Senators discovered.

Sem. Rome still survives in this assembled senate.

Let us remember we are Cato's friends,

And act like men who claim that glorious title.

Luc. Cato will soon be here, and open to us

The occasion of our meeting.

(Trumpets.)

Hark! he comes.

May all the guardian-gods of Rome direct him!

Enter CATO, PORCIUS, and MABOUS.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in council:

Cæsar's approach has summon'd us together,

And Rome attends her fate from our resolves.

How shall we treat this bold, aspiring man?

Success still follows him, and backs his crimes:

Pharsalia gave him Rome; Egypt has since

Received his yoke, and the whole Nile is Cæsar's.

Why should I mention Juba's overthrow,

And Scipio's death? Numidia's burning sands

Still smoke with blood. 'Tis time we should de-

cree

What course to take. Our foe advances on us,

And envies us even Libya's sultry deserts.

Fathers, pronounce your thoughts:—are they still

fix'd

To hold it out, and fight it to the last?

Or are your hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought

By time and ill success to a submission?

Sempronius, speak.

Sem. My voice is still for war.

Gods! can a Roman senate long debate

Which of the two to choose,—slavery or death;

No; let us rise at once, gird on our swords,

And, at the head of our remaining troops,

Attack the foe, break through the thick array

Of his throng'd legions, and charge home upon him.

Perhaps, some arm, more lucky than the rest,

May reach his heart, and free the world from bondage.

Rise, fathers, rise! 'tis Rome demands your help!

Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd citizens!

Rouse up for shame! our brothers of Pharsalia

Point at their wounds, and cry aloud,—To battle:

Great Pompey's shade complains that we are slow,

And Scipio's ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us.

Cato. Let not a torrent of impetuous zeal

Transport thee thus beyond the bounds of reason.

True fortitude is seen in great exploits

That justice warrants, and that wisdom guides:

All else is towering frenzy and distraction.

Are not the lives of those who draw the sword

In Rome's defence, intrusted to our care?

Should we thus lead them to a field of slaughter,

Might not the impartial world too justly say,

We lavish'd at our death the blood of thousands,

To grace our fall, and make our ruin glorious?

Lucius, we next would know what's your opinion.

Luci. My thoughts, I must confess, are turn'd on peace.

We took up arms, not to revenge ourselves,

But free the commonwealth: when this end fails,

Arms have no further use: our country's cause,

That drew our swords, now wrests them from our hands,

And bids us not delight in Roman blood

Unprofitably shed. What men could do

Is done already: heaven and earth will witness,

If Rome must fall, that we are innocent.

(Sits.)

Cato. Let us appear nor rash, nor diffident:

Immoderate valour swells into a fault;

And fear, admitted into public counsels,

Betrays, like treason: let us shun them both.

Fathers, I cannot see that our affairs

Are grown thus desperate: we have bulwarks round us;

Within our walls are troops inur'd to toil

In Afric's heats, and season'd to the sun;

Numidia's spacious kingdom lies behind us,

Ready to rise at its young prince's call.

While there is hope, do not distrust the gods;

But wait, at least, till Cæsar's near approach

Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late

To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?

No; let us draw her term of freedom out

In its full length, and spin it to the last;

So shall we gain still one day's liberty:

And let me perish, but, in Cato's judgment,

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty

Is worth a whole eternity in bondage.

Enter JUNIUS.

*Jun.* Fathers, even now a herald is arriv'd  
From Cæsar's camp; and with him comes old  
Decius,  
The Roman knight: he carries in his looks  
Impatience, and demands to speak with Cato.  
*Cato.* By your permission, fathers. Bid him enter.

[*Exit Junius.*]

Decius was once my friend: but other prospects  
Have loos'd those ties, and bound him fast to  
Cæsar.  
His message may determine our resolves.

Enter DECIVS, JUNIVS, and TITVS.

*Dec.* Cæsar sends health to Cato.

*Cato.* Could he send it

To Cato's slaughter'd friends, it would be welcome.

Are not your orders to address the senate?

*Dec.* My business is with Cato. Cæsar sees  
The straits to which you're driven; and as he  
knows

Cato's high worth, is anxious for your life.

*Cato.* My life is grafted on the fate of Rome.  
Would he save Cato? Bid him spare his country.  
Tell your dictator this: and tell him, Cato  
Disdains a life which he has power to offer.

*Dec.* Rome and her senators submit to Cæsar:  
Her generals and consuls are no more,  
Who check'd his conquests, and denied his triumphs.

Why will not Cato be this Cæsar's friend?

*Cato.* Those very reasons thou hast urg'd, forbid it.

*Dec.* Cæsar is well acquainted with your virtues,  
And therefore sets this value on your life:  
Let him but know the price of Cato's friendship,  
And name your terms.

*Cato.* Bid him disband his legions;  
Restore the commonwealth to liberty;  
Submit his actions to the public censure,  
And stand the judgment of a Roman senate:  
Bid him do this, and Cato is his friend.

*Dec.* Cato, the world talks loudly of your wisdom.

*Cato.* Nay, more: though Cato's voice was ne'er employ'd

To clear the guilty, and to varnish crimes,—  
Myself will mount the rostrum in his favour,  
And strive to gain his pardon from the people.

*Dec.* A style like this becomes a conqueror.

*Cato.* Decline, a style like this becomes a Roman.

*Dec.* What is a Roman that is Cæsar's foe?

*Cato.* Greater than Cæsar; he's a friend to virtue.

*Dec.* Consider, Cato, you're in Utica,  
And at the head of your own little senate;  
You don't now thunder in the capitol,  
With all the months of Rome to second you.

*Cato.* Let him consider that who drives us hither:

'Tis Cæsar's sword has made Rome's senate little,  
And thinn'd its ranks. Alas! thy dazzled eye  
Beholds this man in a false glaring light,  
Which conquest and success have thrown upon him!

Didst thou but view him right, thou'st see him black

With murder, treason, sacrilege, and crimes  
That strike my soul with horror but to name 'em.

I know thou look'st on me, as on a wretch  
Beset with ills, and cover'd with misfortunes;  
But, by the gods I swear! millions of worlds  
Should never buy me to be like that Cæsar.  
*Dec.* Does Cato send this answer back to Cæsar,  
For all his generous cares and proffer'd friendship?

*Cato.* His cares for me are insolent and vain:  
Presumptuous man! the gods take care of Cato.  
Would Cæsar shew the greatness of his soul,  
Eid him employ his care for these my friends,  
And make good use of his ill-gotten power,  
By sheltering men much better than himself.

*Dec.* Your high unconquer'd heart makes you forget

You are a man. You rush on your destruction.  
But I have done. When I relate hereafter  
The tale of this unhappy embassy,  
All Rome will be in tears.

[*Exit, with Jun. and Titus.*]

*Sem.* Cato, we thank thee:

Cæsar will shrink to hear the words thou utter'st,  
And shudder in the midst of all his conquests.

*Luci.* The senate owns it gratitude to Cato;  
Who with so great a soul consults its safety,  
And guards our lives, while he neglects his own.

*Sem.* Sempronius gives no thanks on this account,

Lucius seems fond of life: but what is life?

'Tis not to draw fresh air from time to time;

'Tis, to be free. When liberty is gone,

Life grows insipid, and has lost its relish.

Oh! could my dying hand but lodge a sword

In Cæsar's bosom and revenge my country,

By heavens, I could enjoy the pangs of death,

And smile in agony!

*Luci.* Others, perhaps,  
May serve their country with as warm a zeal,  
Though 'tis not kindled into so much rage.

*Sem.* This sober conduct is a mighty virtue  
In lukewarm patriots.

*Cato.* Come, no more, Sempronius.  
All here are friends to Rome, and to each other:  
Let us not weaken still the weaker side  
By our divisions.

*S m.* Cato, my resentments  
Are sacrific'd to Rome. I stand reprov'd.

*Cato.* Fathers 'tis time you come to a resolve.

*Luci.* Cato, we all go in to your opinion:  
Cæsar's behaviour has convinc'd the senate  
We ought to hold it out till terms arrive.

*Sem.* We ought to hold it out till death. But,  
Cato,

My private voice is drown'd amid the senate's:

*Cato.* Then let us rise, my friends, and strive to fill

This little interval, this pause of life,  
While yet our liberty and fates are doubtful,  
With resolution, friendship, Roman bravery,  
And all the virtues we can crowd into it;  
That heaven may say, it ought to be prolong'd.  
Fathers, farewell! The young Numidian prince  
Comes forward, and expects to know our counsels.

[*Exeunt all but Cato.*]

Enter JUBA.

*Cato.* Juba, the Roman senate has resolv'd  
Till time give better prospects, still to keep  
The sword unsheath'd, and turn its edge on  
Cæsar.

*Juba.* The resolution fits a Roman senate.

But, Cato, lend me for a while thy patience,  
And condescend to hear a young man speak.  
My father, when, some days before his death,  
He order'd me to march for Utica,  
(Alas, I thought not then his death so near!)  
Wept o'er me, press'd me in his aged arms,  
And, as his griefs gave way, "My son," he

said,  
"However fortune may dispose of me,  
Be Cato's friend: he'll train thee up to great  
And virtuous deeds: do but observe him well,  
Thou'lt shun misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear  
'em."

Cato. Thy sire, good Juba, was a worthy  
prince,

And merited, alas! a better fate:  
But heaven thought otherwise.

Juba. U's cruel fate,  
In spite of all the fortitude that shines  
Before my face in Cato's great example,  
Subdues my soul and fills my eyes with tears.

Cato. It is an honest sorrow, and becomes  
thee.

Juba. His virtues drew respect from foreign  
climes:

The kings of Afric sought him for their friend;  
Kings far remote: that rule, as fame reports,  
Behind the hidden sources of the Nile;  
Oft have their black ambassadors appear'd,  
Loaded with gifts, and fill'd the courts of  
Zama.

Cato. I am no stranger to thy father's great-  
ness.

Juba. I do not mean to boast his power and great-  
ness

But point out new alliances to Cato.  
Had we not better leave this Utica,  
To arm Numidia in our cause, and court  
The assistance of my father's numerous friends?  
Did they know Cato, our remotest kings  
Would pour embattled multitudes about him!  
Their swarthy hosts would darken all our  
plains,

Doubling the native horror of the war,  
And making death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think,  
Cato will fly before the sword of Cæsar,  
Reduc'd, like Hannibal to seek relief  
From court to court, and wander up and  
down

A vagabond in Afric?

Juba. Cato, perhaps,  
I'm too officious; but my forward cares  
Would fain preserve a life of so much value.  
My heart is wounded, when I see such virtue  
Afflicted by the weight of such misfortunes.

Cato. Thy nobleness of soul obliges me.  
But know, young prince, that valour soars  
above

What the world calls misfortune and affliction.  
These are not ills; else would they never  
fall

On heaven's first favourites, and the best of  
men;

The gods, in bounty, work up storms about  
us,

That give mankind occasion to exert  
Their hidden strength, and throw out into prac-  
tice

Virtues which he conceal'd  
In the smooth seasons and calms of life.

Juba. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st: I pant  
for virtue,

And all my soul endeavours at perfection.

Cato. Dost thou love watchings, abstinence, and  
toil?—

Laborious virtues all;—learn them from Cato!  
Success and fortune must thou learn from  
Cæsar.

Juba. The best good fortune that can fall on  
Juba,

The whole success at which my heart aspires,  
Depends on Cato.

Ca o. What does Juba say?

Tell me thy wishes, prince.

Juba. O, they're extravagant!

Still let me hide them.

Cato. Speak: what canst thou ask

That Cato will refuse?

Juba. I fear to name it:

Marcia inherits all her father's virtues—

Cato. Adieu, young prince: I would not hear a  
word

Might lessen thee in my esteem. Remember,

The hand of fate is over us, and heaven

Exact's severity from all our thoughts:

It is not now a time to talk of ought

But chains or conquest, liberty or death.

[Exit.]

Enter SYPHAX.

Syph. How's this, my prince! What! cover'd  
with confusion?

You look, as if yon stern philosopher

Had just now chid you.

Juba. Syphax, I'm undone.

Syph. I know it well.

Juba. Cato thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all mankind.

Juba. I've open'd to him

The weakness of my soul, my love for Marcia.

Syph. Cato's a proper person to intrust

A love-tale with!

Juba. O, I could pierce my heart,

My foolish heart! Was ever wretch like Juba?

Syph. Alas, my prince, how are you chang'd of  
late!

I've known young Juba rise before the sun,

To beat the thicket where the tiger slept,

Or seek the lion in his dreadful haunts:

How did the colour mount into your cheeks,

When first you roug'd him to the chase! I've seen  
you,

Even in the Libyan dog-days, hunt him down;

Then charge him close, provoke him to the  
rage

Of fangs and claws, and, stooping from your  
horse,

Rivet the panting savage to the ground.

Juba. Pr'ythee, no more.

Syph. How would the old king smile

To see you weigh the paws, when tipp'd with  
gold,

And throw the shaggy spoils about your shoul-  
ders!

Juba. Syphax, this old man's talk, though honey  
flow'd

In every word, would now lose all its sweet-  
ness.

Cato's displeas'd, and Marcia's lost for ever!

Syph. Young prince, I yet could give you good  
advice:

Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. What say'st thou, Syphax?

By heavens, thou turn'st me all into atten-  
tion!

Syph. Marcia might still be yours.

Juba. As how, dear Syphax?

*Syph.* Juba commands Numidia's hardy troops,  
Mounted on steeds unused to the restraint  
Of curbs and bits, and fleetier than the wind:  
Give but the word, we'll snatch this damsel  
up,  
And bear her off.

*Juba.* Can such dishonest thoughts  
Rise up in man? Would'st thou seduce my youth  
To do an act that would destroy my honour?

*Syph.* Gods, I could tear my beard to hear you talk!

Honour's a fine imaginary notion,  
That draws in raw and inexperienced men  
To real mischiefs, while they hunt a shadow.

*Juba.* Would'st thou degrade thy prince into a ruffian?

*Syph.* The boasted ancestors of these great men  
Whose virtue you admire, were all such ruffians:  
Th' dread of nations, this almighty Rome,  
That comprehends in her wide empire's bounds  
All under heaven, was founded on a rape:  
Your Scipios, Cæsars, Pompeys, and your Catos,—  
These gods on earth,—are all the spurious brood  
Of violated maids, of ravish'd Sabines.

*Juba.* Syphax, I fear, that hoary head of thine  
Abounds too much in our Numidian wiles.

*Syph.* My prince, you want to know the world;  
You have not read mankind; your youth admires  
The throes and swellings of a Roman soul,  
Cato's bold flights, the extravagance of virtue.

*Juba.* If knowledge of the world makes men perfidious,

May Juba ever live in ignorance!

*Syph.* Go, go, you're young.

*Juba.* Gods! must I tamely bear  
This arrogance unanswer'd? Thou'rt a traitor,  
A false old traitor!

*Syph. (Aside.)* I have gone too far.

*Juba.* Cato shall know the baseness of thy soul.

*Syph. (Aside.)* I must appease this storm or  
perish in it.

Young prince, behold these locks that are grown  
white

Beneath a helmet in your father's battles.

*Juba.* Those locks shall ne'er protect thy insolence.

*Syph.* Must one rash word, the infirmity of age,  
Throw down the merit of my better years?  
This the reward of a whole life of service?  
Curse on the boy! how steadily he hears me!

*(Aside.)*  
*Juba.* Is it, because the throne of my forefathers  
Still stands unfill'd, and that Numidia's crown  
Hangs doubtful yet whose head it shall inclose,  
Hence thus presum'g to treat thy prince with  
scorn?

*Syph.* Why will you rive my heart with such  
expressions?

Does not old Syphax follow you to war?  
What are his aims? What is it he aspires to?  
Is it not this? To shed the slow remains,  
His last poor ebb of blood, in your defence?

*Juba.* Syphax, no more: I would not hear you  
talk.

*Syph.* Not hear me talk? What! when my faith  
to Juba,

My royal master's son, is call'd in question?  
My prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:  
But, whilst I live, I must not hold my tongue;  
And languish out old age in his displeasure.

*Juba.* Thou know'st the way too well into my  
heart:

to believe thee loyal to thy prince.

*Syph.* What greater instances can I give? I've  
offer'd

To do an action which my soul abhors,  
And gain you whom you love, at any price:  
And 'tis for this my prince has call'd me traitor.

*Juba.* Sure thou mistak'st: I did not call thee  
so.

*Syph.* You did, indeed, my prince; you call'd  
me traitor:

Nay, further, threaten'd you'd complain to Cato.  
Of what, my prince, would you complain to Cato?  
That Syphax loves you, and would sacrifice  
His life, nay more, his honour, in your service?

*Juba.* Syphax, I know thou lov'st me: but thy  
zeal

To serve thy master, carried thee too far.  
Honour's sacred tie, the law of kings,  
The noble mind's distinguishing perfection,  
That aids and strengthens virtue where it meets  
her,

And imitates her actions, where she is not;  
It ought not to be sported with,

*Syph.* Believe me, prince, you make old Syphax  
weep,

To hear you talk; but 'tis with tears of joy.  
If e'er your father's crown adorn your brow,  
Numidia will be blest by Cato's lectures.

*Juba.* Give me thy hand: we'll mutually forget  
The warmth of youth, and frowardness of age.  
Thy prince esteems thy worth, and loves thy  
person:

If e'er the sceptre comes into my hand,  
Syphax shall stand the second in my kingdom.

*Syph.* Why will you overwhelm my age with  
kindness?

My joy grows burdensome: I sha'n't support it.

*Juba.* My friend, farewell. I'll hence, and try to  
find

Some blest occasion that may set me right  
In Cato's thoughts. I'd rather have that man  
Approve my deeds, than worlds for my admirers.

[Exit.

*Syph.* Young men soon give, and soon forget  
affronts;

Old age is slow in both. A false old traitor!  
Those words, rash boy, may chance to cost thee  
dear.

My heart had still some foolish fondness for thee:  
But hence! 'tis gone: I give it to the winds.  
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

All hail, Sempronius!  
Well, Cato's senate is resolv'd to wait  
The fury of a siege, before it yields.

*Sem.* Syphax, we both were on the verge of fate:  
Lucius declar'd for peace, and terms were offer'd  
To Cato by a messenger from Cæsar.

*Syph.* Who is this messenger?

*Sem.* I've practis'd with him;  
And found a means to let the victor know  
That Syphax and Sempronius are his friends.  
Is Juba fix'd?

*Syph.* Yes; but it is to Cato.  
I've tried the force of every reason on him;  
Laid safety, life, and interest, in his sight;  
But all are vain; he scorns them all for Cato.

*Sem.* Well, 'tis no matter; we shall do without  
him.

My friend, I now may hope thou hast forsook  
Thy Juba's cause, and wishest Marcia mine.

*Syph.* May she be thine as fast as thou would'st  
have her!



But are thy troops prepar'd for a revolt?  
Does the sedition catch from man to man,  
And run among their ranks?

*Sem.* All, all is ready;

The factious leaders are our friends, and spread  
Murmurs and discontents among the soldiers:  
Within an hour, they'll storm the senate-house.

*Syph.* Meanwhile, I'll draw up my Numidian  
troops

Within the square, to exercise their arms,  
And, as I see occasion, favour thee.  
I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato  
Will look aghast, while unforeseen destruction  
Pours in upon him thus from every side.  
So, where our wide Numidian wastes extend,  
Sudden th' impetuous hurricanes descend,  
Wheel through the air, in circling eddies play,  
Tear up the sands, and sweep whole plains away,  
The helpless traveller, with wild surprise,  
Sees the dry desert all around him rise,  
And, smother'd in the dusty whirlwind, dies.

[*Exeunt.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—A Portico of the Palace.

*Enter MARCUS and PORCIUS.*

*Mar.* Thanks to my stars, I have not rang'd  
about

The wilds of life, ere I could find a friend;  
Nature first pointed out my Porcius to me,  
And early taught me, by her secret force,  
To love thy person, ere I knew thy merit;  
Till what was instinct, grew up into friendship.

*Por.* The friendships of the world are oft, my  
brothers,

Confed'racies in vice, or leagues of pleasure;  
Ours has severest virtue for its basis,  
And such a friendship ends not but with  
life.

*Mar.* Porcius, thou know'st my soul in all its  
weakness;

Then, pr'ythee, spare me on its tender side;  
Indulge me but in love, my other passions  
Shall rise and fall by virtue's nicest rules.

*Por.* When love's well time'd, 'tis not a fault to  
love:

The strong, the brave, the virtuous, and the  
wise  
Sink in the soft captivity together.

I would not urge thee to dismiss thy passion,  
I know 'twere vain, but to suppress its force,  
Till better times may make it look more grace-  
ful.

*Mar.* Alas! thou talk'st like one who never  
felt

The impatient throbs and longings of a soul  
That pants and reaches after distant good.  
A lover does not live by vulgar time:  
In every moment of my Lucia's absence  
Life hangs upon me, and becomes a burthen;  
And yet, when I behold the charming maid,  
I'm ten times more undone; while hope, and  
fear,

And grief, and rage, and love, rise up at  
once,

And with variety of pain distract me.

*Por.* What can I say, or do, to give thee  
help?

*Mar.* Porcius, thou oft enjoy'st the fair one's  
presence:

Then undertake my cause, and plead it to  
her

With all the strength and heat of eloquence,

Fraternal love and friendship can inspire.

Tell her, thy brother languishes to death,

And fades away, and withers in his bloom;

That he forgets his sleep, and loathes his  
food,

That youth, and health, and war, are joyless to  
him:

Describe his anxious days, and restless nights,

And all the torments that thou see'st me suf-  
fer.

*Por.* I do entreat thee, give me not an of-  
fice

That suits with me so ill: thou know'st my  
temper.

*Mar.* Canst thou behold me sinking in my  
woes,

And wilt thou not reach out a friendly arm,

To raise me from amidst this plunge of sor-  
rows?

O, Porcius, Porcius! from my soul I wish  
Thou didst but know thyself what 'tis to love:  
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy brother.

[*Retires in great agitation.*]

*Por.* [*Aside.*] What should I do? If I disclose  
my passion,

Our friendship's at an end: if I conceal it,  
The world will call me false to friend and  
brother.

*Mar.* But see where Lucia, at her wonted  
hour,

Amid the cool of yon high marble arch,  
Enjoys the noon-day breeze! Behold her!

Porcius,  
That face, that shape, those eyes, that heaven of  
beauty!

Observe her well, and blame me if thou canst.

*Por.* She sees us and advances.

*Mar.* I'll withdraw,

And leave you for a while. Remember, Porcius,  
Thy brother's life depends upon thy tongue.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter LUCIA.*

*Luc.* Did I not see your brother Marcus  
here?

Why did he fly the place, and shun my pre-  
sence?

*Luc.* O, Lucia! language is too faint to  
shew

His rage of love; it preys upon his life;

He pines, he sickens, he despairs, he dies.

My heart bleeds for him:

Even now, while thus I stand blest in thy pre-  
sence,

A secret damp of grief comes o'er my thoughts,  
And I'm unhappy, though thou smil'st upon  
me.

*Luc.* How wilt thou guard thy honour in the  
shock

Of love and friendship? Think betimes, my  
Porcius,

Think how the nuptial tie, that might ensure  
Our mutual bliss would raise to such a height  
Thy brother's griefs, as might, perhaps, destroy  
him.

*Por.* Alas, poor youth! What dost thou think,  
my Lucia?

His generous, open, undesigning heart

Has begg'd his rival to solicit for him;

Then do not strike him dead with a denial;

But hold him up in life, and cheer his soul  
With the faint glimmering of a doubtful hope:  
Perhaps, when we have pass'd these gloomy  
hours,  
And weather'd out the storm that beats upon  
us,—

*Luc.* No, Porcius, no: I see thy sister's tears,  
Thy father's anguish, and thy brother's death,  
In the pursuit of our ill-fated loves:

And, Porcius, here I swear, to heaven I swear,  
To heaven, and all the powers that judge man-  
kind,

Never to join my plighted hand with thine,  
While such a cloud of mischief hangs about us;  
But to forget our loves, and drive thee out  
From all my thoughts, as far as I am able.

*Por.* What hast thou said? Recall those hasty  
words,

Or I am lost for ever.

*Luc.* Think, Porcius; think thou see'st thy dying  
brother

Stabb'd at his heart, and all besmear'd with  
blood,

Storming at heaven and thee. Thy awful sire  
Sternly demands the cause, the accursed cause  
That robs him of his son. Farewell, my Porcius!

Farewell, though death is in the word, for ever!

*Por.* Thou must not go; my soul still hovers o'er  
thee,

And can't get loose.

*Luc.* If the firm Porcius shake

To hear of parting, think what Lucia suffers

But see, thy brother Marcus bends this way:

I sicken at the sight. Once more, farewell!

Farewell! and know, thou wrong'st me, if thou  
think'st

Ever was love, or ever grief, like mine.

[*Exit.*]

*Enter* MARCUS.

*Mar.* Porcius, what hopes? How stands she?  
Am I doom'd

To life or death?

*Por.* What would'st thou have me say?

*Mar.* Thy downcast looks, and thy disorder'd  
thoughts,

Tell me my fate; I ask not the success

My cause has found.

*Por.* I'm griev'd I undertook it.

*Mar.* What does the barbarous maid insult my  
heart,

And triumph in my pains?

*Por.* Away! you're too suspicious in your  
griefs;

Lucia, though sworn never to think of love,  
Compassionates your pains, and pities you.

*Mar.* Compassionates my pains, and pities  
me!

What is compassion, when 'tis void of love?

Feel that I was, to choose so cold a friend  
To urge my cause! Compassionates my pains!

To one that asks the warm returns of love,  
Compassion's cruelty: 'tis scorn—'tis death.

*Por.* Marcus, no more! Have I deserv'd this  
treatment?

*Mar.* What have I said? O Porcius! O forgive  
me!

A soul exasperated in ill, falls out

With everything, its friends, itself,

(*Trumpets sound.*)

But, ah!

What means that sound, big with the threat of  
war?

What new alarm?

(*Trumpets sound.*)

*Por.* A second, louder yet,

Swells in the wind, and comes more full upon us.

*Mar.* Oh, for some glorious cause to fall in  
battle!

Lucia, thou hast undone me: thy disdain  
Has broke my heart: 'tis death must give me  
ease.

*Por.* Quick, let us hence: who knows if Cato's  
life

Stands sure? O Marcus, I am on fire! my heart  
Leaps at the trumpet's voice, and burns for  
glory.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—A Square before the Palace.

*Enter* SEMPRONIUS, JUNIUS, TITUS, and other  
Mutineers.

*Sem.* At length the winds are rais'd, the storm  
blows high;

Be at your ease, my friends to keep it up

In its full fury, and direct it right,

Till it has spent itself on Cato's head.

Meanwhile, I'll herd among his friends, and seem

One of the number; that, whate'er arrive,

My friends and fellow-soldiers may be safe.

[*Exit.*]

*Jun.* We are all safe; Sempronius is our friend.

(*Trumpets sound.*)

Hark! Cato enters. Bear up boldly to him;

This day will end our toils, and give us rest—

Fear nothing; for Sempronius is our friend.

(*Trumpets sound.*)

*Enter* CATO, PORCIUS, MARCUS, LUCIUS, SEM-  
PRONIUS, *Se. a ors, &c.*

*Cato.* Where are these bold, intrepid sons of war,  
That greatly turn their backs upon the foe,

And to their general send a brave defiance?

*Sem. (Aside.)* Curse on their dastard souls, they  
stand astonish'd!

*Cato.* Perfidious men!—and will you thus dis-  
honour

Your past exploits, and sully all your wars?

Do you confess, 'twas not a zeal for Rome,

Nor love of liberty,

Drew you thus far, but hopes to share the spoil

Of conquer'd towns, and plunder'd provinces?

Fir'd with such motives, you do well to join

With Cato's foes, and follow Cato's banners.

Behold, ungrateful men!—

Behold my bosom naked to your swords,

And let the man that's injur'd strike the blow.

Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,

Or thinks he suffers greater ill than Cato?

Am I distinguish'd from you but by toils?

Superior toils, and heavier weight of cares?

Painful pre-eminence!

*Sem. (Aside.)* By heavens they droop:—

Confusion to the villains!—all is lost.

*Cato.* Hence worthless men!—hence, and com-  
plain to Cato,

You could not undergo the toils of war,

Nor bear the hardships that your general bore.

*Luci.* See, Cato, see,—the unhappy men!—they  
weep:

Fear, and remorse, and sorrow for their crime  
Appear in every look and plead for mercy,

*Cato.* Learn to be honest men; give up your leaders,

And pardon shall descend on all the rest.

*Sem.* Cato, commit these wretches to my care:

First, let them each be broken on the rack;—

Then, with what life remains, impal'd, and left

To writhe at leisure round the bloody stake;

There let them hang, and taint the southern wind;

The partners of their crime will learn obedience,

When they look up, and see their fellow-traitors

Stuck on a fork, and blackening in the sun.

*Cato.* Forbear, Sempronius!—see they suffer

death;

But, in their deaths, remember they are men.—

*[The Mutineers retire.—The four Senators advance into their places.]*

Lucius, the base, degenerate age requires

Severity and justice in its rigour;

This curbs an impious, bold, offending world,

Commands obedience, and gives force to laws.

When by just vengeance guilty mortals perish,

The gods behold their punishment with pleasure,

And lay the uplifted thunderbolt aside.

*Sem.* Cato, I gladly execute thy will.

*Cato.* Meanwhile, we'll sacrifice to liberty.

Remember, O my friends, the laws, the rights,

The generous plan of power deliver'd down,

From age to age, by your renown'd forefathers,

So dearly bought, the price of so much blood:

O let it never perish in your hands,

But piously transmit it to your children!

Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our souls,

And make our lives in thy possession happy,

Or our deaths glorious in thy just defence!

*[Flourish.—Exit Cato, Porcius, Marcus, Lucius, Senators, &c.]*

*Jun.* Sempronius, you have acted like yourself:

One would have thought, you had been half in earnest.

*Sem.* Villain, stand off!—Base, grovelling, worthless wretches!

Mongrels in faction! poor faint-hearted traitors!

*Tit.* Nay, now you carry it too far, Sempronius:

Throw off the mask; there are none here but friends.

*Sem.* Know, villains, when such paltry slaves presume

To mix in treason, if the plot succeeds,

They're thrown neglected by: but, if it fails,

They're sure to die like dogs, as you shall do.—

Guards!—

*Enter Guards.*

Here, take these factious monsters, drag them forth

To sudden death,

*Jun.* Nay; since it comes to this,—

*Sem.* Despatch them quick;—but first, pluck out their tongues;

Lest with their dying breath they sow sedition.

*[Exit Guards, with the Mutineers.]*

*Enter SYPHAX.*

*Syph.* Our first design, my friend, has prov'd abortive;

Still there remains an after-game to play.

My troops are mounted; their Numidian steeds

Snuff up the wind, and long to scour the desert:

Let but Sempronius head us in our flight,

We'll force the gate where Marcus keeps his guard,

And hew down all that would oppose our passage. A day will bring us into Caesar's camp.

*Sem.* Confusion! I have fall'd of half my purpose:

Marcia, the charming Marcia's left behind!

*Syph.* How! will Sempronius turn a woman's slave?

*Sem.* Think not that I can ever feel the soft

Unmanly warmth and tenderness of love.

*Syphax.* I long to clasp that haughty maid,

And bend her stubborn virtue to my passion:

When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

*Syph.* What hinders then, but that thou find her out,

And hurry her away by manly force?

*Sem.* But how to gain admission? for access

Is given to none but Juba and her brothers.

*Syph.* Thou shalt have Juba's dress and Juba's guards:

The doors will open when Numidia's prince

Seems to appear before the slaves that watch them.

*Sem.* I thank thy friendly zeal:—Marcia's my own!

How will my bosom swell with anxious joy,

When I behold her struggling in my arms,

With glowing beauty and disorder'd charms;

While fear and anger, with alternate grace,

Pant in her breast, and vary in her face!

So Pluto, seiz'd of Proserpine, convey'd

To hell's tremendous gloom the affrighted maid;

There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous prize,

Nor envied Jove his sunshine and his skies.

*[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—A Portico of the palace.

*Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.*

*Luc.* Now tell me, Marcia, tell me from thy soul, If thou believ'st 'tis possible for woman

To suffer greater ills than Lucia suffers?

*Mar.* O Lucia, Lucia, might my big-swoll'n heart

Vent all its griefs, and give a loose to sorrow.

Marcia could answer thee in sighs, keep pace

With all thy woes, and count out fear for fear.

*Luc.* I know, thou'rt doom'd alike to be belov'd

By Juba, and thy father's friend, Sempronius:

But which of these has power to charm like Porcius?

*Mar.* Still must I beg thee not to name Sempronius?

Lucia, I like not that loud and boisterous man:

Juba, to all the bravery of a hero

Adds softest love and sweetness—he, I own,

Might make indeed the proudest woman happy.

*Luc.* But, should your father give you to Sempronius?—

*Mar.* I dare not think he will: but, if he should,—

I hear the sound of feet:—they march this way.—

Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer thought in sense of present danger.

When love once pleads admission to our hearts,

In spite of all the virtue we can boast,

The woman that deliberates is lost.

*[Exit.]*

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dressed like Juba, with Numidian Guards.*

*Sem.* The door is lodg'd: I've track'd her to her covert:

Do sure you mind the word; and, when I give it.  
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your prey:  
 Let not her cries, or tears have force to move  
 you.—

How will the young Numidian rave, to see  
 His mistress lost! If aught could glad my soul  
 Beyond the enjoyment of so bright a prize,  
 'Twould be to torture that young gay barbarian.—  
 But hark, what noise? Death to my hopes! 'tis  
 he,

'Tis Juba's self. There is but one way left;  
 He must be murder'd, and a passage cut  
 Through those his guards. Ha! dastards, do you  
 tremble?

Or act like men, or, by yon azure heaven,—

*Enter JUBA, with Guards.*

Juba. What do I see? Who's this, that dares  
 usurp  
 The guards and habit of Numidia's prince?

Sem. One that was born to scourge thy arro-  
 gance,  
 Presumptuous youth.

Juba. What can this mean? Sempronius!

Sem. My sword shall answer thee:—have at thy  
 heart.

Juba. Nay, then beware thy own, proud barba-  
 rous man.

*(They fight. Sempronius falls. His Guards  
 surrender to Juba's.)*

Sem. Curse on my stars! Am I then doom'd to  
 fall

By a boy's hand, and for a worthless woman?  
 This my close of life?—  
 Oh, for a peal of thunder, that would make  
 Earth, sea, and air, and heaven, and Cato trem-  
 ble!

*(Dies.)*

Juba. With what a spring his furious soul broke  
 loose,

And left the limbs still quivering on the ground!  
 Hence let us carry off those slaves to Cato,  
 That we may there at length unravel all  
 This dark design, this mystery of fate.

*[Exit, with Guards and Prisoners.]*

*Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.*

Luc. Sure, 'twas the clash of swords: my trou-  
 bled heart

Is so cast down and sunk amidst its sorrows,  
 It throbs with fear, and aches at every sound.  
 O, Marcia, should thy brothers, for my sake—  
 I die away with horror at the thought.

Mar. See, Lucia, see! here's blood!  
 What! a Numidian! Heavens preserve the prince!  
 The face lies muffled up within the garment,—  
 But hah!—death to my sight!—a diadem?—  
 O gods! 'tis he! Juba lies dead before us.

Luc. Now, Marcia, now call up to thy assist-  
 ance

Thy wonted strength and constancy of mind.

Mar. Lucia, look there, and wonder at my pa-  
 tience:

Have I not cause to rave, and beat my breast,  
 To rend my heart with grief, and run distracted?

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee com-  
 fort?

*Enter JUBA, with Guards.*

Mar. Talk not of comfort, 'tis for lighter ills.  
 Behold a sight that strikes all comfort dead.  
 I will indulge my sorrows;  
 That man, that best of men, deserv'd it from me.

Juba. What do I hear? and was the false Sem-  
 pronius

That best of men? O, had I fallen like him,  
 And could have thus been mourn'd, I had been  
 happy.

Mar. O Juba! Juba! Juba!  
 He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd  
 him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding heart,  
 Amidst its agonies, remember'd Marcia,  
 And the last words he utter'd call'd me cruel?  
 Alas! he knew not, hapless youth! he knew not  
 Marcia's whole soul was full of love and Juba.

Juba. Do I live? or am, indeed,  
 What Marcia thinks? All is Elysium round me.

Mar. Ye dear remains of the most lov'd of  
 men

Nor modesty, nor virtue, here forbids  
 A last embrace, while thus—

Juba. *(Comes forward.)* See, Marcia; see,  
 The happy Juba lives! he lives to catch  
 That dear embrace, and to return it, too,  
 With mutual warmth and eagerness of love.

Mar. With pleasure and amaze I stand trans-  
 ported.

If thou art Juba, who lies there?

Juba. A wretch,  
 Disguis'd like Juba, on a curs'd design.

*(Signs to his guards, to carry off the body.)*

The tale is long, nor have I heard it out;  
 Thy father knows it all. I could not bear  
 To leave thee in the neighbourhood of death,  
 But flew, in all the haste of love, to find thee:  
 I found thee weeping; and confess, this once,  
 Am rapt with joy, to see my Marcia's tears.

Mar. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded hour,  
 But must not now go back: the love that lay  
 Half smother'd in my breast, has broke through  
 all

Its weak restraints, and burns in its full lustre;  
 I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Juba. My joy! my best belov'd! my only wish!  
 How shall I speak the transport of my soul?

Mar. Lucia, thy arm: O, let me rest upon it!—  
 The vital blood that had forsook my heart,  
 Returns again in such tumultuous tides,  
 It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my apartment.—  
 O prince! I blush, to think what I have said;  
 But fate has wrested the confession from me.  
 Go on, and prosper in the paths of honour:  
 Thy virtue will excuse my passion for thee,  
 And make the gods propitious to our love.

*[Exit with Lucia.]*

Juba. I am so bless'd, I fear 'tis all a dream.  
 Fortune, thou now hast made amends for all  
 Thy past unkindness: I absolve my stars.  
 What, though Numidia add her conquer'd towns  
 And provinces, to swell the victor's triumph?  
 Juba will never at his fate repine:  
 Let Caesar have the world, if Marcia's mine.

*[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A Square before the palace.

*Enter LUCIUS, CATO, Freedmen, &c.*

Luci. I stand astonish'd. What! the bold Sem-  
 pronius,  
 That still broke foremost through the crowd of pa-  
 triots,  
 As with a hurricane of zeal transported!  
 And, virtuous even to madness.

Cato. Trust me, my friend,

Our civil discords have produc'd such crimes,  
Such monstrous crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.  
O Lucius! I am sick of this bad world:  
The daylight and the sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORCIUS.

But see where Perclus comes. What means this haste?

Por. My heart is griev'd;  
I bring such news as will afflict my father.  
Cato. Has Caesar shed more Roman blood?  
Por. Not so:

The traitor Syphax, as within the square  
He exercis'd his troops, the signal given,  
Flew off at once with his Numidian horse  
To the south gate, where Marcus holds the watch:  
I saw, and call'd to stop him; but in vain:  
He toss'd his arm aloft, and proudly told me,  
He would not stay and perish like Sempronius.

Cato. Perfidious man! But haste, my son, and see  
Thy brother Marcus acts a Roman's part.

[Exit Porcius with the Freedmen.]

Lucius, the torrent bears too hard upon me:  
Justice gives way to force; the conquer'd world  
Is Caesar's: Cato has no business in it.

Luci. While pride, oppression, and injustice  
reign,  
The world will still demand her Cato's presence.  
In pity to mankind, submit to Caesar,  
And reconcile thy mighty soul to life.

Cato. Would Lucius have me live, to swell the  
number

Of Caesar's slaves? or, by a base submission,  
Give up the cause of Rome, and own a tyrant?

Luc. The victor never will impose on Cato  
Ungenerous terms:—his enemies confess,  
The virtues of humanity are Caesar's.

Cato. Curse on his virtues! they've undone his  
country:

Such popular humanity is treason.  
But Juba comes: the ingenious prince appears  
Full of the guilt of his perfidious subjects.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded, to appear  
Before thy presence, Cato.

Cato. What's thy crime?

Juba. I'm a Numidian.

Cato. And a brave one, too:  
Thou hast a Roman soul.

Juba. Hast thou not heard  
Of my false countrymen?

Cato. Alas! good youth,  
Falsehood and fraud shoot up in every soil,  
The product of all climes; Rome has its Caesars.

Juba. 'Tis generous, thus to comfort the dis-  
tress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just, to give applause where 'tis de-  
serv'd.

Thy virtue, prince, has stood the test of fortune,  
Like purest gold, that, tortur'd in the furnace,  
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its  
weight.

Enter PORCIUS.

Por. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!  
My brother Marcus—

Cato. Ha! what has he done?  
Has he forsok his post? Has he given way?  
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him,  
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,

Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.  
Long, at the head of his few faithful friends,  
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes.—  
Till, obstinately brave, and bent on death,  
Oppress'd, with multitudes, he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfied.

Por. Nor did he fall, before  
His sword had pierc'd thro' the false heart of  
Syphax.

I saw the hoary traitor  
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.

Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his  
duty.

Porcius, when I am dead, be sure you place  
His urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luci. O Cato, arm thy soul with all its pa-  
tience!

See where the corpse of thy dead son ap-  
proaches;

The citizens and senators, alarm'd,  
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.

(A dead march sounds.)

Enter Lictors, Senators, Soldiers bearing the body of  
Marcus on a bier, Freedmen, with his helmet, shield,  
sword and spear; eagle and other ensigns; and  
guards with their arms reversed.

Cato. Welcome, my son! Here set him down,  
my friends,

Full in my sight; that I may view at leisure  
The bloody corpse, and count those glorious  
wounds.

How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!  
Who would not be that youth? What pity is  
it

That we can die but once, to serve our coun-  
try!

Why sits this sadness on your brows, my  
friends?

I should have blush'd, if Cato's house had stood  
Secure, and flourish'd in a civil war.

Porcius, behold thy brother; and remember,  
Thy life is not thy own, when Rome demands it.  
When Rome demands? But Rome is now no  
more;

The Roman empire's fall'n,—O curs'd ambi-  
tion!

Fall'n into Caesar's hands:—our great fore-  
fathers

Had left him nought to conquer, but his coun-  
try.

Juba. Behold that generous man! Rome fills  
his eyes

With tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead  
son.

Por. While Cato lives, Caesar will blush to  
see

Mankind enslav'd, and be ashamed of empire.

Cato. Caesar ashamed! Has he not seen Phar-  
salia?

Luci. Cato, 'tis time, thou save thyself and  
us.

Cato. Lose not a thought on me; I'm out of dan-  
ger:

Cæsar shall never say, "I've conquer'd Cato,"

But, O my friends, your safety fills my heart  
With anxious thoughts. How shall I save my  
friends?

'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee.

Luci. Cæsar, has mercy, if, I ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you: let him know,  
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it:  
Add, if you please, that I request it of him.

That I myself, with tears, request it of him.  
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.  
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake:  
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,  
Or seek the conqueror?

Juba. If I forsake thee  
Whilst I have life, may Heaven abandon Juba!  
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,  
Will one day make thee great. At Rome, here-  
after,

'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.  
Porcius, come hither to me. Ah! my son,  
Despairing of success.

Iet me advise thee to withdraw betimes  
To our paternal seat, the Sabine field,  
Where the great censor toil'd with his own hands,  
And all our frugal ancestors were bless'd  
In humble virtues, and a rural life:

There live retir'd:  
Content thyself to be obscurely good:  
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,  
The post of honour is a private station.

Por. I hope, my father does not recommend  
A life to Porcius, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewell, my friends! If there be any of  
you

Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,  
Know, there are ships prepared by my command,  
Their sails already opening to the winds,  
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.  
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?  
The conqueror draws near. Once more, farewell!  
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet  
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,  
Where Caesar never should approach us more.

(Pointing to his dead son.)

There the brave youth, with love of virtue fir'd,  
Who greatly in his country's cause expir'd,  
Shall know he conquer'd.

[Exeunt Lucius and Senators.]

The firm patriot there,  
Who made the welfare of mankind his care,  
Though still by faction, vice, and fortune cross'd,  
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

[A dead march. Exeunt.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—A Chamber in the Palace.

CATO discovered, in a thoughtful posture. In his hand  
Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul: a drawn  
sword on the table by him.

Cato. It must be so; Plato, thou reasonest well;  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality?  
Or whence this secret dread and inward horror  
Of falling into naught? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.

Eternity! Thou pleasing, dreadful thought!  
Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we  
pass!

The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

Here will I hold: If there's a Power above us,  
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud

Through all her works, he must delight in virtue;  
And that which he delights in, must be happy.)  
But when? or where? This world was made for  
Cæsar.

I'm weary of conjectures: This must end 'em.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me:  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
But this informs me, I shall never die.  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.  
What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?  
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,  
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,  
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight.  
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,  
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear  
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of 'em,  
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

Enter PORCIUS.

But ha! how's this? My son? Why this intru-  
sion?

Were not my orders that I should be private?

Why am I disobey'd?

Por. Alas, my father!

What means this sword? this instrument of death?  
Let me convey it hence.

(Takes up the sword.)

Cato. Rash youth, forbear!

Por. O, let the prayers, the entreaties of your  
friends

Their tears, their common danger, wrest it from  
you.

Cato. Would'st thou betray me? would'st thou  
give me up.

A slave, a captive, into Cæsar's hands?

Retire: and learn obedience to a father;

Or know, young man,—

Por. Look not thus sternly on me:

(Lays down the sword.)

You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well: again I'm master of myself.

Now, Cæsar, let thy troops beset our gates,

And bar each avenue; thy gathering fleets

O'erspread the sea, and stop up every port;

Cato shall open to himself a passage,

And mock thy hopes.

Por. (Kneels.) O, sir, forgive your son,  
Whose grief hangs heavy on him! O my father,—

How am I sure it is not the last time

I e'er shall call you so?—be not displeas'd,

O be not angry with me, whilst I weep,

And, in the anguish of my heart, beseech you

To quit the dreadful purpose of your soul.

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

(Raises and embraces him.)

Weep not, my son: all will be well again:

The righteous gods, whom I have sought to  
please,

Will succour Cato, and protect his children.

Por. Your words give comfort to my drooping  
heart.

Cato. Porcius, thou may'st rely upon my con-  
duct.

Cato will never act what misbecomes him.  
But go, my son; take care that nought be wanting  
Among thy father's friends; see them embark'd;  
And tell me if the winds and seas befriend 'em.  
My soul is quite weigh'd down with care, and  
asks  
The soft refreshment of a moment's sleep.

[Exit Cato.]

Por. My thoughts are more at ease; my heart  
revives.

Enter MARCIA.

O Marcia, O my sister, still there's hope:  
Our father will not cast away a life  
So needful to us all, and to his country.  
He is retir'd to rest, and seems to cherish  
Thoughts full of peace. He has despatch'd me  
hence  
With orders that bespeak a mind compos'd,  
And studious for the safety of his friends.  
Marcia, take care that none disturb his slumbers.

[Exit Porcius.]

Mar. O ye immortal powers that guard the  
just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose!  
Banish his sorrows, and becalm his soul  
With easy dreams! Remember all his virtues,  
And shew mankind that goodness is your care!

Enter LUCIA.

Luc. Where is your father, Marcia? Where is  
Cato?

Mar. Lucia, speak low:—he is retir'd to rest.  
My friend, I feel a gentle dawning hope  
Rise in my soul: we may be happy still.

Luc. Alas! I tremble when I think on Cato;  
In every view, in every thought, I tremble.  
Cato is stern, and awful as a god:  
He knows not how to wink at human frailty,  
Or pardon weakness that he never felt.

Mar. Though stern and awful to the foes of  
Rome,

He is all goodness, Lucia, always mild,  
Compassionate and gentle, to his friends:  
Fill'd with domestic tenderness,—the best,  
the kindest father. I have ever found him  
Easy, and good, and bounteous to my wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his consent alone can make us happy.  
But who knows Cato's thoughts?  
Who knows how he may dispose of Porcius?  
Or, how he has determin'd of thyself?

Mar. Let him but live, commit the rest to  
heaven.

Enter LUCIUS.

Luci. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous  
man.

O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father:  
Some power invisible supports his soul,  
And bears it up in all its wonted greatness.  
A kind, refreshing sleep has fallen upon him:  
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his faucy lost  
In pleasing dreams: as I drew near his couch,  
He smil'd, and cried, "Cæsar, thou canst not hurt  
me."

Mar. His mind still labours with some dreadful  
thought.

Enter JUBA.

Juba. Lucius, the horsemen are return'd from  
viewing

The number, strength, and posture of our foes.  
Who now encamp within a short hour's march.  
On the high point of yon bright western tower  
We ken them from afar; the setting sun  
Plays on their shining arms and burnish'd hel-  
mets.

And covers all the field with gleams of fire.

Luci. Marcia, 'tis time, we should awake thy fa-  
ther.

Cæsar is still dispos'd, to give us terms;  
And waits at distance, till he hears from Cato.

Enter PORCIUS.

Porcius, thy looks speak somewhat of import-  
ance.

What tidings dost thou bring? Methinks, I  
see

Unusual gladness sparkling in thy eyes.

Por. As I was hastening to the port, where now  
My father's friends, impatient for a passage,  
Accuse the lingering winds, a sail arriv'd  
From Pompey's son, who through the realms of  
Spain

Calls out for vengeance on his father's death,  
And rouses the whole nation up to arms.  
Were Cato at their head, once more might  
Rome

Assert her rights, and claim her liberty.

(Cato's groans are heard.)

But hark! what means that groan? O, give me  
way,  
And let me fly into my father's presence.

[Exit

Luci. Cato, amidst his slumbers, thinks on  
Rome,  
And in the wild disorder of his soul  
Mourns o'er his country.

(Cato groans again.)

Ha! a second groan!—Heaven guard us all!

Mar. Alas! 'tis not the voice  
Of one who sleeps: 'tis agonizing pain,  
'Tis death is in that sound.

Enter PORCIUS.

Por. O, sight of woe!  
O Marcia, what we fear'd is come to pass!  
Cato is fallen upon his sword.

Luci. O Porcius,  
Hide all the horrors of thy mournful tale,  
And let us guess the rest.

Por. I've rais'd him up,  
And plac'd him in his chair, where, pale and faint,  
He gasps for breath, and, as his life flows from  
him,  
Demands to see his friends. His servants weep-  
ing,

Obsequious to his orders, bear him hither.

Mar. O heaven, assist me in this dreadful hour  
To pay the last sad duties to my father!

Enter CATO, with two Freedmen.

Juba. These are thy triumphs, thy exploits, O  
Cæsar!

Luci. Now is Rome fallen indeed!

Cato. Here set me down.

Porcius, come near me:—are my friends en-  
bark'd?

Can any thing be thought of for their service?

Whilst yet I live, let me not live in vain.

O Lucius, art thou here! Thou art too good!

Let this our friendship live between our children;

Make Porcius happy in thy daughter Lucia,  
 Alas, poor man, he weeps! Marcia, my daughter,  
 O bend me forward! Juba loves thee, Marcia.  
 A senator of Rome, while Rome surviv'd,  
 Would not have match'd his daughter with a king;  
 But Caesar's arms have thrown down all distinction:  
 Whoe'er is brave and virtuous, is a Roman.  
 I'm sick to death. O, when shall I get loose

From this vain world, the abode of guilt and sorrow!  
 And yet, methinks, a beam of light breaks in  
 On my departing soul. Alas! I fear,  
 I've been too hasty. O ye powers, that search  
 The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,  
 If I have done amiss, impute it not!  
 The best my err; but you are good; and—oh!  
 (Dies)



# THE PILOT.

A NAUTICAL BURLETTA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY E. FITZBALL.



*Long Tom C.—"Yo, yo, yo!"—Act III, scene 2.*

## Persons Represented

**PILOT.**  
BARNSTABLE.  
CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLEIFF.  
CAPTAIN MANSON.

LONG TOM COFFIN.  
COLONEL HOWARD.  
SERGEANT DRILL.  
LIEUTENANT GRIFFITH.

YOUNG MERRY.  
CAPTAIN OF THE ALACRITY.  
BOY.  
KATE PLOWDEN.

CECILIA.  
IRISHWOMAN.  
SOLDIERS.  
SAILORS, &c.

### ACT I.

**SCENE I.**—*A View of the Ocean off the American Coast, with Rocks running into the Sea; a Ship and Schooner sailing in the distance.*

*Enter BARNSTABLE, YOUNG MERRY, and two Sailors, in a boat.*

**Bar.** There, that's right, my lads, shove the boat out of the surf, and keep within hail. This is, at best, but a Jacob's ladder we have to climb; (*Looking up the rocks.*) and it is by no means certain that we shall be well received by the Yankees when

we do get up, though we should even reach the top.

**Mer.** We are under the guns of the frigate, you know; and you remember that three oar-blades and a pistol will draw her shot.

**Bar.** Yes, upon our own heads. Master Merry, never be so foolish as to trust a long shot—it makes a great smoke, and some noise, but it is a terrible way of throwing old iron about. In such business as this, I would sooner trust my coxswain, Tom Coffin, and his harpoon to back me, than the best broadside that ever rattled out of the three decks of a ninety-gun ship. What, ho, there! Master

Coffin! Coxswain, yo ho! come, gather your limbs together, and try whether you can walk on terra firma.

*Long Tom C. (Without.)* Yo ho! your honour! what cheer? yaw! yaw!

*Bar.* Ashore, ashore, ye lubber; what the devil are you skulking about! I verily believe the fellow considers it a crime to land, as if he expected to flounder like a porpoise or a lobster; because, like them, he was born at sea, and knows as little as they do of the shore. What, ho, Tom Coffin! coxswain, I say!

*Enter LONG TOM COFFIN in a boat.*

*Long Tom C. (Leaning on his harpoon in the boat, which is pushed forward.)* Belay, belay, your honour; you know I have no great relish for setting my foot ashore, because, ye see, I'm no sea-gull, to steady myself by my wings—however, since you think proper to give the word of command, here I am. *(Jumps from the boat, Belay, (Staggered.)* but this terror former, as your honour nicknames it, tosses and tumbles about like a whale-tub afloat among the breakers.

*Bar.* 'Tis you toss and tumble about; why can't ye stand steady upon your keel, Tom, or I'll order you to be hooked up for launching again.

*Long Tom C.* Why, ye see, I don't know very well how to handle my legs ashore, because I'm out of my own element, though I've heard people say that there certainly be as much arth as water; you may believe me, I was out of sight of the sea once, myself; that was when I went from Liverpool to Plymouth, outside passenger of a craft the landfolk name a coach. The man at the helm has an easy berth on't, for there his course lay 'tween walls and fences; and then they'd stuck up bits o' stone on end, that they call'd mile-posts, alongside of which a man might have steered with half an eye, from sunrise to sunset, without ever so much as getting to leeward.

*Bar.* Ha, ha, ha! I'll warrant me, Tom, the people took you for some amphibious animal just escaped from the deep.

*Long Tom C.* Numbibberous enough, your honour;—I remember that I said to them, says I, only let me get my foot once more safe on salt water, and you 'ont catch me running the risk of my life on this here dry land again in a hurry.

*Bar.* Ha, ha, ha! now, Mr. Merry, how are we to find this pilot, that we came here, by the captain's order, to look for?

*Mer.* He was to meet us on this rock, and the question you are to put to him is written on this bit of paper.

*Bar.* True, I recollect; but, somehow, I don't like hugging these American shores too closely; what say you, Master Coffin?

*Long Tom C.* Ah, sir! give me plenty of sea room, and good canvas, where there's no 'casion for pilots at all, sir. For my part, I was born at sea, and never could d'skiver the use of more land than now and then to raise a few wedgetables, and to dry your fish. I'm sure the sight on't always makes me uncomfortable, unless we have the wind dead off the sea.

*Bar. (Smiling.)* Ah, Tom, you are a sensible fellow! but we must be moving. Heaven keep us from riding out at anchor in such a place as this! But, look out from yon rock, Tom, d'ye see anything of the man we are in quest of?

*Long Tom C.* Look to your arms, your honour: I see something, looming large, approaching behind yonder crags—the first thing we hear may be a shot.

*Bar.* Is it the pilot, think you, Tom?

*Long Tom C.* He seems nothing to apprehend your honour; yet he is no sort of a pilot: that's for sartin; a youngster wanting a berth, I should think.

*(Kate sings without.)*

*Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,*

*We ere gallant hearts abide;*

*With my love to cruise through the stormy gale,*  
*And over the swelling tide.*

*Long Tom C.* My eyes! only listen, how he pipes all hands! there's jawing tackle for you.

*Kate. Aboard of a British ship I'll sail,*

*Where gallant hearts abide;*

*With my love to cruise through the stormy gale,*  
*And over the swelling tide.*

*Bar.* That voice! the song!

*Mer.* It's very like one Miss Barnstaple used to sing before she left England, sir.

*Bar.* It was a scurvy trick of Kate's old guardian to carry on his ward to America, merely with the idea of uniting her to a man of position opposed to mine; yet Kate lov'd me, I do believe, and could it but once discover her interest—

*Mer.* Should this be the air—

*Bar.* Belay, b'ye, b'ye! I don't think, for a moment, so trim a frigate would be engaged about as random amongst rocks and shoals as these?—ha, ha, ha!—no, boy, no. Well, Tom, does the stranger near us?

*Long Tom C.* Ay, ay, yer honour, he'll be with you in less time than it would take me to cry huff.

*Bar.* You, then, Merry, get with Tom into the boat, while I hail the youngster, and see whether he has any despatches to order.

*Long Tom C.* Ay, ay, yer honour.

*(Merry goes on board the boat, and goes off.)* *Long Tom, retir.*

*Enter KATE, in boy's attire, singing.*

*Bar.* Stay a bit, youngster, what news have we of this boy?

*Kate. (Aside.)* By Heavens! 'tis Barnstaple! water, sir! I should think it would be the salt water of the ocean. You a sailor, and ask such a question of a little skipper like me! I find I shall have to make out a new chart for you.

*Bar.* Perhaps, my fine fellow, your cunning is equal to telling me how long we shall detain you, if we make you prisoner, in order to enjoy the benefit of your wit? Come, come, don't tremble, you are a fresh-water cruiser, doubtless, and I have no desire to frighten you, but—

*Kate. (Asserting her face.)* Fresh-water sailor! you'll find me an old cruiser. Ha, ha, ha! Frighten me, you have but another to frighten—I'll let you see that I know how to reef and sail as well as the best of you.—Yo ho, there, taugten reef-tackles, haul out your weather-eering, after points taught! reef away! yo, ho! frighten me, will you, that's a good joke! I should like to see that.

*Bar.* Now, by all the whales in the sea, but you are merry out of season, young gentleman. It's quite bad enough to be at anchor in such a bay as this, without being laughed at by a stripling, who hasn't strength enough to carry a beard, if he had one; but I'll know more of you and your jokes; you shall aboard with me for the rest of the cruise. Come, come.

*(Dragging her towards the boat.)*

*Kate.* Barnstaple, dear Barnstaple! would you harm me?

*(Taking off her hat.)*

*Bar. (Surprised.)* Avast there! what do I hear, and what do I see? I dream! yet there lies the Ariel, and there lies the frigate. Can this be my own Catharine Plowden, who was hurried away from me so hastily, on the shores of old England.

*Kate.* The same—and the same to you ever.

*[Embrace.]*

*Re-enter LONG TOM COFFIN.*

*Long Tom C.* Yo ho! yer honour.

*Bar.* Oh, Tom, it's all tight—don't you see this is Miss Plowden rigged out. *[Kisses her.]*

*Long Tom C. (Crossing.)* I ax pardon, yer honour.

*Bar.* Dear Kate, how happy this meeting renders me!—I can anticipate everything—you have heard that we were on the coast, and have flown to redeem the promises made to me in England. I ask no more—the chaplain of our frigate may suffice us, Tom shall be clerk, and—

*Long Tom C.* Ay, your honour, I'll sing out amen!

*Kate.* Nay, nay, Barnstable; would you have me forgetful of the happiness of others? You know of your brother officer, Griffith's attachment to my sister, Cecilia, who is now residing with me. She, also, loves Griffith, and is, like me, a prisoner; without her, I do not enter your vessel.

*Bar.* This is, indeed, good intelligence for poor Griffith.—But, where is his mistress to be found?

*Kate.* Do I not say with me, at the residence of my guardian.—Unknown to all but her, in this disguise, I have stolen from my chamber, by means of a secret panel, constructed, as I suppose, by smugglers, who, they say, inhabited our house before us. I have followed your movements for a week to-day, I observed you approach the shore, and, by being adventures, I have been successful.

*Bar.* But you'll go aboard with me now, dear Kate.

*[The Pilot is seen observing them from the rock.]*

*Kate.* Impossible? in this packet I have prepared such an account as will, I trust, excite your chivalry, and induce you and your friend to deliver us poor damsels eventually from thralldom.

*Tom. (Looking through a glass.)* Is that the Pilot; your honour, right astern of us?

*Bar. (Looking through the glass.)* The Pilot, it must be; he approaches; that form—where, when have I seen it before?

*Tom.* Heaven send he knows his trade, for the bottom of a ship will need eyes to find its way out of this wild anchorage. And, damme he looks as sulky, too, about the gills as a horse mackerel.

*Bar. (Angrily.)* Away with idle croaking, Tom, and tend to your duty; *(Meaning of the sea heard.)* go, 'tis a threatening night, indeed;—but—

*Tom.* Ah, your honour; I shoud' you how to knot & reef point, and pass a gasket, nor do I believe you could take two hitches when you first com'd aboard of the Spalmacitty; these be things that a man is soon expert in, but it takes the time of a man's natural life to learn the weather. *(Distant thunder—moaning heard.)* Sir, there be streak'd galls in the offing, that speak as plainly to all that see them, as ever you spoke through a trumpet; *(Meaning heard.)* besides, sir, don't you hear the sea moaning, as if it knew the hour was at hand when it was to wake up from its sleep?

*Kate.* These dreadful forebodings make me tremble for your safety.

*Bar.* O, Katharine, such sounds are nothing to a sailor's ears; but the Pilot whom we seek is here at last.

*Enter THE PILOT.*

*Pilot.* what water have you in this bay?

*Pilot. (Coldly.)* Enough to take all out in safety, who have entered in confidence.

*Bar.* You are the man I seek; are you ready to go?

*Pilot. (Coldly.)* Both ready and willing, and there is need of haste. *(Looking at the clouds.)*

*Bar.* Follow into the boat: I'll join you in an instant.

*Pilot. (With point.)* The consequences of delay must be visited on those who occasion it.

*Bar. (Naughtily.)* And, sir, I shall meet the consequences with those who have a right to inquire into my conduct.

*Tom.* Aboard, aboard, yo, ho.

*[Pilot goes gloomily after Tom to the boat.]*

*Bar.* Come, dearest Katharine, do not return to your prison again: my vessel can and shall protect you until your sister is redeemed, and—

*Kate.* Nay, nay, remember I have already done more than my sex will warrant: *(Distant thunder.)* go, go; you hear that every moment of your stay teems with peril.

*Bar.* But can I suffer you to return alone, through those desolate rocks, this crazy night?

*Kate.* Why not? I have proved that I could come hither alone. Go, Barnstable,—if you would add to the happiness of my existence, go and be doubly careful of your own. Good night; remember the packet. *[Crosses.]*

*Bar.* Good night! dearest, dearest Kate, good night. *[Kisses her.]*

*MUSIC.*—*Kate goes up the rock, and kisses her hand to Barnstable as he enters the boat, and they push off.*

SCENE II.—A Room in the Colonel's House. *Enter CECILIA.*

*Cec.* What is it can detain Katharine all this time?—so late, too—gliddy girl! she will, I fear, repent of her imprudent enterprises at last: should the Colonel inquire for her, I know not how to find an excuse for her absence—if I am questioned, I have not the courage to utter a falsehood. I wonder where my poor Griffith is at this moment. Does he ever think of Cecilia, whom he left behind.

SONG.—Cecilia.

*When the sails are fur'd and the watch set,  
And the moon shines on the silent deep—  
When landmen o'er their cups are met,  
Or wrapt in the lazy arms of sleep;  
The faithful tar, disdaining rest,  
Consigns to every wind  
A gallant sigh, from his manly breast,  
For the lass he left behind.  
While the level deck his feet pace,  
'Mid the silvery clouds 'n high;  
He views his Lucy's sweet face,  
Like an angel's beaming from the sky.  
• Her fancied voice, too, greets his ear,  
Soft floating on the wind,  
And again he breathes a sailor's prayer  
For the lass he left behind.*

A footstep—ah! 'tis she herself—Katharine—

*Enter KATE, hastily.*

*Kate.* Dear Cecilia, why did you quit our char-

her till my return? It was with the utmost difficulty that I could unclothe the secret panel.

*Cec.* Know you not that our guardian desired to speak with us?—and, in order to prevent his noticing your absence, I hastened to meet him, lest he should enter our apartment; but go and change this odd attire; you will be discovered.

*Kate.* Haste, then, and follow me, for I have such news as will make your heart bump. I—

*Col. (Without.)* Where are these foolish girls, eh?

*Kate.* O lud! O lud! if he catch me in man's clothes, we shall have a storm to a certainty. Excuse me as well as you can, and follow, the moment you have disposed of the Colonel, to be gratified by the best intelligence that ever charmed the ear of woman.

*Cec.* Go, go.

[*Exit Kate.*]

*Enter COLONEL, not observing KATE.*

*Col.* I begin to suspect I might as well have remained in England, when I was there settling my brother's affairs; but, no,—I must return to America, and renew my commission under Congress. To be sure, my father made his fortune in this country, and I was born in it; but then my father was an Englishman, and no sooner had he completed his speculations abroad, than he returned to end his days in his native land: my brother was born in England, and sometimes, when I reflect, had they been living, that—So you are here, are you, madam?

*Cec.* You inquired for me, I believe, sir.

*Col.* Yes, I did inquire for you, and your sister Kate; where is she?

*Cec.* Busy in her own room, sir.

*Col.* Pshaw! go and inform her that Captain Boroughcliff, my future heir, is arrived to pay his addresses to her; and 'tis my intention that he should marry her.

*Cec.* But you must know that my sister hates Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

*Col.* What's that to do with it? I suppose she's still in the tantrums about that fellow Barnstable, without a penny in his pocket, or parents to give him one; but, I think, I've removed her far enough from his reach—he won't easily discover his mistress on the coast of America.

*Enter COLONEL'S SERVANT.*

*Ser.* Captain Boroughcliff, sir.

*Col.* Show him up, by all means. [*Exit Servant.*] Now, Cecilia, you go immediately, and announce to Kate the arrival of the Captain, and say, 'tis my positive command that she hasten to receive him as her future lover.

*Cec.* O, certainly, Colonel.

[*Exit Cecilia.*]

*Col.* The Captain's a man of property; besides—his principles—there it is—Kate can't do better—these foolish girls are too frequently led astray by appearances; a good husband is, indeed, a scarce commodity, as times go; but—

*Capt. (Without.)* Attention, Sergeant Drill—follow.

*Col.* O! here he comes! Captain, your most obedient; happy to take you by the hand.

*Enter CAPTAIN, and SERGEANT DRILL, with portmanteau.*

*Capt.* Colonel, I subscribe myself the most devoted of your servants, positively. I hope your lovely ward is inclined to favour my passion at last; however, you must leave me alone to manoeuvre with her—don't think she'll be able to withstand me—Sergeant Drill, there, knows I'm a pretty considerable favourite with the ladies—*rnt I, Sergeant?*

*Ser.* O, yes!

*Col.* 'Tis astonishing what influence a uniform excites; the character of a brave man, too, never fails to have its weight with a female heart.

*Capt.* You've hit it exactly—my character for valour is pretty well known, I believe—isn't it Sergeant Drill?

*Ser.* O, yes!

*Capt.* I'm a genuine Yankee—what of that? I'm proud of the appellation. Nobody like us, I guess, in peace (not to be poetical), I am a chicken, fluttering my wings on the bosom of innocence; but in war—O! if you were once to see me in battle, you'd never forget it—would he, Sergeant Drill?

*Ser.* O, no!

*Capt.* Then at parade—not that I ever like to speak of myself—still, as I'm about to attach myself to your family, 'tis no more than discreet that you should know all my particular recommendations; but Miss Plowden makes my breast all of a crumble; she's a regular *bus bus*, as the French call it—but she doesn't know me—My brother officers say I'm so clever, nothing like me was ever seen before—I'm a sort of a kind of nonentity—*arn't I, Sergeant Drill?*

*Ser.* O, yes!

*Col.* Do me the favour, Captain, to remain for a few minutes while I go and speak to Kate. The girl has an excellent heart, and I hope every thing may be arranged for our mutual happiness. [*Exit.*]

*Capt.* A pleasant old fellow, positively. Sergeant, you go and unpack the baggage—march!

*Ser.* O, yes!

[*Exit.*]

*Capt.* As for Kate and her heart. I'll engage both by storm, I guess—what's conquering a feminine young lady, to the exertion of drilling my raw recruits before a field-day—one half of them with muskets, the other half with umbrellas! To be sure, the other day, Sergeant Lapstone had the considerable impudence to say he was tired of the army, and asked me to give him a good job; and I did, with the end of a bayonet,—that was coming to the point, I calculate—no queering me—no no, every body finds that out on parade; but with the fair sex I'm genuine, as Sergeant Drill says. [*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—Another Apartment in the Colonel's House.—A large Balcony.

*Enter KATE, in the dress of a woman, followed by OCEILIA.*

*Kate.* At length I have escaped.

*Cec.* Now, Kate, for these welcome tidings.

*Kate.* Oh, Cecilia! I have seen him once again—I have seen him.

*Cec.* Him!—Whom?

*Kate.* Him to whom I vowed constancy in England—he whom I love better than all the Americans in the world—my own dear gallant Barnstable.

*Cec.* Is it possible?—so near—and—

*Kate.* Not to keep you in suspense, your sighing swain Griffith is at hand, also aboard the same vessel as formerly; from this very window we may discern—(*Opening a window—Lightning.*) O heaven! what do I see! a tremendous storm coming on, and they still on this side the dangerous shoals. Mercy! how the waves begin to swell—and the thunder, how awfully it roars—now I perceive their bark battling with the rushing tempest.

*Cec.* My heart turns cold—as happiness and misery at once so near.

*Kate.* Do but look again—how fearfully the white breakers lash the rocks—now—now the vessel,

borne on gigantic waves, rises towards the very sky; now again she's buried in the dark deep trough of the sea—the waters roll furiously along—great power—she's wrecked! she's wrecked!

*Oec. [Wringing her hands.]* Kate! Oh, Kate!

*Kate.* No, no,—there she moves once more. I dare not trust myself to gaze further, lest the faint ray of hope which that one glimpse instilled into my bosom be for ever changed to despair. O man! man! when sorrow and calamity surround thee, woman's last, best effort to assist thy drooping fortune still remains forcibly in her heart, and still reaches thee in her prayers.

*[Distant thunder is heard.—Lightning seen at intervals.]*

**DUET.—KATE AND CECILIA.—Storm.—Music.**

*Heaven shield the mariner on his path of storms:*

*Where the breakers while*

*Fling o'er the night*

*A thousand dreadful forms;*

*When the stars are wrapp'd in gloom,*

*And ev'ry wave comes like a doom,—*

*Heaven shield the mariner—*

*Heav'n shield the mariner on his path of storms.*

*[Exeunt.]*

**SCENE IV.—The Deck of the Ariel, with the shrouds and masts manned as in a storm at sea.—On every side the ocean dreadfully agitated; thunder and lightning, mixed with the whistling of the wind.**

**THE PILOT, CAPTAIN MANSON, MERRY, BARNSTABLE, LONG TOM COFFIN, &c., discovered.**

*Pilot.* Now is the time to watch closely. Here we get the true tide and the real danger. Place the best quarter-master of your ship in those chains.

*Bar.* You, Tom, bear a hand in the chains there, and let an officer stand by him, and see that he gives us the right water.

*Capt. M.* I will take that office on myself. Pass a light into the weather-main chains there.

*Pilot.* Stand by your sheets; heave away that lead!

*Long Tom C.* Ay, ay! sir! By the mark seven.

*Pilot.* 'Tis well—try it again.

*Long Tom C.* Quarter-less, five!

*Bar.* She shoals—she shoals—keep her a good fall.

*Pilot.* Ay! you must hold the vessel in command

*Long Tom C.* By the deep two.

*[now.]*

*Bar.* Tack! tack!

*Long Tom C.* Breakers! dead a-head!

*Sai.* Breakers on her lee-bow.

*Bar.* We are on the bight of the shoals. She loses her way; perhaps an anchor might hold her.

*Bar. (Through the trumpet.)* Clear away that best bow. Clear away that—

*Pilot. (Interrupting him.)* Hold on;—hold on every one; she wants more canvas; hoist away the jib and mainsail. You, Tom, come to the helm.

*Bar. (Fiercely to the Pilot.)* Who is it that dares to countermand the captain's orders?

*Capt. M. (Bending from the rigging.)* Peace, Mr. Barnstable, yield the trumpet to the Pilot; he alone can save us.

*Bar. (Throws the trumpet on the deck.)* Then all is lost, indeed.

*Capt. M.* How, sir? how?

*Pilot.* See you yon light on the southern headland. If we keep that light open from the hill far inland yonder, we shall do well. If not, we shall surely go to pieces.

*Bar.* Let us tack again.

*Pilot.* There is no more tacking or box-hauling to be done to-night. We have barely room to pass out of the shoals on this course. That sail is not enough to keep us up to the wind. We want both jib and main-sail.

*Bar.* 'Tis a perilous thing to loosen canvas in such a tempest.

*Pilot.* It must be done,—we perish without it. See, the light already touches the edge of the hill; the sea casts us to leeward.

*[sheet!]*

*Bar. (Taking up the trumpet.)* Let fly jib and [They let loose the mainsail, &c.; men pull it up by force.]

*Pilot.* She feels it. *(Crash—jib blows.)* Quarter-master, come to the helm. *(Tom goes to the helm, the Pilot to the bow—they con her for some time.)* Silence, all. Now, gentlemen, we shall soon know our fate; let her luff!—luff you can! *(Going to the helm.)* Hard a weather with your helm! *(Dead pause.)* Ease off all your sheets, and square away. She's safe! she's safe!

*[Noise and confusion here in excess.—Darkness and the rush of waters.—The vessel clears the shoal.]*

*Pilot.* All's well—all's well; the wind abates; the danger is past.

*[Shout huzza.]*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Between Decks.

**BARNSTABLE discovered with a chart.**

*Bar.* Again we ride quietly on the breast of the sea—but my dear Kate, the cunning minx, to think, when I used to talk with her so of signals and their utility, that she should have treasured the conversations so as to compose a whole alphabet of love! Well, boy, what cheer?

*Enter BOY.*

*Boy.* Lieutenant Griffith, from the schooner, sir.

*[Exit Boy.]*

*Enter GRIFFITH.*

*Bar.* Ned, I'm glad to take you by the hand. How goes on all at the schooner after the storm?

*Gri.* All's well, except that we are but indifferently watered, which is an evil that ought to be remedied, considering how near we lie to a land of springs and rivers. Your trusty pilot, as I hear, knows the coast well, and has consented to accompany me with a party of men to the nearest fresh water; so you will command in my absence?

*Bar.* I know of no objection; and, Ned, here's a signal book and a chart, from which you may take a few hints to some purpose.

*Gri.* What, have you found out the Yankee's private talk.

*Bar.* No, no: I met last on those cliffs one who has proved herself what I always believed her, a girl of spirit.

*Gri.* Of whom do you speak?

*Bar.* Of Katharine.

*Gri. (Starting.)* Katharine! Was she alone?

*Bar.* She was; but she left with me this paper and this book, which is worth a whole library—but listen to her instructions—*(Reads.)* "Believing" you see she begins it at once, without Sir, or—

*Gri.* Well well, go on.

*Bar. (Reads.)* "That chance may conduct me where

Kate. Captain, if you'd drown yourself, why—yonder lies the sea.

Capt. B. Taunting Katharine, tell me truly, are my hopes all gone?

Kate. I'm promised to another, who is just the man for me.

Capt. B. Then very shortly I shall prove a living skeleton.

With genuine compassion deign these piteous looks to view.

Kate. Though monkey men are all the rage, I cannot fancy you.

Both. (Kate. With a ha! ha! ha!)

{Capt. B. I'll go, go, go &c.

Capt. B. Duty, madam, military duty, insists on my refusal—it does, I reckon.

Kate. And true love, sir, insists on my evincing a proper indignation towards one who knows only the shadow of affection. There is no reality in a heart like yours. To the man who can be generous, even in the most trivial circumstances, at the expense, perhaps, of his own welfare, Katharine Plowden has already given her soul—for him she would not shrink from the scorching beams of an Indian sun, or the freezing blasts of a Siberian desert: but, for the man who has neither the courage nor the feeling to comply with the best dictates of humanity, and yet would insult her understanding by mentioning what he calls passion, she has nothing left but her sex's scorn and contempt.

Capt. B. Positively, this is the most uncorrectest conduct imaginable: if they should hear of this at the mess, I shall be roasted through the whole army—I shall, upon my soul. O yes. [Retires up.

Enter CECILIA from House.

Cec. Dearest Kate, how have you succeeded?

Kate. Not in the least. Where's the colonel?

Cec. Gone into the plantation.

Kate. Then the only way left us—(Long Tom Coffin is heard without,)—still, new interruption!

Long Tom C. (Without.) Buy, buy, buy?

Capt. B. (Looking out at the gate.) Get along, my good woman, this is no place for—yet, now I think on't, I must appear more sympathetic, I reckon, or Kate will cut me altogether, she will!

[Aside.

Enter LONG TOM COFFIN through gate, in a cloak, cap, and bonnet, a pedlar's basket on his arm, with tapes, laces, garters, ribbands, soap, knives, scissors, tambour-needles, tobacco boxes, ballads, &c.

Long Tom C. Buy, buy,—poor pedlar-woman, cast all adrift, an' please your honours.

Capt. B. The woman has the most unfeminine voice I ever heard, and smells abominably of tobacco. My sweet gentlewoman, what may you have to dispose of?—Fugh!

Long Tom C. Soap, pen-knives, your honour.

Cec. (Aside to Kate.) Sure, I should know that face.

Kate (Aside to Cecilia.) 'Tis a man, I'll swear—I have seen the man with Barnstable—'tis the coxswain, Tom Coffin—a light breaks in upon me.

Capt. B. And this—what's this?

Long Tom C. (hesitating, not knowing the names of his goods.) That, your honour, that's tape—and that—that's ratline!

Capt. B. Ah! ah! ah! what is it? ratline—and what's this?

Long Tom C. Avast! avast! that, O that's—a that—

Kate. How absurd you are, captain! Do you

suppose the woman does not know a tambour-needle?

Long Tom C. Yes, that's a tambour-needle, sure enough, your honour.

[Turns round to speak to Kate.

Capt. B. Ho! ho! (Sees Tom's tail hanging over the top of his cloak.) So here's another of 'em, or I'm no judge of military movements—(Taking hold of Tom's tail.) Well, that's the most enormous tail for a female I ever saw in my life! (Aside.) So that's a tambour-needle, is it, my delicate young vestal? (Laughs.) Ha! ha! ha! And pray what's this?

Long Tom C. (Turning to Capt. B.) That, your honour, why, that is—

Capt. B. It's a ship's compass, I guess.

Long Tom C. No, it's 'tis, I'm damn'd.

Capt. B. Very ladylike, upon my word; I've no doubt but you know something about—

Enter an Old Irishwoman through gate.

Wom. Murder! robbery! violation!

Capt. B. Another, hem! I shall have the whole troop in time. Well, my second edition of feminine susceptibility, by whom have you been robbed and murdered, I ask?

Wom. That fellow there, sir; he came across me while I was taking a little bit of a swate illigant sleep, and off he pops with my cloak, and my marchandize, and then he murdered me, and so—

Long Tom C. (throwing off his disguise.) There, take your cargo, and your rigging; and, if ever Tom Coffin cruises under false colours again, it shall be under more lucky ones than a woman's mainmast! Don't alarm yourself, none who know him will say that Tom Coffin ever used unseamanlike conduct to any of his mother's kind.

Capt. B. Positively, I must sound an alarm here, I reckon, or—

[Going.

Long Tom C. No, you don't, though; (Tom, seizing him and the woman with one hand, throws a noose over their heads, and fastens them.) and if you, or old mother slip-gibbet here, let fly your jawing tackle, till I and my comrades are off, I'll blow out your calf's brains for you. And mayhap you'd wish to know who I be? Look at this here pickter on my hat—that's myship: she and I were born on the same day. I'm Long Tom Coffin; and, if ever I catches you afloat, we'll teach you the use of ratline, and how to box the compass, too, in good earnest. Hillo, (To the Captain, whose hat falls off.) you've dropp'd your sorser! (Tom, stooping to pick up the Captain's hat, knocks off the woman's cap; he puts the Captain's hat on the woman, and the cap of the woman on the Captain.

[The Captain, in the scuffle, drops the key.

Kate picks it up, and releases the Pilot and Griffith from the guard-house, while Long Tom holds the Captain and woman.

Kate. The boat! the boat! think not of us, Griffith—fly, save yourselves!

[Long Tom forces the Captain and the Irish-woman into the guard-house, locks the door, and gives the key to Kate.—MUSIC. —The Pilot and Griffith jump into the boat; Tom follows them, and presents an immense brace of pistols, as he retreats; Kate snatches one of the pistols from Long Tom, and presents at the Captain, who thrusts his head through the guard-house window.

Long Tom C. That's your sort, my little man o' war's man, alew yourself to an anchor; and, if he

dares but to hoist sail, pour a broadside into his upper daylight. Yo, ho!

[*Cecilia, overcome, falls at Kate's feet, and Tom fires a pistol as the boat rows off.*]

Tom. Yo, ho! yo, ho!

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—Another view of Katharine's Apartment—the sliding panel, and an open window commanding a view of the Tower (mentioned in the chart), standing at a distance amid the foliage.—A Table and two Chairs.—A Telescope and Stand on the Table, which has a large cover.

KATHARINE discovered seated on the ground, busily employed with some small signals of different colours—Cecilia is looking with telescope through the window.

Kate. Heigho! well, here we are, locked up again,—at least so they think; but we are not quite so secure, thanks to the smuggler's panel. By this time your lover is safe aboard his vessel, with no small credit due to Long Tom. Ah, Cecilia: I wish we were with them,—I'm heartily tired of this every-day life.

Cec. Ah, Kate, you have a soul formed for enterprise.

Kate. Yes, Cecilia. There is no peril, however dangerous, that a woman of spirit and virtue should fear to encounter, to secure the heart of that brave and honourable man to whom she has previously given her own best affections.

### SONG.—KATE.

*Aboard of my true love's ship I'll go,  
And brave each blowing gale,—  
I'll splice, I'll tack, I'll reef, I'll tow,  
And haul with him the sail;  
In jacket blue,  
And trousers too.  
With him I'll cruise afloat—  
There shall not be a smarter chap  
Aboard of a man of war;  
Yo, ho! &c.*

Spoken. Then, Cecilia, when the word is given, up aloft I go, and when I pass the gasket top-sail, then I cry, let go top-gallant bowlines, you lubbers there, let go!

*Whatever his perils, each I'll share,  
Ashore or on the wave;  
O, yes! for one who is my dear,  
The stormy seas I'll brave.  
In jacket blue, &c.*

But what is it you are gazing at through that telescope, so earnestly?

Cec. Do you observe you tower in the ruin; only mark those spots of pink fluttering on the walls.

Kate. They are my own signals; Barnstable is there; he is planning our escape.

Cec. But what says he? You alone can interpret his meaning.

Kate. 'Tis only a question to gain an answer; I must let him know that he is observed.

[*She presents flags at the window.*]

Cec. He is expert as yourself. Black over red.

Kate. Black over red. I must look at my book Ah! "my messenger; has he been seen?"

Cec. What messenger?

Kate. [*Changing signals.*] We must ask that.

Cec. White over black.

Kate. White over black,—that's "Tom Coffin," I

must answer, no; he cannot approach the house, except through the garden gate, and the secret panel in our chamber.

Cec. He understands, and replies yellow over blue. What does he say, Katherine?

Kate. He asks whether he himself can enter that way.

Cec. Your reply is—

Kate. Yes!

[*Changing signals.*]

Cec. Imprudent girl! have you remembered the danger? Besides, who is to open the gate to him?

Kate. I will!

[*She goes out through the panel.*]

Cec. What rashness! 'tis true, evening approaches; with it, we two might escape, and [*Looking from the window.*] how fearlessly, yet how cautiously, she darts through the shaded walk! 'Tis well the Captain and our guardian are engaged, or—*[A knock at the door.]*—Some one knocks at the door: what is to be done? how shall I excuse the absence of Katharine? *[Knock again.]* Who's there?

Capt. B. [*Without.*] Captain Boroughcliff, with a message from the Colonel—positively—

Cec. The Captain—You cannot enter—we are prisoners, and my guardian has the key: that's fortunate.

### ENTER CAPTAIN BOROUGHCLEIFF.

Capt. B. No, my lovely charmer, Captain Boroughcliff, the fortunate Captain Boroughcliff, like a true knight errant, is entrusted with the gifted talisman, I guess, which is to restore your enchanted damsel to a state of liberty. Positively I—but where's my divine Kate?

Cec. Kate—Kate—O! there—there.

Capt. B. There, where? Ha, ha, he! playing love's ho-peep I calculate; vastly pleasant, upon my soul; recollect, Miss, I know where you are, I do, upon my honour; out of the window, I suppose, in the verandah, ha, ha!

Cec. Oh! No, not here.

Capt. B. [*Going to window.*] I must examine, my dear,—I must indeed, actually—ha, ha!

Cec. [*Aside.*] If he should perceive Barnstable in the garden—*[To the Captain, confused.]*—I—no, indeed, sir, you.

[*He approaches the window; Cecilia detains him. Re-enter KATE, cautiously, through the panel, they laugh at him very heartily.*]

Capt. B. In the name of wonder, madam, where did you spring from? I didn't observe you; I did not, by my sagacity, I reckon.

Kate. Ha, ha, ha! you are not half a lover yet; before you think of any resource so desperate for a lady, in future, as an open window, don't forget that a screen is more convenient.

Capt. B. An excellent ambush, madam; I declare I overlooked it. Bless me, what a number of little flags!

Kate. Flags, sir? why they form part of one of my dresses.

Capt. B. Then it's a dress in which you intend to signalize yourself in, I guess, madam. Ha, ha! that's very good, considerably.

Kate. Does he suspect?—May I ask, sir, your motive for this visit?

Capt. B. O! I beg pardon! your guardian, with myself, will do ourselves the felicity to take tea with you, in the correctest manner possible. You are so lonely, quite hermits—it will be absolute charity, I calculate.

Kate. We are engaged, sir; Cecilia is indisposed, and I—I am drawing—I have a particular design to finish; we wish not to be interrupted, sir.

*Capt. B. Well, madam, stood you are resolved to impose such cruelty upon me, why I must be the messenger of ill tidings—I shan't forget. What's that vile knocking?—'Tis very odd, I calculate.*

*[Barnstable knocks outside at the portrait panel.]*

*Kate. What's what? I hear nothing.*

*Capt. B. Somebody tapping on the other side of the wall, positively.*

*Kate. O absurd! impossible. [Knocking again.]*

*Capt. B. There again! I hear! O yes!*

*Kate. O, ah! now I hear it! some of your men hammering the flints in their muskets; it's a practice they have in the guard-room, as you call it, on the other side of the garden wall.*

*Capt. B. And very annoying to ladies' ears, actually—quite a bore—I'll inquire into it, Miss Plowden—upon my honour, I heard it distinctly, as if it had been at the back of that grim-looking portrait; ladies, I take my leave! I reckon I'll find it out. *[Exit, locking the door.]**

*Kate. He locks the door—he retires—now dear Barnstable, you may enter.*

*Enter BARNSTABLE, through the sliding panel; Tom peeping in after him.*

*Long Tom C. [From the panel.] Only you pipe all hands aboard, your honour, and Tom's ready with his harpoon to give skulkers a lift out of the daylight yonder.*

*Bar. Silence, silence. [Shuts panel.] Dearest Kate, let us embrace this joyful opportunity, and fly at once through the ruins; my boat lies at the water's edge, and—*

*[The Captain opens the door suddenly, Cecilia faints in Barnstable's arms.]*

*Capt. B. Ho, ho! treason! taken by storm, Solomon! This is the most uncorrect thing—Sergeant Drill, what ho! an enemy in the camp, positively; I'll have that fellow hung up at the yard-arm of one of our frigates—I will. O yes.*

*[Exit.]*

*Bar. Stay, poltroon, and take a seaman's remonstrance. What's to be done? Only this way Kate; only this way.*

*[Carries out Cecilia, and is followed by Kate through the panel.]*

*Enter CAPTAIN, SERGEANT, and SOLDIERS.*

*Capt. B. How's this?—Not a soul—nor here—nor here. I reckon they could not have passed down stairs—some secret closet—mum—I'll find it out. Sergeant, you post sentinels at the bottom of the stairs; and, hark ye, don't be considerably out of the way when I give the word of command. *[Exeunt Sergeant and Soldiers.]* No noise, they could not fly through the window—I'll find it out, I will.*

*[Creeps under the table.]*

*Enter LONG TOM, cautiously, from the panel—steals round to the door—locks it, and upsetting the table, presents his harpoon at the Captain.*

*Long Tom C. One word to alarm them fresh water marines, and I'll send my harpoon right through your whizzens. Come, give us hold of your cheese-knife.*

*[Taken his sword, and drags him to the front.]*  
*Capt. B. That horrible sea-monster again, by all that's considerably uncomfortable—I—*

*Long Tom C. Another word and death; *[Presenting a pistol.]* you are my prisoner—*

*Capt. B. Prisoner! well, that's done handsome!*

*Long Tom C. Ay, I believe it is; but belay your jawing-tackle, or you're a dead man; I'll just take you in tow, you see, and haul you aboard the Ariel. I always carry a bit of magazine in my pocket. *[Takes out a rope.]* Come, heave a-head, my fine fellow—you'll get a powder monkey's berth a-board,*

*mayhap. *[Knocks down the Captain's hat nearly over his eyes, and seizes his hand.]* Here, just let me get a bowline-knot round your mawleys, and a half hitch about your fly-guard, then we'll brace all taut, and make sail.*

*[Throws a cord round him, which he fastens to his harpoon, and then presenting a pistol, marches him through the panel.]*

*Long Tom C. Stay a bit—*[Pulls him back with his cord.]*—I'll go first, if you please—a mess-mate before a ship-mate—a ship-mate before a stranger—a stranger before a dog—but a dog even before such a loblolly boy as you, every day in the week.*

*[Pulls him out through the panel.]*

## SCENE II.—A Rocky Pass near the Sea.

*Enter the PILOT.*

*Pilot. Brave fellow! he has accomplished his object—he is conducting hither the being who, of all others, is calculated to render him happy. And what is he who would prevent that happiness? an alien to his country, an enemy to its rights and privileges; and shall such a man dash from the lips of a true-born Briton the cup of ecstasy? Never, never, while I stand by, with this tough but honest heart, and this sturdy, though rude arm, to sustain the cause of loyalty, and the best prerogatives of a gallant son of the English navy.*

*Enter BARNSTABLE, supporting KATE and CECILIA.*

*Bar. You here, my honest pilot! 'tis well: support this trembling female to the boat.*

*[Placing Cecilia in his arms, almost insensible.]*

*Pilot. *[With pathos.]* 'Tis a dream of reality.*

*Bar. My friend; this burst of feeling—at such a time, too!*

*Pilot. Pardon me, pardon me: the sight of a woman or a child in distress was always an object appalling to my breast; but this unconscious female recalls to my fading recollection the image of one of her sex whom I beheld, where the hand of pity was extended in vain, and the cry of innocent supplication passed unheard by the ear of heaven; come, come, 'tis overpowers me: to the boat, come—come. *[Exit with Cecilia.]**

*Kate. Mysterious man!—who—what is he?*

*Bar. To me he is almost a stranger; there is, indeed, a wildness about him which I cannot fathom.*

*Kate. I tremble lest his strange discourse should still more terribly Cecilia, who is at best but a faint heart, and unlike me, Barnstable, as you know.*

*Bar. Heaven fashioned you, Kate, for the wife of a sailor; where the deuce can my coxswain be all this time? Yo ho! Tom Coffin! yo!*

*[The scene becomes progressively dark.]*

*Tom. *[Without.]* What cheer aboard there? Yo ho!*

*Bar. He approaches; now then, my sweet Kate, let us avoid pursuit; and once aboard the schooner, name but the day which is to make me yours for ever, and a volley of British thunder shall whisper the joyful secret to the green sea and to the blue firmament. *[B the cord.]**

*Enter TOM, pulling in 'he CAPTAIN by*

*cord.*

*Capt. B. The fellow pulls me as the ragoon does the opossum by the tail out of the gum-tree. Most exquisite Mr. Coffin, I beseech you a 1823 breathing-time; quarter! quarter! I beseech you! Footh, almost dislocated, upon my soul. Your conduct is the most incorrect possible. I calculate. O yes!*



*Long Tom C.* Well, then, grandfather, so I never like to be unmerciful to a mother's son.

*Capt. B.* Yes, but you are unmerciful to my mother's son.

*Long Tom C.* I'll tell you what it's for; I thought I overheard you talking about hanging up my commander at the yard-arm of a frigate; see where I'll sling you for that. Dammel! I've a great mind to start you all round the deck.

*Capt. B.* O—h! you mean murder me, I guess, Mr. Coffin.

*Long Tom C.* Mister! don't mister me; I tell you, I'm always Tom, when there's any hurry, such as letting go the halyards, or a sheet; Long Tom, when they want to get to windward of an old seaman, by fair weather; and Long Tom Coffin, when they wishes to distinguish me from another of the same name. *(Striking him.)*

*Capt. B.* I don't know if you are aware of it, Mr. Coffin, but you strike tarnation hard.

*Long Tom C.* Why, I'm only talking on you, you know.

*Capt. B.* I beg your pardon, you're hitting on me, you know; and I say again, I hope you don't intend to murder me.

*Long Tom C.* Murder you! Lord love you, no, I'll only take you to see my sweetheart.

*Capt. B.* That's done elegant—then I'm safe; if there's a woman in the way, she'll aid me to escape. Your sweetheart, pray what's her name?

*Long Tom C.* They call her Ariel.

*Capt. B.* He's a second genuine Caliban, I guess; but this Ariel—

*Long Tom C.* She's a lovely thing to be sure; I've seen her in every shape, braided and unbraided, with her stays, and out of her stays.

*Capt. B.* Mercy on me! then you've literally seen her undress'd, I calculate.

*Long Tom C.* Ay, that I have, many a time, scoudding under bare poles, not a rag flying! then, you see, we towed her into port, got her into dock and, when she was there, I tarred her all over, myself.

*Capt. B.* The devil you did! here's a wretch for you! he'll be tarring me all over, I reckon. And pray, may I venture to inquire what followed this tarnation exhibition?

*Long Tom C.* Why then we painted her sides, trimmed her out in prime style, crammed her with grape-shot and sent her off slap to America.

*Capt. B.* Law! what full of grape-shot.

*Long Tom C.* No, only the ground tier stowed away.

*Capt. B.* The most considerable liar I ever met with in the whole course of my existence! Mist—that is Long Tom Coffin, if you have no objection, I'll remain on my parole of honour.

*Long Tom C.* On your parole of honour, you said?

*Capt. B.* I did; O yes!

*Long Tom C.* If you do, I'll be —: no, no; you talked of hanging up my commander; so, weigh aboard! yo ho!

*Capt. B.* The inhuman cannibal! if he should tar me over as he did his mistress, I shall be the laugh of the whole army, positively; it will be the most incorrect thing imaginable, I reckon.

*Long Tom C.* *(Pulling the Captain off.)* Yo, yo, yo!

*(The Captain gets loose, and runs off, and is again pursued across by Tom. — Exeunt.)*

SCENE III.—The Ruins opening to the Sea, with the Ariel lying in the distance.—Stage nearly dark.

Enter BARNSTABLE, PILOT, KATE and

CECILIA.

*Kate.* All seems hushed to stillness; no one

sees us. Mark! what sound is that?

*Bar.* 'Tis the lash of oars; my men have caught the signal, and are here. *(Music.)* Come, ladies, jump aboard.

*(They go up, and are getting into the boat. Enter LONG TOM COFFIN, leading in the Captain by a cord.)*

*Long Tom C.* *(To the Captain.)* One word, and over the cliffs you go, into the sea. What ho!

*Bar.* Who halloo? *(Ar all)*

*Long Tom C.* Long Tom.

*Bar.* And who have you there?

*Long Tom C.* A prisoner, your Honour; but he has got so much starn-way, I couldn't bouse him ahead: into the boat with him.

*Bar.* A prisoner! Boroughcliff, by heavens! what madness is this! Release him.

*Long Tom C.* 'Tis yours to command, mine to obey; but this fellow would have tacked you to the yard-arm of an American.

*Bar.* How, sir!

*Capt. B.* No, sir; I didn't say how I'd do it.

*Long Tom C.* Release him! the boat won't carry us all off at once, and whoever remains this swab will betray into the infamy's hands.

*Capt. B.* Oh, no! I reckon I'll hold my tongue in the most correctest of all possible manners.

*Long Tom C.* Don't believe a word he utters; I saw the land mariners after us along the beach, and if I hadn't contrived to gag his jawing-tackle a little, your honour, he sartainly was after heaving signals of distress.

*Capt. B.* I was after throwing out no such thing; but if you take me on board ship, as I am not accustomed to it, I shall certainly throw out signals of distress, I calculate.

*Bar.* Pursued, did you say?—this stranger shall aboard, then—you and I, Tom, must wait the return of the boat to take us off; and should we by any chance be taken prisoners, in the exchange of this gentleman's person we may be redeemed.

*Capt. B.* Nay, but positively, on my honour—I shall be very sea-sick, I guess.

*Bar.* Sir, this is a case of necessity; nothing but gentlemanly conduct awaits you on board the Ariel.

*Capt. B.* Curse me if I shan't be tarred after all, O dear.

*Long Tom C.* This way, Captain; *(Leads the Captain on board.)* and if you minds your eye, and rig a little more ship-shape, and like a sailor, you shall have a quid out of my backy-box that Sal Slamp-mock gave me;—you won't!—O very well! then I shan't ax you, that's all.

*Pilot.* Now, Lieutenant Barnstable, the ladies wait.

*Bar.* You must conduct them to the vessel, then; I know my duty too well to desert any of my crew in a moment of danger.

*Pilot.* Brave, noble boy!

*Bar.* *(Going to the boat.)* Away, away, the time is pressing.

*Long Tom C.* *(Com's forward, chuckling.)* Ha, ha, ha! I think that lubber, with his thunder and lightning trousers, and his scraper hat, won't afford bad sport to the youngers on board the Ariel; but avast—I'll up aloft, and give a look-out for squalls.

*(Runs up a rock, as the boat goes off.—Guns heard.—Music repeated.)*

*Col.* *(Without.)* Quick march!

*Long Tom C.* Somebody's coming on the lee side. Have a care, your honour, or you may chance to get a bullet through your hull.

*(Pilot fired.—Music repeated.)*

Enter COLONEL, and his soldiers. Tom runs behind BARNSTABLE, brandishing his harpoon.

Bar. What means that discharge? Is it done to intimidate us, or are we to be butchered in cold blood?

Col. Sir, you are our prisoner; surrender up your sword.

Bar. Surrender up my sword! never, sir; from his Majesty the King of England I received it, to wield in defiance of his enemies and my own; and never will I calmly resign it, except to place it at the feet of my sovereign.

Long Tom C. Huzza! there are but forty of 'em, your honour; give the word of command, and I'll doose thirty-seven with my harpoon.

Col. Seize them.

[The Soldiera approach; Barnstable draws his sword, and defends himself bravely, till he is overpowered by numbers, and taken off. Tom dives off the six Soldiers, re-enters, and meets the Sergeant. A set combat—Tom first loses his harpoon, then his sword; and, finding himself surrounded by soldiers, he runs up the rock, and they present their muskets at him.

Ser. Surrender!

Long Tom C. (From the rock.) My commander taken, and you would secure Tom, too. No, no; these waves are to me what the land is to you. I was born on them, and sooner than be captured by an enemy, I always meant that they should be my grave.

Col. Fire!

[They fire; Tom throws himself into the sea, and disappears; they force Barnstable off.

SCENE IV.—A Cabin in the Ariel, with windows to open in flat.

Enter GRIFFITH and CECILIA.

Gri. This, indeed, is happiness, to be so near my Cecilia again, and hear from her own lips that her affection for me is still unchanged.

Cec. Unchanged!—yes! and for ever must remain so, through space and time. How much do we not owe to the heroism of Katharine! but for her, Griffith, this moment of delight had never reached us; but she is here to share in our satisfaction.

Enter KATHARINE.

Kate. 'Tis singular the boat, with Barnstable, has not yet returned; it seemed to me, that I heard the report of fire-arms from the shore; heaven forbid that sight of arm should have happened to blast the peace which was so nearly restored to my heart! All seems quiet now, not an oar touches the water. Cecilia! (Throwing open the window.) do but look, 'tis the form of a man battling with the waves; he approaches—he sinks exhausted.

Gri. (Opening the window more effectively.) No, no, he nears the side of the vessel. What, ho! heave out a rope over the taffrail; a man is overboard—yo ho! yo ho!

Voices. (Without.) Yo, ho! yo ho!

[A rope is lowered; Tom Coffin, nearly overcome, climbs up, and falls senseless into the cabin.

Gri. (Runs up to Tom, and supports him.) 'Tis Tom Coffin, the coxswain.

Kate. Spare me the conviction. Barnstable, then, the unhappy Barnstable, is drowned.

Cec. Compose yourself, Kate; listen—he speaks.

Long Tom C. (Weakly.) Mortal man can't save us; if our sheet cable was bent on our heaviest anchor, this sea would bring it home; blow, blow, will the

wind never have done whistling through our hull; how the poor thing moans!—what youngster is that singing astride the gun yonder? bid him be still. He who rules the tempest is displeased that man's voice should be heard when he chooses to send his own breath upon the waters.

Gri. Why, Tom! Tom Coffin, don't you know us? Cheer, my boy, cheer; 'tis the Ariel you are aboard of.

Long Tom C. She can make no head against this sea; our fore-mast is half buried in foam already. Look out! secure yourselves—into the boat there, all of ye; go, go—as for poor Tom Coffin, he can remain where he is. He saw the first timber of the Ariel laid, and will be the last to desert her; away with ye! there is more weight in ye now than can go safe to land. God bless ye, my boys! bless ye, bless ye—all gone! and I alone aboard the wreck. How the waves lash around me! the waters are breaking up the deck. She bilges—we sink together! my poor Ariel, we sink together.

(Swoons.)

Kate. Poor fellow! his mind is distracted! raise him in your arms—O, that he could but reveal to us the fate of Barnstable! my heart is bursting.

(Weeps.)

Enter a Sailor, with a Flask.

[Tom recovering, after they give him something to drink.

Kate. Tom—Tom Coffin—tell me of Barnstable.

Long Tom C. Who speaks of Barnstable? Ah! it flashes across my mind—that face, Master Griffith! and this vessel, the Ariel—not wrecked! and have I been making a ghost's parlour of my top-rigging all this while? ha! ha! ha!

Gri. Speak, Tom, where's the Lieut. Barnstable?

Long Tom C. Where? where? I remember all—he's a prisoner to the American marines—and I—by this time aboard the frigate!

All. A prisoner!

Long Tom C. But I dreamt it, or you have a prisoner also.

Kate. Captain Boroughcliff—he is here.

Long Tom C. The boat, then—the boat—I'll ashore with the lubber, and exchange him for my brave commander; and if they don't think such a fresh-water riptile equal to the gallant captain, let them take poor Tom Coffin into the bargain.

Kate. Generous sailor! but your recent exhaustion—your strength.

Long Tom C. Ah, marm! you don't know how the thoughts of saving a benefactor would at any time animate the breast of a sailor, even though his own last gasp seemed struggling in his throat.

(Exeunt.)

SCENE V.—A Room of State at the Colonel's.

Enter BARNSTABLE, COLONEL, CAPTAIN of the Alacrity, Officers, SERGEANT DRILL, Soldiers, &c.

Col. The misconduct of those weak girls, however I may deplore it, Lieutenant Barnstable, can have no weight with me in an affair of war or honour; we apprehend you as a disguised spy, employed against us by an opposing power. The fate assigned you is not of my choosing, however much I may have cause to feel indignant at your conduct; which, while it has insulted my country, has robbed me of my wards, and, for aught I know, of my intended heir, Captain Boroughcliff. Sincerely do I lament that my duty, as an officer,

compels me to ratify this warrant for your death.

*Bar.* For Katharine Plowden, sir, she is her own mistress—for Captain Boroughcliff, no harm can reach him on board the *Ariel*; for England is ever too generous to adopt the base and cruel pretences which her enemies are mean enough to avail themselves of, for the purpose of openly destroying those they fear.

*Col. H.* Young man: young man! I neither deserve nor heed this sarcasm—the punishment you are about to undergo has been drawn upon you by your own rashness; what follows, remains with these gentlemen; I have not the power to save you, were you to urge it ever so strenuously. I pity you, from my soul; as a man, I pity your condition.

*Bar.* Sir, I neither demand your interference nor your compassion—many a time, in the service of my native land, I have faced death as firmly as now; and, if I feel an unusual pang at this moment, it is with shame that my fall does not owe itself more to the zeal which I ever displayed towards my country, than to my affection for an unfortunate woman, whose happiness I would have given the world to secure, but whose peace, perhaps, I have wrecked for ever.

*Capt. of the A.* Were this gentleman induced to alter his sentiments, interest might yet be made to save him.

*Bar. (Fiercely.)* Silence, I'll hear no more! my sentiments are for my country—they are deep—deep in my breast; and the man who would eradicate them, must rip out the heart on which they are indelibly written. Lead on—to death—I am prepared.

*[Drum beats—Exeunt all but the Colonel, conducting Barnstable.]*

*Col. H. (Alone absorbed in thought.)* I don't know how it is, but the cool bravery of that fellow has left a weight on my heart, like a rock of ice; his unshrinking calmness—his noble deportment—all conspire to overwhelm me with awe and commiseration. His apprehension amongst the ruins was the adventure of an instant, accomplished in the heat of passion at the success of his stratagem in robbing me of my ward. I forgot, assisted by the military, it must come to this;—well, and is it not justice? is he not come hither with an armed force, to defy us on the edge of our very shores?—is he not—still, would my hand were free from his untimely end! So young—so fearless—How now? what new intrusion? where are my servants?

*Enter THE PILOT, with a pistol in his hand; he looks the door.*

*Pilot.* All gone to stare at the victim, yonder—or the traitor, call him which you will.

*Col. H.* And you—whence those arms? Are you come hither to murder me? I'll alarm the—

*Pilot. (Taking him by the arm and forcing him into a chair.)* Seat yourself, and listen, for I have much to say, and the time is but too brief.

*Col. H.* Speak.

*Pilot.* You are a patriot in the cause of America?

*Col. H.* True.

*Col. H.* Would you desert that cause?

*Col. H.* Never.

*Pilot.* Yet you could ask such a desertion of Barnstable, whose life is now a forfeit to your intemperance!

*Col. H.* My intemperance!—you mistake.

*Pilot.* Impossible! I am neither mistaken in

that respect, nor in the conviction that your own principles are about to undergo a revolution.

*Col. H.* Such a circumstance is not to be accomplished by threats.

*Pilot.* Your bravery I am not disposed to impeach; but, hear me—you had a brother—he was born in England, you in America—he and you quarrelled many years since, and parted in anger.

*Col. H.* Ah, poor John! he is now no more.

*Pilot.* You are in error, he still lives.

*Col. H.* Not dead? why, they told me he fell in an engagement. I've actually been to England to settle his affairs.

*Pilot.* That was kind, to effect what he never could himself. But, to heave-to a long story,—you had a wife and child—

*Col. H.* True, true; but what of that?—they both perished, by shipwreck, on their way to join me with my regiment in America.

*Pilot.* After you had deserted England; her loss was a judgment for revolting against the land of your forefathers. True, indeed, your wife did perish,—but your son still survives.

*Col. H. (Starting up.)* My son! speak! where is he?

*Pilot.* Listen, and let my tale strike deeper horrors to your guilty soul, than it did even to his who witnessed the appalling scene. In that same vessel which conveyed your wife and infant son from the land of her and your father's birth, the land of freedom,—your despised brother, John, happened to be a voyager:—It was he, when the thunder raged, and the lightning flashed, and the yelling waters rolled like clouds of froth over the sinking vessel, that beheld your expiring Elizabeth, with her screaming babe hugged closely to her bosom, in the deep trough of the sea, and, springing fearlessly from the last vestige of the wreck,—it was he that saved your son,—yours,—from the fury of the devouring element.

*Col. H.* And my wife—

*Pilot.* Hardly could the scared wretch, who thus secured your boy, and clung with his other arm to the flurrying raft for support, turn his almost bewildered gaze towards the struggling object he was compelled to abandon, ere that frail form had sunk to rise no more!—a moment, and a moment only, in the awful pause of the tempest, one fair hand, whiter than the lashing waters round it, was lifted thus in silent agony above the flood, as if to speak a dying mother's gratitude—and then—then it was all oblivion and dark despair.

*Col. H.* But my brother?

*Pilot.* With the boy at his shoulder he succeeded in reaching the shore: it was there, as he gazed on the features of that innocent, motherless child, that he resolved to revenge himself on your treachery.

*Col. H.* Do not, dare not, say that he murdered the infant.

*Pilot.* Now, heaven pardon thee a thought like that: no, no! destiny, said he, has thrust this boy thus into my hands, to be bred up a good British subject I'll do it. I'll place him in the charge of some true and gallant veteran, who shall rear him, for what should I do with an infant, thought he: he shall never know the name of his father, till he is a man, and a loyal one. Many years your brother John has travelled far away: at length he has returned to the acquaintance of his friend, Captain Manson. His dream is realized! the child he saved is a man, nor can England boast a better or a truer patriot than your son.

Col. H. But where, where must I seek him?

Pilot. Hanging, like a dog, at the yard-arm of the American frigate, to which his father has just consigned him.

Col. H. Barnstable, my soul overwhelm me, death!

*[Covers his face with his hands, and sinks overpowered into a chair.—The Pilot gazes on him with folded arms.]*

Col. H. *(Starting up.)* What—what is to be done?

Pilot. There is but one way—follow me to the British frigate.

Col. H. Where? You would betray me?

Pilot. Never: battle and the service of my country in burning and distant climes may have changed my person, but I am still the preserver of your child.

Col. H. My brother! my long-lost brother!

Pilot. Approach me not: on this shore and in that habit, never shall these arms acknowledge thine.

Col. H. Lead on, lead on, I'll follow: though it be to death.

Pilot. To the British frigate. Come! *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE IV.—*The Quarter-Deck of the Alacrity—the Roll of the muffled drum.*

*The AMERICAN CAPTAIN, OFFICERS and Crew discovered, conducting Barnstable to execution.*

Ser. The boat of the schooner is approaching.

Capt. We must be brief, then. *(To Barnstable.)*

Lieutenant Barnstable, if aught of request you have to make previously to the last fatal struggle, I pledge myself as a gentleman, consistently as possible with my public duty, to comply with your dying wishes.

Bar. Something there is to which I would give utterance to Captain Manson, for his unceasing generosity, in instilling into my breast, at an early, a very early age, the loyalty and enthusiasm for which it is my glory that I suffer. An outcast from my birth, but for him, and some secret friend, whose name and person I never knew, I might have needed that renown, which I trust will rise even now from my ashes, and spread itself like a green laurel over the heart of every Briton who cherishes the name of national defiance.

Capt. *(Coldly.)* And is this all?

Bar. There was one whose name I intended to pronounce; but not while it rises to my lips, it comes like a wrecked vessel, floating in tears. I cannot think of her without emotion, and these fellows might imagine I trembled beneath the influence of their detested scorn. Lead on,—I have no secrets but for heaven and my country. I am prepared; let me die!

*Enter TOM alongside the vessel, in a lug.*

Long Tom C. *(From the lug.)* No, I'll be damned if you shall.

Bar. *(Advancing to the front.)* Tom Coffin here?

Long Tom C. Yes, I am here! I'm sent for you, and you must come aboard the Ariel; 'tis the captain's orders, and you must obey.

Capt. Fire at that rascal!

*[Soldiers present their muskets at Tom.]*

Long Tom C. Ah, do you! do you at a single step! It's like ye, isn't it? But perhaps you don't know that you'll have a shower of old British iron rattled into your ribs presently; and if you don't step up to my commander, and shoot off, as you likely be and you may keep the long watch in Davis Jones's locker at the same time. Now, however, I've this here proposal to make: you surrender your commander, and we'll give you up your swab. Captain Boroughell; and if you don't think such a fresh-water reptile equal to the gallant Lieutenant, (as to be sure he's not) why, then, I can take Long Tom into the bargain.

Capt. Insolent dog! see how we despise the threats of a piratical miscreant like you.

Long Tom C. *(To the pirates.)* Do you call me a piratical miscreant?

Capt. Marines, do your duty: fire at the lieutenant.

*[The Marines present their muskets—Tom rushes in, and throws himself before Barnstable.]*

Long Tom C. *(To the Captain.)* No, no, you haven't in earnest, you can't be in earnest: or, if you do, then let every ball pass through this heart to him; as a youngster I loved him! I taught him to feel the first point, and to hit the first mark—he was always so brave—so *(Dashing away his tears.)* don't you go to think I'm blubbering—only—what about my commander? I never did submit to an injury, I thought I never could; yet, if you'll but spare his life, I'll—

*(Throws himself at the Captain's feet, dropping his harpoon—Barnstable releases his hands by a violent effort, rushes towards him, and drags him up.)*

Bar. Tom Coffin, up, up; is this a position for a British seaman?

Long Tom C. *(With a burst of pride, throwing himself into his arms.)* No, sir, no—there, it's all over: now, then, fire away: you may send your bullets into our hulls, but we'll set you an example how to die without kicking our heels at the yard-arm.

Capt. Drag the fellow away! do your duty.

Ser. The boarding-boats of the Ariel are close alongside.

*(A shot is fired into the ship, which carries away part of the rigging.)*

Voices without. The Ariel! the Ariel!

Long Tom C. *(Rushing forward.)* The Ariel! the Ariel! then I wish you may get it; huzzah! for the wooden walls and the Union Jack.

*(Attack—Tom fights with his harpoon—Barnstable snatches up a sword—a broadside is poured in, and the Ariel comes in sight.)*

*Enter THE PILOT on board, happily.*

Pilot. He lives! he lives! father, receive your son—Katharine, 'tis your husband!

*Enter the COLONEL, leading in KATE and CELIA, followed by GRIFFITH, MERRY, &c.*

*(The American strikes—Tom holds British colours, and a grand picture of different emotions is formed—as the curtain slowly descends, all huzzah.)*

AIR—RULE BRITANNIA.

# THE FAIR PENITENT.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY NICHOLAS ROWE.



*All.*—"HA! DO I LIVE AND WAKE?"—*Act IV, scene I.*

## Persons Represented.

SCIOLO.  
ALTAMONT.  
HORATIO.

LOTHARIO.  
ROSSANO.  
SERVANTS.

CALLISTA.  
LIVENTIA.  
LUCILLA.

### ACT I

**SCENE I.**—*A garden belonging to Sciolto's Palace.*

*Enter ALTAMONT and HORATIO.*

*All.* Let this auspicious day be ever sacred;  
No mourning, no misfortunes happen on it;  
Let it be mark'd for triumphs and rejoicings;  
Let happy lovers always make it holy,  
Choose it to bless their hopes, and crown their  
wishes;

This happy day, that gives me my Callista.

*Hor.* Yea, Altamont; to-day thy better stars  
Are jott'd to shed their kindest influence on thee;  
Sciolto's noble hand, that rais'd thee first,  
Half dead and drooping o'er thy father's grave,  
Completes its bounty, and restores thy name  
To that high rank and lustre which it boasted,  
Before ungrateful Genoa had forgot

The merit of thy god-like father's arms;  
Before that country, which he long had serv'd  
In watchful councils and in winter camps,  
Had cast off his white age to want and wretched-  
ness.

And made their court to factions by his ruin.

*All.* Oh, great Sciolto! Oh, my more than  
father!

Let me not live, but at thy very name  
My eager heart springs up, and leaps with joy.  
When I forget the vast, vast debt I owe thee,—  
(Forget!—but 'tis impossible) then let me  
Forget the use and privilege of reason;  
Be driven from the commerce of mankind,  
To wander in the desert among brutes,  
To be the scorn of earth, and curse of heaven!

*Hor.* So open, so unbounded was his goodness,  
It reach'd even me, because I was thy friend.

When that great man I lov'd, thy noble father,  
Bequeath'd thy gentle sister to my arms,  
His last dear pledge and legacy of friendship,  
That happy tie made me Sciolto's son;  
He call'd us his, and, with a parent's fondness,  
Indulg'd us in his wealth, bless'd us with plenty,  
Heal'd all our cares, and sweeten'd love itself.  
*Alc.* By heaven, he found my fortunes so abandon'd,

That nothing but a miracle could raise 'em:  
My father's bounty, and the state's ingratitude,  
Had stripp'd him bare, nor left him e'en a grave.  
Undone myself, and sinking in his ruin,  
I had no wealth to bring, nothing to succour him,  
But fruitless tears.

*Hor.* Yet what thou couldst thou didst,  
And didst it like a son; when his hard creditors,  
Urg'd and assisted by Lotherio's father,  
(Foe to thy house, and rival of thy greatness),  
By sentence of the cruel law forbade  
His venerable corpse to rest in earth,  
Thou gav'st thyself a ransom for his bones;  
Heav'n, who beheld the pious act, approv'd it,  
And bade Sciolto's bounty be its proxy,  
To bless thy filial virtue with abundance.

*Alc.* But see, he comes, the author of my happiness,

The man who sav'd my life from deadly sorrow,  
Who bids my days be blest with peace and plenty,  
And satisfies my soul with love and beauty.

*Ent. r. SCOLTO; he runs to Altamont, and embraces him.*

*Sci.* Joy to thee, Altamont! Joy to myself!  
Joy to this happy morn, that makes thee mine;  
That kindly grants what nature had denied me,  
And makes me father of a son like thee.

*Alc.* My father! Oh, let me unlade my breast,  
Pour out the fulness of my soul before you;  
Shew ev'ry tender, ev'ry grateful thought,  
This wondrous goodness stirs. But 'tis impossible,

And utterance all is vile; since I can only  
Swear your reign here, but never tell how much.

*Sci.* O, noble youth! I swear, since first I knew thee,

Ev'n from that day of sorrow when I saw thee  
Adorn'd and lovely in thy filial tears,  
The mourner and redeemer of thy father,  
I set thee down and seal'd thee for my own:  
Thou art my son, ev'n near me as Calista.  
Horatio and Lavinia, too, are mine;

*(Embraces Hor.)*

All are my children, and shall share my heart.  
But wherefore waste we thus this happy day?  
The laughing minutes summon thee to joy,  
And with new pleasures court thee as they pass;  
Thy waiting bride e'en chides thee for delaying,  
And swears thou com'st not with a bridegroom's

*Alc.* Oh! could I hope there was one thought of Altamont, *[haste]*

One kind remembrance in Calista's breast,  
The winds, with all their wings, would be too slow  
To bear me to her feet. For, oh, my father!  
Amidst the stream of joy that bears me on,  
Blest as I am, and honour'd in your friendship,  
There is one pain that hangs upon my heart.

*Sci.* What means my son?

*Alc.* When, at your intercession,  
Last night, Calista yielded to my happiness,  
Just ere we parted, as I seal'd my vows  
With rapture on her lips, I found her cold  
As a dead lover's statue on his tomb:  
A rising storm of passion shook her breast,  
Her eyes a piteous show'r of tears let fall,

And then she sigh'd as if her heart were breaking.  
With all the tend'rest eloquence of love  
I begg'd to be a sharer in her grief;  
But she, with looks averse, and eyes that froze me,

Sadly reply'd, her sorrows were her own,  
Nor in a father's power to dispose of.

*Sci.* Away! it is the coz'nage of their sex;  
One of the common arts they practise on us:  
To sigh and weep then when their hearts beat high  
With expectation of the coming joy.  
Thou hast in camps and fighting fields been bred,  
Unknowing in the subtleties of women;  
The virgin bride, who swoons with deadly fear,  
To see the end of all her wishes near,  
When, blushing, from the light and public eyes,  
To the kind covert of the night she flies,  
With equal fires to meet the bridegroom moves,  
Melts in his arms, and with a loose she loves.

*[Exeunt.]*

*Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.*

*Loth.* The father, and the husband!

*Ros.* Let them pass,  
They saw us not.

*Loth.* I care not if they did;  
Kre long I mean to meet 'em face to face,  
And gail 'em with my triumph o'er Calista.  
*Ros.* You lov'd her once.

*Loth.* I lik'd her, would have marry'd her,  
But that it pleas'd her father to refuse me,  
To make this honourable fool her husband;  
For which, if I forget him, may the shame  
I mean to brand his name with, stick on mine.

*Ros.* She, gentle soul, was kinder than her father.

*Loth.* She was, and oft in private gave me hearing;

Till, by long list'ning to the soothing tale,  
At length her easy heart was wholly mine.

*Ros.* I've heard you oft describe her haughty, insolent,

And fierce with high disdain: it moves my wonder,

That virtue thus defended, should be yielded  
A prey to loose desires.

*Loth.* Hear, then, I'll tell thee:  
Once, in a lone and secret hour of night,  
When ev'ry eye was clos'd, and the pale moon  
And stars alone shone conscious of the theft,  
Hot with the Tuscan grape, and high in blood,  
Haply I stole, unheeded, to her chamber.

*Ros.* That minute sure was lucky.

*Loth.* Oh, 'twas great!  
I found the fond, believing, love-sick maid,  
Loose, unattir'd, warm, tender, full of wishes;  
Fierceness and pride, the guardians of her honour  
Were charm'd to rest, and love alone was waking.  
Within her rising bosom all was calm,  
As peaceful seas that know no storms, and only  
Are gently lifted up and down by tides.

I snatch'd the glorious, golden opportunity,  
And with prevailing, youthful ardour, press'd her;  
Till, with short sighs, and murmuring reluctance,  
The yielding fair one gave me perfect happiness.

Ev'n all the live-long night we pass'd in bliss,  
In ecstasies too fierce to last for ever;  
At length the morn, and cold indifference, came;  
When, fully sated with the luscious banquet,  
I hastily took leave, and left the nymph  
To think on what was past, and sigh alone.

*Ros.* You saw her soon again?

*Loth.* Too soon I saw her:  
For, oh! that meeting was not like the former;

I found my heart no more beat high with transport,  
No more I sigh'd and languish'd for enjoyment;  
'Twas past, and reason took her turn to reign,  
While ev'ry weakness fell before her throne.

Ros. What of the lady?

Loth. With uneasy fondness

She hung upon me, wept, and sigh'd, and swore  
She was undone; talk'd of a priest and marriage;  
Of flying with me from her father's power;  
Call'd ev'ry saint and blessed angel down,  
To witness for her that she was my wife.  
I started at that name.

Ros. What answer made you?

Loth. None; but, pretending sudden pain and illness,

Escap'd the persecution. Two nights since,  
By message urg'd, and frequent importunity,  
Again I saw her. Straight, with tears and sighs,  
With swelling breasts, with swooning and distraction,

With all the subtleties, and pow'rful arts  
Of wilful woman lab'ring for her purpose.  
Again she told the same dull, nauseous tale.  
Unmov'd, I begg'd her spare th' ungrateful subject,

Since I resolv'd, that love and peace of mind  
Might flourish long inviolate betwixt us,  
Never to load it with the marriage chain:

That I would still retain her in my heart,  
My ever gentle mistress, and my friend;  
But for those other names, of wife and husband,  
They only meant ill nature, cares, and quarrels.

Ros. How bore she this reply?

Loth. At first her rage was dumb, and wanted words;

But, when the storm found way, 'twas wild and loud:

Mad as the priestess of the Delphic god,  
Enthusiastic passion swell'd her breast,  
Enlarg'd her voice, and ruffled all her form.  
Proud, and disdainful of the love I proffer'd,  
She call'd me villain! monster! base betrayer!  
At last, in very bitterness of soul,  
With deadly imprecations on herself,  
She vow'd severely ne'er to see me more;  
Then bade me fly that minute: I obey'd,  
And, bowing, left her to grow cool at leisure.

Ros. She has relented since, else why this message.

To meet the keeper of her secrets here,  
This morning?

Loth. See the person whom you nam'd.

Enter LUCILLA.

Well, my ambassadress, what must we treat of?  
Come you to menace war and proud defiance,  
Or does the peaceful olive grace your message?  
Is your fair mistress calmer? Does she soften?  
And must we love again? Perhaps she means  
To treat in juncture with her new ally.  
And make her husband party to th' agreement.

Luc. Is this well done, my lord? Have you put off

All sense of human nature? Keep a little,  
A little pity, to distinguish manhood,  
Least other men, though cruel, should disclaim you,  
And judge you to be number'd with the brutes.

Loth. I see thou'st learn'd to rail.

Luc. I've learn'd to weep:

That lesson my sad mistress often gives me:  
By day she seeks some melancholy shade,  
To hide her sorrows from the prying world;  
At night she watches all the long, long hours,  
And listens to the winds and beating rain,

With sighs as loud, and tears that fall as fast;  
Then ever and anon she wrings her hands,  
And cries, false, false Lothario!

Loth. Oh, no more!

I swear thou'lt spoil thy pretty face with crying,  
And thou hast beauty that may make thy fortune:  
Some keeping cardinal shall dote upon thee,  
And barter his church treasure for thy freshness.

Luc. What! shall I sell my innocence and youth,  
For wealth or titles, to perfidious man?

To man, who makes his mirth of our undoing!

The base, profess'd betrayer of our sex!

Let me grow old in all misfortunes else,

Rather than know the sorrows of Calista!

Loth. Does she send thee to chide in her behalf?

I swear thou dost it with so good a grace,

That I could almost love thee for thy frowning.

Luc. Read there, my lord, there in her own sad line,

(Gives a letter.)

Which best can tell the story of her woes,  
That grief of heart which your unkindness gives her.

Loth. (Reads.) "Your cruelly—Obedience to my father—give my hand to Altamont."

By heav'n, 'tis well! such ever be the gifts

(Aside.)

With which I greet the man whom my soul hates  
But to go on—"wish—heart—honour—too faithless—

weakness—too-morrow—last trouble—lost Calista."

Women, I see, can change, as well as men.

She writes me here, forsaken as I am,

That I should bind my brows with mournful willow,

For she has given her hand to Altamont:

Yet tell the fair inconstant—

Luc. How, my lord!

Loth. Nay, no more angry words: say to Calista,  
The humblest of her slaves shall wait her pleasure;

If she can leave her happy husband's arms,\*

To think upon so lost a thing as I am.

Luc. Alas! for pity, come with gentler looks:

Would not her heart with this unmanly triumph;

And though you love her not, yet swear you do;

So shall dissembling once be virtuous in you.

Loth. Ha! who comes here?

Luc. The bridegroom's friend, Horatio.

He must not see us here. To-morrow, early,

Be at the garden gate.

Loth. Bear to my love

My kindest thoughts, and swear I will not fail her.

(Lothario putting up the letter hastily, drops it as he goes out. Ezeunt Lothario and Rossano one way, Lucilla another.)

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Sure, 'tis the very error of my eyes;

Waking, I dream, or I beheld Lothario;

He seem'd conferring with Calista's woman:

At my approach they started and retir'd.

What business could he have here, and with her?

I know he bears the noble Altamont

Profess'd and deadly hate. What paper's this?

(Taking up the letter.)

Ha! To Lothario! 'Sdeath! Calista's name!

(Opens it and reads.)

"Your cruelty has at length determined me; and I have resolved this morning to yield a perfect obedience to my father, and to give my hand to Altamont, in spite of my weakness for the false Lothario. I could almost wish I had that heart and that honour to be—"

son with it, which you have robbed me of:—D—n I to the rest—"But, oh! I fear, could I relieve 'em, I should again be undone by the too faithless, yet too lovely Lotherio. This is the last weakness of my pen, and to-morrow shall be the last in which I will indulge my eyes. Lucilla shall conduct you, if you are kind enough to let me see you; it shall be the last trouble you shall meet with from the lost

CALISTA."

The lost, indeed! for thou art gone as far As there can be perdition. Fire and sulphur! Hell is the sole avenger of such crimes. Oh, that the ruin were but all thy own! Thou wilt even make thy father curse his age: At sight of this black scroll, the gentle Altamont (For, oh! I know his heart is set upon thee) Shall drop and hang his discontented head, Like merit scorn'd by insolent authority, And never grace the public with his virtues. What if I give this paper to her father? It follows that his justice dooms her dead, And breaks his heart with sorrow; hard return For all the good his hand has heap'd on us! Hold, let me take a moment's thought.

Enter LAVINIA.

Lav. My lord!

Trust me, it joys my heart that I have found you. Inquiring wherefore you had left the company, Before my brother's nuptial rites were ended, They told me you had felt some sudden illness.

Hor. It were unjust. No, let me spare my friend,

Lock up the fatal secret in my breast, Nor tell him that which will undo his quiet.

Lav. What means my lord?

Hor. Hail said'st thou, my Lavinia?

Lav. Alas! you know not what you make me suffer.

Whence is that sigh? And wherefore are your eyes

Severely rais'd to heav'n'd? The sick man thus, Acknowledging the summons of his fate, Lifts up his feeble hands and eyes for mercy, And with confusion thinks upon his audit.

Hor. Oh, no! thou hast mistook my sickness quite;

These pangs are of the soul. Would I had met Sharpest convulsions, spotted pestilence, Or any other deadly foe to life,

Rather than heave beneath this load of thought!

Lav. Alas! what is it? Wherefore turn you from me?

Why did you falsely call me your Lavinia, And swear I was Horatio's better half, Since now you mean unkindly by yourself, And rob me of my partnership of sadness?

Hor. Seek not to know what I would hide from all,

But most from thee. I never knew a pleasure, Aught that was joyful, fortunate, or good, But straight I ran to bless thee with the tidings, And laid up all my happiness with thee: But wherefore, wherefore should I give thee pain? Then spare me, I conjure thee; ask no further; Allow my melancholy thoughts this privilege, And let 'em brood in secret o'er their sorrows.

Lav. It is enough; chide not, and all is well! Forgive me if I saw you sad, Horatio, And ask'd to weep out part of your misfortunes: I won't press to know what you forbid me, Yet, my lov'd lord, yet you must grant me this, Forget your cares for this one happy day, Devote this day to mirth, and to your Altamont;

For his dear sake, let peace be in your looks. E'en now the jocund bridegroom waits your wishes. He thinks the priest has but half bless'd his marriage,

Till his friend hails him with the sound of joy.

Hor. Oh, never, never, never! Thou art innocent:

Simplicity from ill, pure native truth, And candour of the mind, adorn thee ever; But there are such, such false ones, in the world, 'Twould fill thy gentle soul with wild amazement

To hear their story told.

Lav. False ones, my lord?

Hor. Fataally fair they are, and in their smiles The graces, little loves, and young desires in habit:

But all that gaze upon 'em are undone; For they are false, luxurious in their appetites, And all the heaven they hope for is variety: One lover to another still succeeds, Another, and another after that, And the last fool is welcome as the former; Till having lov'd his hour out, he gives place, And mingles with the herd that went before him.

Lav. Can there be such, and have they peace of mind?

Have they, in all the series of their changing, One happy hour? If women are such things, How was I form'd so different from my sex? My little heart is satisfy'd with you; You take up all her room, as in a cottage Which harbours some beighted princely stranger,

Where the good man, proud of his hospitality, Yields all his home dwelling to his guest, And hardly keeps a corner for himself.

Hor. Oh, were they all like thee, men would adore 'em,

And all the business of their lives be loving: The nuptial band should be the pledge of peace, And all domestic cares and quarrels cease! The world should learn to love by virtuous rules, And marriage be no more the jest of fools.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Hall.

Enter CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave, Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb My solemn sadness with the sound of joy. If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale Of pining discontent, and black despair; For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,

But all are indignation, love, or shame, And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.

Luc. Why do you follow still that wand'ring fire, That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you

Beighted in a wilderness of woe, That false Lotherio? Turn from the deceiver; Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont, Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.

Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul Has form'd a dismal, melancholy scene, Such a retreat as I would wish to find; An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees, Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade Ravens and birds ill-omen'd only dwell;



No sound to break the silence, but a brook  
That, bubbling, winds among the weeds: no mark  
Of any human shape that had been there,  
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch,  
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,  
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.

*Luc. Alas, for pity!*

*Cal.* There I fain would hide me  
From the base world, from malice, and from  
shame;

For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul  
Never to live with public loss of honour:  
'Tis fix'd to die, rather than bear the insolence  
Of each affected she that tells my story,  
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.  
To be a tale for fools! Scorn'd by the women,  
And pity'd by the men! Oh, insupportable!

*Luc.* Oh, hear me, hear your ever faithful creature!

By all the good I wish you, by all the ill  
My trembling heart forebodes, let me entreat you  
Never to see this faithless man again;—  
Let me forbid his coming.

*Cal.* On thy life,

I charge thee no: my genius drives me on;  
I must, I will behold him once again:  
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,  
And this one interview shall end my cares.  
My lab'ring heart, that swells with indignation,  
Heaves to discharge the burden: that once done,  
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,  
And never beat again.

*Luc.* Trust not to that:

Rage is the shortest passion of our souls:  
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden show'rs,  
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;  
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,  
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.

*Cal.* I have been wrong'd enough to arm my temper

Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!  
(Hide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me.)

A woman's softness hangs about me still:  
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly.  
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer  
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiv'n,  
But my relenting heart would pardon all,  
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.

[*Exit Lucilla.*]

Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,  
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:  
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore  
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts  
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

*Enter ALTAMONT.*

*Alt.* Be gone my cares, I give you to the winds,  
Far to be borne, far from the happy Altamont!  
Calista is the mistress of the year:  
She crowns the seasons with auspicious beauty,  
And bids ev'n all my hours be good and joyful.

*Cal.* If I were mistress of such happiness,  
Oh! wherefore did I play th'unthrifty fool,  
And, wasting all on others, leave myself  
Without one thought of joy to give me comfort?

*Alt.* Oh, mighty love! Shall that fair face pro-

lune  
This thy great festival with frowns and sadness?  
I swear it sha' not be, for I will woo thee  
With sighs so moving, with so warm a transport,  
That thou shalt catch the gentle flame from me,  
And kindle into joy.

*Cal.* I tell thee, Altamont,

Such hearts as ours were never pair'd above:  
Ill-suited to each other,—join'd, not match'd;  
Some sullen influence, or foe to both,  
Has wrought this fatal marriage to undo us.  
Mark but the frame and temper of our minds,  
How very much we differ. Ev'n this day,  
That fills thee with such ecstasy and transport,  
To me brings nothing that should make me bless it,  
Or think it better than the day before,  
Or any other in the course of time,  
That duly took its turn, and was forgotten.

*Alt.* If to behold thee as my pledge of happi-

ness,  
To know none fair, none excellent, but thee;  
If still to love thee with unweary'd constancy,  
Through wrinkled age, through sickness and mis-

fortune,  
Through ev'ry season, ev'ry change of life,  
Be worth the least return of grateful love,  
Oh, then let my Calista bless this day,  
And set it down for happy.

*Cal.* 'Tis the day  
In which my father gave my hand to Altamont;  
As such, I will remember it for ever.

*Enter SCIOLO, HORATIO, and LAVINIA.*

*Sci.* Let mirth go on, let pleasure know no

pause,  
But fill up ev'ry minute of this day,  
'Tis yours, my children, sacred to your loves;  
The glorious sun himself for you looks gay;  
He shines for Altamont and for Calista.  
Let there be music, let the master touch  
The sprightly string and softly-breathing flute,  
Till harmony rouse ev'ry gentle passion,  
Teach the cold maid to lose her fears in love,  
And the fierce youth to languish at her feet.  
Begin: ev'n age itself is cheer'd with music;  
It wakes a glad remembrance of our youth,  
Calls back past joys, and warms us into trans-

port. (*Music.*)

Take care my gates be open, bid all welcome;  
And all who rejoice with me to-day are friends:  
Let each indulge his genius, each be glad,  
Jocund and free, and swell the feast with mirth;  
The sprightly bowl shall cheerfully go round,  
None shall be grave, nor too severely wise;  
Losses and disappointments, cares and poverty,  
The rich man's insolence, and great man's

scorn,  
In wine shall be forgotten all. To-morrow  
Will be too soon to think and to be wretched.  
Oh grant, ye pow'rs, that I may see these  
happy.

(*Pointing to Altamont and Calista.*)  
Completely blest, and I have life enough!  
And leave the rest indifferently to fate.

[*Exeunt.*]

*Hor.* What if, while all are here intent on re-

velling,  
I privately went forth, and sought Lothario?  
This letter may be forg'd, perhaps the wanton-

ness  
Of his vain youth, to stain a lady's fame;  
Perhaps his malice to disturb my friend,—  
Oh, no! my heart forebodes it must be true.  
Methought, ev'n now, I mark'd the starts of

guilt  
That shook her soul; though damn'd dissimu-  
lation  
Screen'd her dark thoughts, and set to public  
view

A specious face of innocence and beauty.

With such smooth looks and many a gentle word,

The first fair she beguill'd her easy lord;  
Too blind with love and beauty, to beware,  
He fell unthinking in the fatal snare;  
Nor could believe that such a heavenly face  
Had bargain'd with the devil, to damn her wretched  
race.

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—*The Garden of Sciotto's Palace.*

Enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Loth. To tell thee then the purport of my thoughts;

The loss of this fond paper would not give me  
A moment of disquiet, were it not  
My instrument of vengeance on this Altamont;  
Therefore I mean to wait some opportunity  
Of speaking with the maid we saw this morning.

Ros. I wish you, sir, to think upon the danger  
Of being seen; to-day their friends are round  
'em;

And any eye that lights by chance on you,  
Shall put your life and safety to the hazard.

[Exeunt.]

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Still I must doubt some mystery of mis-  
chief,

Some artifice beneath. Lothario's father!  
I knew him well; he was sagacious, cunning,  
Finest in words, and bold in peaceful counsels,  
But of a cold, unactive hand in war;  
Yet, with these coward's virtues, he undid  
My unsuspecting, valiant, honest friend.  
This son, if fame mistakes not, is more hot,  
More open and unartful—

Re-enter LOTHARIO and ROSSANO.

Ha! he's here!

(Seeing him)

Loth. Damnation! He again! This second time  
To-day, he has cross'd me like my evil genius.

Hor. I sought you, sir.

Loth. 'Tis well then I am found.

Hor. 'Tis well you are. The man who wrongs  
my friend

To the earth's utmost verge I would pursue;  
No place, though e'er so holy, should protect  
him;

No shape that artful fear e'er form'd, should hide  
him,

Till he fair answer made, and did me justice.

Loth. Ha! dost thou know me? that I am Lo-  
thario?

As great a name as this proud city boasts of.  
Who is this mighty man, then, this Horatio,  
That I should basely hide me from his anger,  
Lest he should chide me for his friend's displea-  
sure?

Hor. The brave, 'tis true, do never shun the  
light;

Just are their thoughts, and open are their tem-  
pers,

Still are they found in the fair face of day,  
And heav'n and men are judges of their actions.

Loth. Such let 'em be of mine; there's not a  
purpose

Which my soul e'er fram'd, or my hand acted,  
But I could well have bid the world look on,  
And what I once durst do, have dar'd to justify.

Hor. Where was this open boldness, this free  
spirit,

When but this very morning I surpris'd thee,

In base, dishonest privacy, consulting  
And bribing a poor mercenary wretch,  
To sell her lady's secrets, stain her honour,  
And, with a forg'd contrivance, blast her virtue?—  
At sight of me thou fled'st.

Loth. Ha! fled from thee?

Hor. Thou fled'st, and guilt was on thee like a  
thief,

A pilferer discri'd in some dark corner,  
Who there has lodg'd, with mischievous intent,  
To rob and ravage at the hour of rest,  
And do a midnight murder on the sleepers.

Loth. Slave! villain!

(Offers to draw: Rossano holds him.)

Ros. Hold, my lord! think where you are,  
Think how unsafe and hurtful to your honour,  
It were to urge a quarrel in this place,  
And shock the peaceful city with a broil.

Loth. Then, since thou dost provoke my ven-  
geance, know

I would not, for this city's wealth, for all  
Which the sea wafts to our Ligurian shore,  
But that the joys I reap'd with that fond wanton,  
The wife of Altamont, should be as public  
As is the noon-day sun, air, earth, or water,  
Or any common benefit of nature.

Think'st thou I meant the shame should be con-  
ceal'd?

Oh, no! by hell and vengeance, all I wanted  
Was some fit messenger to bear the news  
To the dull doating husband; now I have found  
him,

And thou art he.

Hor. I hold thee base enough

To break through law, and spurn at sacred order,  
And do a brutal injury like this.

Yet mark me well, young lord; I think Callista  
Too nice, too noble, and too great of soul,  
To be the prey of such a thing as thou art.

'Twas base and poor, unworthy of a man,  
To forge a scroll so villainous and loose,  
And mark it with a noble lady's name:

These are the mean dishonest arts of cowards,  
Who, bred at home in idleness and riot,  
Banquet for mistresses th' unwholesome stew,  
And never know the worth of virtuous love.

Loth. Think'st thou I forg'd the letter? Think  
so still,

Till the broad shame come staring in thy face,  
And boys shall hoot the cuckold as he passes.

Hor. Away! no woman could descend so low:

A skipping, dancing, worthless tribe you are:  
Fit only for yourselves, you herd together:

And when the croling glass warms your vain  
hearts,

You talk of beauties that you never saw,  
And fancy raptures that you never knew.

Loth. But that I do not hold it worth my leisure,  
I could produce such damning proof—

Hor. 'Tis false!

You blast the fair with lies, because they scorn  
you,

Hate you like age, like ugliness and impotence:  
Rather than make you blest, they would die  
virgins,

And stop the propagation of mankind.

Loth. It is the curse of fools to be secure,  
And that be thine and Altamont's. Dream on;

Nor think upon my vengeance till thou feel'st it.

(Going.)

Hor. Hold, sir; another word, and then, fare-  
well.

Though I think greatly of Callista's virtues,  
And hold it far beyond thy power to hurt;

Yet, as she shares the honour of my Altamont,  
That treasure of a soldier, bought with blood,  
And kept at life's expense, I must not have  
(Mark me, young sir,) her very name profan'd.  
Learn to restrain the license of your speech;  
'Tis held you are too lavish. When you are met  
Among your set of fools, talk of your dress,  
Of dice, or whores, of horses, and yourselves:  
'Tis safer, and becomes your understanding.

*Loth.* What if we pass beyond this solemn order,

And, in defiance of the stern Horatio,  
Indulge our gayer thoughts, let laughter loose,  
And use his sacred friendship for our mirth?

*Hor.* 'Tis well, sir, you are pleasant—

*Loth.* By the joys

Which my soul yet has uncontrol'd pursu'd,  
I would not turn aside from my least pleasure,  
Though all thy force were arm'd to bar my way;  
But like the birds, great nature's happy com-  
moners,

That haunt in woods, in meads, and flow'ry gar-  
dens,

Rife the sweets, and taste the choicest fruits,  
Yet scorn to ask the lordly owner's leave.

*Hor.* What liberty has vain, presumptuous youth

That thou shouldst dare provoke me unchastis'd?  
But henceforth, boy, I warn thee, shun my walks.

If, in the bounds of this forbidden place  
Again thou'rt found, expect a punishment,  
Such as great souls, impatient of an injury,  
Exact from those who wrong 'em much, ev'n  
death;

Or something worse: an injur'd husband's ven-  
geance

Shall print a thousand wounds, tear thy fine form,  
And scatter thee to all the winds of heav'n.

*Loth.* Is then my way in Genoa prescrib'd  
By a dependant on the wretched Altamont,  
A talking sir, that brawls for him in taverns,  
And vouches for his valour's reputation?

*Hor.* Away! thy speech is fouler than thy man-  
ners.

*Loth.* Or, if there be a name more vile, his para-  
site;

A beggar's parasite!

*Hor.* Now learn humanity,

(*Offers to strike him: Rossano interposes.*)

Since brutes and boys are only taught with blows.

*Loth.* Damnation!

(*They draw.*)

*Ros.* Hold, this goes no further here.

*Loth.* Oh, Rossano!

Or give me way, or thou'rt no more my friend.

*Ros.* Sciolto's servants, sir, have ta'en th' alarm;

You'll be oppress'd by numbers. Be advis'd,  
Or I must force you hence.

*Loth.* This we not brook delay;

West of the town a mile, among the rocks,  
Two hours are noon, to-morrow I expect thee,  
Thy single hand to mine.

*Hor.* I'll meet thee there.

*Loth.* To-morrow, oh, my better stars! to-mor-  
row

Exert your influence; shine strongly for me;

'Tis not a common conquest I would gain.

Since love as well as arms must grace my  
triumph.

(*Exeunt Lothario and Rossano.*)

*Hor.* Two hours are noon to-morrow! ha! are  
that

He sees Calista! Oh, unthinking fool!

What if I urg'd her with the crime and danger?

If any spark from heav'n remain unquench'd  
Within her breast, my breath perhaps may wake  
it.

Could I but prosper there, I should not doubt  
My combat with that fond, vain-glorious boaster.  
Were you, ye fair, but cautious whom ye trust,  
Did you but think how seldom fools are just,  
So many of your sex would not in vain  
Of broken vows, and faithless men complain:  
Of all the various wretches love has made,  
How few have been by men of sense betray'd!  
Convinced by reason, they your pow'r confess,  
Pleas'd to be happy, as you're pleas'd to bless,  
And, conscious of your worth, can never love you  
less.

[*Exit.*]

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—An Apartment in Sciolto's Palace.

*Enter SCIOLTO and CALISTA.*

*Sci.* Now, by my life, my honour, 'tis too much!  
Have I not mark'd thee, wayward as thou art,  
Perverse and sullen all this day of joy?

When every heart was cheer'd, and mirth went  
round,

Sorrow, displeasure, and repining anguish  
Sat on thy brow.

*Cal.* Is, then, the task of duty half perform'd?  
Has not your daughter given herself to Altamont,

Yielded the native freedom of her will  
To an imperious husband's lordly rule,

To gratify a father's stern command?

*Sci.* Dost thou complain?

*Cal.* For pity, do not frown, then,

If, in despite of all my vow'd obedience,

A sigh breaks out, or a tear falls by chance;

For, oh! that sorrow which has drawn your  
anger,

Is the sad native of Calista's breast.

*Sci.* Now by the sacred dust of that dear  
saint

That was thy mother; by her wondrous good-  
ness,

Her soft, her tender, most complying sweet-  
ness,

I swear, some sullen thought that shuns the  
light,

Lurks underneath that sadness in thy visage.

But mark me well; though, by you heaven! I love  
thee

As much, I think, as a fond parent can;

Yet shouldst thou (which the powers above for-  
bid!)

E'er stain the honour of thy name with infamy,

I'll cast thee off, as one whose impious hands

Had rent asunder nature's nearest ties,

Which, once divided, never join again.

To-day I've made a noble youth thy husband;

Consider well his worth; reward his love;

Be willing to be happy, and thou art so.

[*Exit.*]

*Cal.* How hard is the condition of our sex,  
Through every state of life the slaves of man!

In all the dear delightful days of youth

A rigid father dictates to our wills,

And deals out pleasure with a scanty hand.

To his, the tyrant husband's reign succeeds;

Proud with opinion of superior reason,

He holds domestic business and devotion

All we are capable to know; and shuts us

Like cloister'd idiots, from the world's acquain-  
tance.

And all the joys of freedom. Wherefore are we  
 Borne with high souls, but to assert ourselves;  
 Shake off this vile obedience they exact,  
 And claim an equal empire o'er the world?  
*(She sits down.)*

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. She's here! yet, oh! my tongue is at a loss.  
 Teach me, some power, that happy art of speech,  
 To dress my purpose up in gracious words:  
 Such as may softly steal upon her soul,  
 And never waken the tempestuous passions.  
 By heav'n, she weeps! Forgive me, fair Calista.  
*(She starts up.)*

If I presume on privilege of friendship,  
 To join my grief to yours, and mourn the evils  
 That hurt your peace, and quench those eyes in tears.

Cal. To steal unlook'd for on my private sorrow,  
 Speaks not the man of honour, nor the friend,  
 But rather means the spy.

Hor. Unkindly said!  
 For, oh! as sure as you accuse me falsely,  
 I come to prove myself Calista's friend.

Cal. You are my husband's friend, the friend of  
 Altamont!

Hor. Are you not one? Are you not join'd by  
 heav'n?

Each interwoven with the other's fate?  
 Then who can give his friendship but to one?  
 Who can be Altamont's and not Calista's?

Cal. Force, and the wills of our imperious  
 rulers,  
 May bind two bodies in one wretched chain;  
 But minds will still look back to their own  
 choice.

Hor. When souls that should agree to will the  
 same,

To have one common object for their wishes,  
 Look different ways, regardless of each other,  
 Think what a train of wretchedness ensues:  
 Love shall be banished from the genial bed,  
 The night shall all be lonely and unquiet,  
 And every day shall be a day of care.

Cal. Then all the boasted office of thy friend-  
 ship,

Was but to tell Calista what a wretch she is.  
 Alas! what needeth that?

Hor. Oh! rather say,  
 I came to tell her how she might be happy;  
 To sooth the secret anguish of her soul;  
 To comfort that fair mourner, that forlorn  
 one,  
 And teach her steps to know the paths of  
 peace.

Cal. Say, thou, to whom this paradise is known,  
 Where lies the blissful region? Mark my way to  
 it;

For, oh! 'tis sure, I long to be at rest.

Hor. Then—to be good is to be happy. Angels  
 Are happier than mankind, because they're  
 better.

Guilt is the source of sorrow; 'tis the fiend,  
 Th' avenging fiend, that follows us behind  
 With whips and stings. The best know none of  
 this.

But rest in everlasting peace of mind,  
 And find the height of all their heaven is good-  
 ness.

Cal. And what bold parasite's officious tongue  
 Shall dare to tax Calista's name with guilt?

Hor. None should; but 'tis a busy, talking  
 world.

That with licentious breath blows like the wind,  
 As freely on the palace as the cottage.

Cal. What mystic riddle lurks beneath thy  
 words,

Which thou wouldst seem unwilling to express,  
 As if it meant dishonour to my virtue?

Away with this ambiguous shuffling phrase,  
 And let thy oracle be understood.

Hor. Lothario!

Cal. Ha! what wouldst thou mean by him?

Hor. Lothario and Calista! Thus they join  
 Two names, which heaven decreed should never  
 meet.

Hence have the talkers of this populous city

A shameful tale to tell, for public sport,  
 Of an unhappy beauty, a false fair one,

Who plighted to a noble youth her faith,  
 When she had giv'n her honour to a wretch.

Cal. Death and confusion! have I liv'd to this?  
 Thus to be treated with unmanly insolence!

To be the sport of a loose ruffian's tongue!  
 Thus to be us'd! thus! like the vilest creature,

That ever was a slave to vice and infamy!  
 Hor. By honour and fair truth, you wrong me  
 much;

For, on my soul, nothing but strong necessity  
 Could urge my tongue to this ungrateful office.

I came with strong reluctance, as if death  
 Had stood across my way, to save your honour,

Yours and Sciolto's; yours and Altamont's;  
 Like one who ventures through a burning pile,

To save his tender wife, with all her brood  
 Of little fondlings, from the dreadful fire.

Cal. Is this the famous friend of Altamont,  
 For noble worth and deeds of arms renowned?

Is this,—this the tale-bearing officious fellow,  
 That watches for intelligence from eyes;

This wretched Argus of a jealous husband,  
 That fills his easy ears with monstrous tales,  
 And makes him toss, and rave, and wreck at  
 length

Bloody revenge on his defenceless wife,  
 Who guiltless dies, because her fool ran mad?

Hor. Alas! this rage is vain; for if your fame  
 Or peace be worth your care, you must be calm,

And listen to the means are left to save 'em.  
 'Tis now the lucky minute of your fate.

By me your genius speaks, by me it warns you,  
 Never to see that curs'd Lothario more;

Unless you mean to be despoil'd, be shunn'd  
 By all our virtuous maids and noble matrons;

Unless you have devoted this rare beauty  
 To infamy, diseases, prostitution—

Cal. Dishonour blast thee, base unmanly  
 slave!

That dar'st forget my birth, and sacred sex,  
 And shock me with the rude unallow'd sound!

Hor. Here kneel, and in the awful face of heav'n,  
 Breathe out a solemn vow, never to see,

Nor think, if possible, on him that ruin'd thee!  
 Or, by my Altamont's dear life, I swear,

This paper,—nay, you must not fly,—this paper,  
*(Riding her.)*

This guilty paper shall divulge your shame.

Cal. What mean'st thou by that paper? What  
 contrivance

Hast thou been forging to deceive my father;  
 To turn his heart against his wretched daughter?

That Altamont and thee may share my wrath?  
 A wrong like this will make me ever forget!

The weakness of my sex. Oh! for a sword,  
To urge my vengeance on the villain's head  
That forg'd the scroll!

Hor. Behold! Can this be forg'd?

See where Calista's name—

(Showing the letter near.)

Cal. To atoms thus,

(Snatches and tears it.)

Thus let me tear the vile, detested falsehood,  
The wicked, lying evidence of shame.

Hor. Confusion!

Cal. Henceforth, thou officious foel,  
Meddle no more, nor dare, ev'n on thy life,  
To breathe an accent that may touch my virtue.  
I am myself the guardian of my honour,  
And will not bear so insolent a monitor.

Enter ALTAMONT.

Alt. Where is my life, my love, my charming  
bride,

Joy of my heart, and pleasure of my eyes?—  
Disorder'd! and in tears! Horatio, too;  
My friend is in amaze. What can it mean?  
Tell me, Calista, who has done thee wrong,  
That my swift sword may find out the offender,  
And do thee ample justice.

Cal. Turn to him.

Alt. Horatio?

Cal. To that insolent

Alt. My friend!

Could he do this? Have I not found him just,  
Honest as truth itself? and could he break  
The sanctity of friendship? Could he wound  
The heart of Altamont in his Calista?

Cal. I thought what justice I should find from  
thee!

Go fawn upon him, listen to his tale;  
Applaud his malice that would blast my fame,  
And treat me like a common prostitute.  
Thou art, perhaps, confederate in his mischief,  
And wilt believe the legend, if he tells it.

Alt. Oh, impious! what presumptuous wretch  
shall dare

To offer at an injury like that?

Friesthood, nor age, nor cowardise itself,  
Shall save him from the fury of my vengeance.

Cal. The man who dar'd to do it was Horatio,  
Thy darling friend; 'twas Altamont's Horatio.  
But mark me well: while thy divided heart,  
Dotes on a villain that has wrong'd me thus,  
No force shall drag me to thy hated bed.  
Nor can my cruel father's pow'r do more  
Than shut me in a cloister: there, well pleas'd,  
Religious hardships will I learn to bear;  
To fast and freeze at midnight hours of pray'r:  
Nor think it hard, within a lonely cell,  
With melancholy, speechless saints to dwell;  
But bless the day I to that refuge ran,  
Free from the marriage-chain, and from that  
tyrant, man.

[Exit.

Alt. She's gone; and, as she went ten thousand  
fres

Shot from her angry eyes! as if she meant  
Too well to keep the cruel vow she made.  
Now, as thou art a man Horatio, tell me,  
What means this wild confusion in thy looks;  
As if thou wert at variance with thyself,  
Madness and reason combating with thee,  
And thou wert doubtful which should get the  
better?

Hor. I would be dumb for ever; but thy fate  
Has otherwise decreed it. Thou hast seen  
That idol of thy soul, that fair Calista;

Thou hast beheld her tears.

Alt. I have seen her weep;

I have seen that lovely one, that dear Calista,  
Complaining, in the bitterness of sorrow,  
That thou, my friend Horatio, thou hast wrong'd  
her.

Hor. That I have wrong'd her! Had her eyes  
been fed  
From that rich stream which warms her heart, and  
number'd

For every falling tear a drop of blood,  
It had not been too much; for she has ruin'd  
thee,

Ev'n thee, my Altamont. She has undone thee.

Alt. Dost thou join ruin with Calista's name?

What is so fair, so exquisitely good?

Is she not more than painting can express,  
Or youthful poets fancy when they love?

Does she not come, like wisdom, or good for-  
tune,

Replete with blessings, giving wealth and hon-  
our?

Hor. It had been better thou had'st liv'd a  
beggar,

And fed on scraps at great men's surly doors,  
Than to have match'd with one so false, so  
fatal.

Alt. It is too much for friendship to allow  
thee.

Because I theme bore the wrong thou did'st her,  
Thou dost avow the barbarous, brutal part,  
And urge the injury ev'n to my face.

Hor. I see she has got possession of thy heart,  
She has charm'd thee like a siren, to her bed,  
With looks of love, and with enchanting sounds:  
Too late the rocks and quicksands will appear,  
When thou art wreck'd upon the faithless shore,  
Then vainly wish thou hadst not left thy friend,  
To follow her delusion.

Alt. If thy friendship

Does churlishly deny my love a room,

It is not worth my keeping; I disclaim it.

Hor. Canst thou so soon forget what I've been to  
thee?

I shared the task of nature with thy father,  
And form'd with care thy unexperienc'd youth  
To virtue and to arms.

Thy noble father, oh, thou light young man!

Would he have used me thus? One fortune fed  
us;

For his was ever mine, mine his, and both

Together flourished, and together fell.

He call'd me friend, like thee: would he have left  
me

Thus for a woman, and a vile one, too?

Alt. Thou canst not, dar'st not mean it! Speak  
again;

Say, who is vile; but dare not name Calista.

Hor. I had not spoke at first, unless com-  
pell'd,

And forc'd to clear myself; but since thus  
urg'd,

I must avow, I do not know a villain.

Alt. Thou wert my father's friend; he lov'd thee  
well;

A kind of venerable mark of him

Hangs round thee, and protects thee from my ven-  
geance.

I cannot, dare not lift my sword against thee,  
But henceforth never let me see thee more.

(Spring out.)

Hor. I love thee still, ungrateful as thou art,  
And must and will preserve thee from dishonour,  
Ev'n in despite of thee.

(Holds him.)

*Alc.* Let go my arm.

*Hor.* If honour be thy care, if thou wouldst live

Without the name of credulous, wittol husband,  
Avoid thy bride, shun her detested bed,  
The joys it yields are dash'd with poison.

*Alc.* Oh!

To urge me but a minute more is fatal.

*Hor.* She is polluted, stained—

*Alc.* Madness and raging!

But, hence—

*Hor.* Dishonour'd by the man you hate.

*Alc.* I pry thee, loose me yet, for thy own sake,  
If life be worth thy keeping.

*Hor.* By Lothario.

*Alc.* Perdition take thee, villain, for the falsehood!

(*Strikes him.*)

Now, nothing but thy life can make atonement.

*Hor.* A blow! thou hast us'd me well.

(*Draws.*)

*Alc.* This to thy heart!

*Hor.* Yet, hold! By heav'n, his father's in his face!

Spite of my wrongs, my heart runs o'er with tenderness,

And I could rather die myself than hurt him.

*Alc.* Defend thyself; for by my much-wrong'd love,

I swear, the poor evasion shall not save thee.

*Hor.* Yet, hold! thou know'st I dare.

(*They fight.*)

*Enter LAVINIA, who runs between their swords.*

*Lav.* My brother! my Horatio! Is it possible?  
Oh! turn your cruel swords upon Lavinia.

If you must quench your impious rage in blood,  
Behold my heart shall give you all her store,  
To save those dearer streams that flow from yours.

*Alc.* 'Tis well thou hast found a safeguard; none but this,

No power on earth could save thee from my fury.

*Hor.* Safety from thee!

Away, vain boy! Hast thou forgot the reverence  
Due to my arm; thy first, thy great example;  
Which pointed out thy way to noble daring,  
And shew'd thee what it was to be a man?

*Lav.* What busy, meddling fiend, what foe to goodness,

Could kindle such a discord?

*Hor.* Ask'st thou what made us foes? 'Twas base ingratitude,

'Twas such a sin to friendship, as heaven's mercy,  
That strives with man's untoward, monstrous wickedness,

Unwearied and forgiving, scarce could pardon.

He who was all to me, child, brother, friend,

With barb'rous bloody malice, sought my life.

*Alc.* Thou art my sister, and I would not make thee

The lonely mourner of a widow's bed;

Therefore, thy husband's life is safe: but warn him,

No more to know this hospitable roof.

He has but ill repaid Sciofo's bounty.

We must not meet; 'tis dangerous. Farewell!

(*He is going, Lavinia holds him.*)

*Lav.* Stay, Altamont; my brother, stay.

*Alc.* It cannot, shan't be; you must not hold me.

*Lav.* Look kindly, then.

*Alc.* Each minute that I stay,

Is a new injury to fair Calista.

From thy false friendship, to her arms I'll fly:  
Then own, the joys which on her charms attend,  
Have more than paid me for my faithless friend.

(*Breaks from Lavinia and Exit.*)

*Hor.* Oh! raise thee, my Lavinia, from the earth,

It is too much; this tide of flowing grief,  
This wondrous waste of tears, too much to give  
To an ungrateful friend, and cruel brother.

*Lav.* Is there not cause for weeping? Oh, Horatio!

A brother and a husband were my treasure;  
'Twas all the little wealth that poor Lavinia  
Sav'd from the shipwreck of her father's fortunes.  
One half is lost already. If thou leav'st me,  
If thou shouldst prove unkind to me, as Altamont,  
Whom shall I find to pity my distress;  
To have compassion on a helpless wanderer,  
And give her where to lay her wretched head!

*Hor.* Why dost thou wound me with thy soft complaints!

Though Altamont be false, and use me hardly,  
Yet think not I impute his crimes to thee.

Talk not of being forsaken; for I'll keep thee  
Next to my heart, my certain pledge of happiness.

*Lav.* Then you will love me still, cherish me ever,

And hide me from misfortune in your bosom?

*Hor.* But for the love I owe the good Sciofo,  
From Genoa, from falsehood and inconstancy,  
To some more honest, distant clime I'd go.

Nor would I be beholden to my country,  
For aught but thee, the partner of my fight.

*Lav.* And I would follow thee: forsake, for thee,

My country, brother, friends, e'en all I have.  
Though mine's a little all, yet were it more,  
And better far, it should be left for thee,  
And all that I would keep should be Horatio.  
So, when a merchant sees his vessel lost,  
Though richly freighted from a foreign coast,  
Gladly, for life, the treasure he would give,  
And only wishes to escape, and live:  
Gold, and his gains, no more employ his mind:  
But, driving o'er the billows with the wind,  
Cleaves to one faithful plank, and leaves the rest behind.

(*Exeunt.*)

#### ACT IV.

##### SCENE I.—A Garden.

LOTHARIO AND CALISTA discover'd.

*Loth.* Weep not, my fair; but let the god of love

Laugh in thy eyes, and revel in thy heart,

Kindle again his torch, and hold it high.

To light us to new joys. Nor let a thought

Of discord, or disquiet past, molest thee;

But to a long oblivion give thy cares,

And let us melt the present hour in bliss.

*Cal.* Seek not to sooth me with thy false endearments,

To charm me with thy softness: 'tis in vain;

Thou canst no more betray, nor I be ruin'd.

The hours of folly and of fond delight,

Are wasted all, and fled; those that remain

Are doom'd to weeping, anguish, and repentance.

I come to charge thee with a long account

Of all the sorrows I have known already,

And all I have to come: thou hast undone me.

*Loth.* Unjust Calista! dost thou call it ruin,

To love as we have done; to melt, to languish,

To wish for somewhat exquisitely happy,  
And then be blest ev'n to that wish's height?  
To die with joy, and straight to live again;  
Speechless to gaze, and with tumultuous transport—

Cal. Oh! let me hear no more; I cannot bear it;  
'Tis deadly to remembrance. Let that night,  
That guilty night, be blotted from the year;  
For 'twas that night that gave me up to shame,  
To sorrow, to the false Lothario.

Loth. Hear this, ye pow'r's! mark, how the fair  
deceiver

Sadly complains of violated truth;  
She calls me false, ev'n she, the faithless she,  
Whom day and night, whom heav'n and earth,  
have heard

Sighing to vow, and tenderly protest,  
Ten thousand times, she would be only mine;  
And yet, behold, she has giv'n herself away;  
Fled from my arms, and wedded to another,  
Ev'n to the man whom most I hate on earth.

Cal. Art thou so base to upbraid me with a crime,  
Which nothing but thy cruelty could cause?  
If indignation raging in my soul,

For thy unmanly insolence and scorn,  
Urg'd me to do a deed of desperation,  
And wound myself to be reveng'd on thee,  
Think whom I should devote to death and hell,  
Whom curse as my undoer, but Lothario?  
Hadst thou been just, not all Sciolto's pow'r,  
Not all the vows and pray'rs of sighing Altamont,  
Could have prevail'd, or won me to forsake thee.

Loth. How have I fall'd in justice, or in love?  
Burns not my flame as brightly as at first?  
Ev'n now my heart beats high, I languish for thee;  
My transports are as fierce, as strong my wishes,  
As if thou w'erst hadst bless'd me with thy beauty.

Cal. How didst thou dare to think that I would  
live

A slave to base desires and brutal pleasures,  
To be a wretched wanton for thy leisure,  
To toy and waste an hour of idle time with?  
My soul disdains thee for so mean a thought.

Loth. The driving storm of passion will have  
way.

And I must yield before it. Wert thou calm,  
Love, the poor criminal whom thou hast doom'd,  
Has yet a thousand tender things to plead,  
To charm thy rage, and mitigate his fate.

Enter ALTAMONT behind.

Alt. Ha! Do I live and wake? (Aside.)

Cal. Hadst you been true, how happy had I  
been!

Not Altamont, but thou, hadst been my lord.  
But wherefore nam'd I happiness with thee?  
It is for thee, for thee, that I am curs'd;  
For thee my secret soul each hour arraigns me,  
Calls me to answer for my virtue stain'd;  
My honour lost to thee: for thee it haunts me  
With stern Sciolto vowing vengeance on me,  
With Altamont complaining for his wrongs—

Alt. Behold him here!

(Coming forward.)

Cal. Ah!

(Starting.)

Alt. The wretch! whom thou has made.  
Curses and sorrows hast thou heap'd upon him,  
And vengeance is the only good that's left.

(Drawing.)

Loth. Thou hast ta'en me somewhat unawares,  
'tis true:

But love and war take turns, like day and night,  
And little preparation serves my turn,

Equal to both, and arm'd for either field.

We've long been foes; this moment ends our  
quarrel;

Earth, heav'n, and fair Calista, judge the combat!  
(They fight; Lothario falls.)

Oh, Altamont! thy genius is the stronger!  
Thou hast prevail'd! My fierce, ambitious soul  
Declining droops, and all her fires grow pale;  
Yet let not this advantage swell thy pride;  
I conquer'd in my turn, in love I triumph'd.  
Those joys are lodg'd beyond the reach of fate;  
That sweet revenge comes smiling to my thoughts,  
Adorns my fall, and cheers my heart in dying.

(Dies.)

Cal. And what remains for me, beset with  
shame,

Encompass'd round with wretchedness? There is  
But this one way to break the toil, and 'scape.

(She catches up Lothario's sword, and offers  
to kill herself; Altamont runs to her, and  
wrests it from her.)

Alt. What means thy frantic rage?

Cal. Oh! let me go.

Alt. Oh! thou hast more than murder'd me; yet  
still,

Still art thou here! and my soul starts with horror,  
At thought of any danger that may reach thee.

Cal. Think'at thou I mean to live? to be for-  
given?

Oh, thou hast known but little of Calista!  
If thou hadst never heard my shame, if only  
The midnight moon and silent stars had seen it,  
I would not bear to be reproach'd by them,  
But dig down deep to find a grave beneath,  
And hide me from their beams.

Sci. (Within.) What, ho! my son!

Cal. Is it the voice of thunder, or my father?

Madness! Confusion! let the storm come on,  
Let the tumultuous roar drive all upon me;  
Dash my devoted bark, ye surges, break it!  
'Tis for my ruin that the tempest rises.

When I am lost, sunk to the bottom low,  
Peace shall return, and all be calm again.

Enter SCIOLOTO.

Sci. Ev'n now Rossano leap'd the garden wall.  
Ha! death has been among you—Oh, my fears!  
Last night thou hadst a difference with thy friend,  
The cause thou gav'st me for it was a damn'd one.  
Didst thou not wrong the man who told thee truth?  
Answer me quick—

Alt. Oh! press me not to speak;  
Ev'n now my heart is breaking, and the mention  
Will lay me dead before you. See that body,  
And guess my shame! my ruin! Oh, Calista!  
Sci. It is enough! but I am slow to execute,  
And justice lingers in my lazy hand;  
Thus let me wipe dishonour from my name,  
And cut thee from the earth thou stain to good-  
ness—

(Offers to kill Calista; Altamont holds him.)

Alt. Stay thee, Sciolto, thou rash father, stay,  
Or turn the point on me, and through my breast  
Cut out the bloody passage to Calista;  
So shall my love be perfect, while for her  
I die, for whom alone I wish'd to live.

Cal. No, Altamont; my heart, that scorn'd thy  
love,

Shall never be indebted to thy pity.  
Thus torn, defac'd, and wretched as I seem,  
Still I have something of Sciolto's virtue.  
Yea, yes, my father, I applaud thy justice;  
Strike home, and I will bless thee for the blow;  
Be merciful, and free me from my pain;

'Tis sharp, 'tis terrible, and I could curse  
The cheerful day, moon, earth, and heaven, and  
thee,  
Ev'n thee, thou venerable, good, old man,  
For being author of a wretch like me.

*Sci.* Thy pious care has giv'n me time to think,  
And sav'd me from a crime; then rest, my  
sword:

To honour have I kept thee ever sacred,  
Nor will I stain thee with a rash revenge.  
But, mark me well, I will have justice done;  
Hope not to bear away thy crimes unpunish'd:  
I will see justice executed on thee,  
Ev'n to a Roman strictness; and thou, nature,  
Or whatsoever thou art, that plead'st within me,  
Be still; thy tender strugglings are in vain.

*Cal.* Then am I doom'd to live and bear your  
triumph?

To groan beneath your scorn and fierce upbraid-  
ing?

Daily to be reproach'd, and have my misery  
At morn, at noon, at night, told over to me?  
Is this, is this the mercy of a father?  
I only beg to die, and he denies me.

*Sci.* Hence from my sight! thy father cannot hear  
thee;

Fly with thy infamy to some dark cell,  
Where, on the confines of eternal night,  
Mourning, misfortune, care, and anguish dwell;  
Where ugly shame hides her opprobrious head,  
And death and hell detested rule maintain;  
There howl out the remainder of thy life,  
And wish thy name may be no more remember'd.

*Cal.* Yes, I will fly to some such dismal place,  
And be more curs'd than you can wish I were;  
This fatal form, that drew on my undoing,  
Fasting, and tears, and hardships, shall des-  
troy;

Nor light, nor food, nor comfort will I know,  
Nor aught that may continue hated life.  
Then when you see me meagre, wan, and chang'd,  
Stretch'd at my length, and dying in my cave,  
On that cold earth I mean shall be my grave,  
Perhaps you may relent, and sighing say,  
At length her tears have wash'd her stains away;  
At length 'tis time her punishment should cease;  
Die, thou poor suffering wretch, and be at peace.

*[Exit.]*

*Sci.* Who of my servants wait there?

*Enter two or three Servants.*

Raise that body, and bear it in. On your lives  
Take care my doors be guarded well, that none  
Pass out, or enter, but by my appointment.

*[Exit Servants, with Lothario's body.]*  
*Alt.* There is a fatal fury in your visage,  
It blazes fierce, and menaces destruction.  
I tremble at the vengeance which you meditate  
On the poor, faithless, lovely, dear Calista.

*Sci.* Hadst thou not read what brave Virginius  
did?

With his own hand he slew his only daughter,  
To save her from the fierce Decemvir's lust.  
He slew her, yet unspotted, to prevent  
The shame which she might know. Then what  
should I do?

But thou hast tied my hand. I won't kill her;  
Yet, by the ruin she has brought upon us,  
The common infamy that brands us both,  
She shan't escape.

*Alt.* You mean that she shall die, then?

*Sci.* Ask me not what, nor how I have re-  
solv'd,

For all within is anarchy and uproar.

Oh, Akamont! what a vast scheme of joy  
Has this one day destroy'd? Well did I hope  
This daughter would have been my sister  
days;

That I should live to see you the world's wonder.  
So happy, great, and good, that none were like  
you.

While I, from busy life and care set free,  
Had spent the evening of my age at home,  
Among a little prattling race of yours;  
But, like an old man, talk'd awhile, and then  
Laid down and slept in peace. Instead of this,  
Sorrow and shame must bring me to my grave—  
Oh, damn her! damn her!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Arm yourself, my lord;  
Rossano, but now escap'd the garden,  
Has gather'd in the streets a band of rioters,  
Who threaten you and all your friends with ruin,  
Unless Lothario be returned in safety.

*[Exit.]*

*Sci.* By heav'n, their fury rises to my wish,  
Nor shall misfortune know my house alone;  
But thou, Lothario, and thy race, shall pay me  
For all the sorrows which my age is curs'd with.  
I think my name as great, my friends as potent,  
As any in the state; all shall be summon'd;  
I know that all will join their hands to ours,  
And vindicate thy vengeance. When our force  
Is full and arm'd, we shall expect thy sword  
To join with us, and sacrifice to justice.

*[Exit.]*

*Alt.* There is a heavy weight upon my senses:  
A dismal, sullen stillness, that succeeds  
The storm of rage and grief, like silent death,  
After the tumult and the noise of life.  
Would it were death, as sure 'tis wondrous like it,  
For I am sick of living; my soul's pall'd,  
She kindles not with anger or revenge;  
Love was th' informing, active fire within:  
Now that is quench'd, the mass forgets to move,  
And longs to mingle with its kindred earth.

*[Exit.]*

# ACT V.

SCENE I.—A Room hang with black; on one side  
Lothario's body on a bier; on the other a table, with  
a skull and other bones, a book and a lamp on it.

CALISTA is discovered on a couch, in black; her hair  
hanging loose and disordered. After soft music, she  
rises and comes forward.

*Cal.* 'Tis well! these solemn sounds, this pomp of  
horror,

Are fit to feed the frenzy in my soul.  
Here's room for meditation ev'n to madness,  
Till the mind burst with thinking. This dull  
flame

Sleeps in the socket. Sure the book was left  
To tell me something; for instruction then—  
He teaches holy sorrow and contrition,  
And penitence.—Is it become an art then?—  
A trick that lazy, dull, luxurious gentlemen  
Can teach us to do over? I'll no more on't;  
(Throwing away the book.)

I have more real anguish in my heart,  
Than all their pedant disciplines e'er knew.  
What charnel has been rifled for these bones?  
Fie! this is pageantry; they look unseemly.  
But what of that, if he or she that own'd 'em  
Safe from disquiet sit, and smile to see  
The farce their miserable relics play?  
But here's a sight is terrible indeed!



In this that haughty, gallant, gay Lothario,  
That dear, perfidious—Ah!—how pale he looks!  
And those dead eyes!—How grim with clotted  
blood!—

Ascend, ye ghosts, fantastic forms of night,  
In all your different, dreadful shapes ascend,  
And match the present horror, if you can.

Enter SCIOLOTO.

Sci. This dead of night, this silent hour of darkness,

Nature for rest contain'd, and soft repose;  
And yet distinction and tumultuous jars,  
Keep all our frighted citizens awake:

Amidst the gen'ral wreck, see where she stands,  
(Pointing to Calista)  
Like Helen, in the night when Troy was sack'd,  
Spectator of the mischief which she made.

Cal. It is Sciolto! Be thyself, my soul,  
Be strong to bear his fatal indignation,  
That he might see thou art not lost so far,  
But somewhat still of his great spirit lives  
In the forlorn Calista.

Sci. Thou wert once  
My daughter.

Cal. Happy were it I had died,  
And never lost that name.

Sci. That's something yet;  
Thou wert the very darling of my age:  
I thought the day too short to gaze upon thee,  
That all the blessings I could gather for thee,  
By cares on earth, and by my pray'rs to heav'n,  
Were little for my fondness to bestow;  
Why didst thou turn to folly then, and curse me?

Cal. Because my soul was rudely drawn from  
yours,

A poor, imperfect copy of my father;  
It was because I lov'd, and was a woman,

Sci. Hadst thou been honest, thou hadst been a  
cherubim;

But of that joy, as of a gem long lost,  
Beyond redemption gone, think we no more.  
Hast thou e'er dar'd to meditate on death?

Cal. I have, as on the end of shame and sorrow.

Sci. Ha! answer me. Say, hast thou coolly  
thought?

'Tis not the stoic's lessons got by rote,  
The pomp of words, and pedant dissertations,  
That can sustain thee in that hour of terror;  
Books have taught cowards to talk noble of it,  
But when the trial comes, they stand aghast;  
Hast thou consider'd what may happen after it?  
How thy account may stand, and what to answer?

Cal. I've turn'd my eyes inward upon myself,  
Where foul offence and shame have laid all waste;  
Therefore my soul abhors the wretched dwelling,  
And longs to find some better place of rest.

Sci. 'Tis justly thought, and worthy of that spirit  
That dwelt in ancient Latin breasts, when Rome  
Was mistress of the world. I would go on,  
And tell thee all my purposes: but it sticks  
Here at my heart, and cannot find a way.

Cal. Then spare the telling, if it be a pain,  
And write the meaning with your poniard here.

Sci. Oh, truly guess'd; seest thou this trembling  
hand?

(Holding up a dagger.)

Thrice justice urg'd—and thrice the slackening  
snews

Forgot their office, and confess'd the fathen.  
As length the stubborn virtue has prevail'd;  
It must, it must be so—Oh! take it then,

(Giving the dagger.)

And know the rest untaught

Cal, I understand you.  
It is but thus, and both are satisfied.

(She offers to kill herself; Sciolto catches hold  
of her arm.)

Sci. A moment, give me yet a moment's space.  
The stern, the rigid judge has been obey'd;  
Now nature, and the father claim their turns.  
I've held the balance with an iron hand,  
And put off every tender human thought,  
To doom my child to death; but spare my eyes  
The most unnatural sight, lest their strings crack,  
My old brain split, and I grow mad with horror.

Cal. Ha! is it possible? and is there yet  
Some little, dear remain of love and tenderness  
For poor, undone Calista, in your heart?

Sci. Oh! when I think what pleasure I took in  
thee,

What joys thou gav'st me in thy prattling infancy;  
Thy sprightly wit, and early blooming beauty;  
How have I stood and fed my eyes upon thee,  
Then, lifting up my hands and wond'ring bless'd  
thee;

By my strong grief, my heart even melts within me;  
I could curse nature, and that tyrant, honour,  
For making me thy father and thy judge;  
Thou art my daughter still.

Cal. For that kind word,  
Thus let me fall, thus humbly to the earth.  
Weep on your feet, and bless you for this good-  
ness.

Oh! 'tis too much for this offending wretch,  
This partridge, that murders with her crimes.  
Shortens her father's age, and cuts him off,  
Ere little more than half his years be number'd.

Sci. Would it were otherwise! but thou must  
die.

Cal. That I must die, it is my only comfort;  
Death is the privilege of human nature,

And life without it were not worth our taking:  
Come then,

Thou meagre shade: here let me breathe my last,  
Charm'd with my father's pity and forgiveness,  
More than if angels tun'd their golden viols,  
And sung a requiem to my parting soul!

Sci. I am summon'd hence; ere this my friends  
expect me.

There is I know not what of sad presage,  
That tells me I shall never see thee more,  
If it be so, this is our last farewell,  
And these the parting pangs, which nature feels,  
When anguish rends the heart-strings—Oh, my  
daughter!

[Exit.

Cal. Now think, thou curs'd Calista, now behold  
The desolation, horror, blood, and ruin,  
Thy crimes and fatal folly spread around,  
That loudly cry for vengeance on thy head;  
Yet heav'n, who knows our weak imperfect natures,  
How blind with passions, and how prone to evil,  
Makes not too strict inquiry for offences,  
But is atton'd by penitence and pray'r:  
Oh! recompense! here, 'twould not be receiv'd;  
Nothing but blood can make the expiation.  
And cleanse the soul from inbred deep pollution.  
And see, another injur'd wretch appears,  
To call for justice from my tardy hand.

Enter ALTMONT.

Alt. Hail to you, horrors! hail, thou house of  
death!

And thou, the lovely mistress of these shades,  
Whose beauty glids the more than midnight dark-  
ness.

And makes it grateful as the dawn of day.

Oh, take me in, a fellow mourner with thee,  
I'll number groan for groan, and tear for tear;  
And when the fountain of thy eyes are dry,  
Mine shall supply the stream, and weep for both.

*Cal.* I know thee well, thou art the injur'd Altamont:

Thou com'st to urge me with the wrongs I've done thee;

But know I stand upon the brink of life,  
And in a moment mean to set me free  
From shame and thy upbraiding.

*Alt.* Falsely, falsely

Dost thou accuse me! O, forbid me not  
To mourn thy loss,

To wish some better fate had rul'd our loves,  
And that Calista had been mine, and true.

*Cal.* Oh, Altamont! 'tis hard for souls like mine,  
Haughty and fierce, to yield they've done amiss.

But, oh, behold; my proud, disdainful heart  
Bends to thy gentler virtue. Yes, I own,

Such is thy truth, thy tenderness, and love,  
That, were I not abandon'd to destruction,  
With thee I might have liv'd for ages bless'd,  
And died in peace within thy faithful arms.

*Enter HORATIO.*

*Hor.* Now mourn indeed, ye miserable pair!  
For now the measure of your woes is full.

The great, the good Sciolto dies this moment.

*Cal.* My father!

*Alt.* That's a dreadful stroke indeed.

*Hor.* Not long ago, he privately went forth,  
Attended but by few, and those unbidden.

I heard which way he took, and straight pursu'd  
him;

But found him compass'd by Lothario's faction,  
Almost alone, amidst a crowd of foes.

Too late we brought him aid, and drove them  
back;

Ere that, his frantic valour had provok'd  
The death he seem'd to wish for from their swords.

*Cal.* And dost thou bear me yet, thou patient  
earth?

Dost thou not labour with thy murd'rous weight?  
And you, ye glittering, heav'nly host of stars,

Hide your fair heads in clouds, or I shall blast  
you:

For I am all contagion, death, and ruin,  
And nature sickens at me. Rest, thou world,  
This parricide shall be thy plague no more;  
Thus, thus I set thee free.

*(Stabs herself.)*

*Hor.* Oh, fatal rashness!

*Enter SCIOLO, pale and bloody, supported by Servants.*

*Cal.* Oh, my heart!

Well may'st thou fail; for see, the spring that fed  
Thy vital stream is wasted, and runs low.  
My father! will you now, at last, forgive me,  
If, after all my crimes, and all your sufferings,  
I call you once again by that dear name?  
Will you forget my shame, and those wide wounds?  
Lift up your hand and bless me, ere I go  
Down to my dark abode!

*Sci.* Alas, my daughter!

Thou hast rashly ventur'd on a stormy sea,  
Where life, fame, virtue, all were wreck'd and lost.  
But sure thou hast borne thy part in all the an-  
guish.

And smarted with the pain. Then rest in peace:  
Let silence and oblivion hide thy name,  
And save thee from the malice of posterity;  
And may'st thou find with heav'n the same for-  
giveness.

As with thy father here.—Die, and be happy.

*Cal.* Celestial sounds! Peace dawn upon my soul,  
And ev'ry pain grows less—Oh, gentle Altamont!

Think not too hardly of me when I'm gone;  
But pity me. Had I but early known

Thy wond'rous worth, thou excellent young man,  
We had been happier both; now 'tis too late;

And yet my eyes take pleasure to behold thee;  
Thou art their last dear object. Mercy, heav'n!

*(Dies.)*

*Sci.* Oh, turn thee from that fatal object, Altamont!

Come near, and let me bless thee ere I die.

To thee and brave Horatio I bequeath

My fortunes.—Lay me by thy noble father,  
And love my memory as thou hast his;

For thou hast been my son.—Oh, gracious heav'n,  
Thou that hast endless blessings still in store

For virtue and for filial piety,  
Let grief, disgrace, and want be far away;

But multiply thy mercies on his head.  
Let honour, greatness, goodness, still be with him,

And peace in all his ways. *(Dies.)*

*Hor.* The storm of grief bears hard upon his  
youth.

And bends him, like a drooping flow'r, to earth.

By such examples we are taught to prove  
The sorrows that attend unlawful love.

Death, or some worse misfortune, soon divide  
The injur'd bridegroom from his guilty bride.

If you would have the nuptial union last,  
Let virtue be the bond that ties it fast. *(Exeunt.)*

# THE PROVOKED HUSBAND.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY VANBRUGH AND CIBBER.



*Lady T.*—"SUPPORT ME—SAVE ME—HIDE ME FROM THE WORLD."—Act v, scene 2.

## Persons Represented

LORD TOWNLY.  
SIR F. WRONGHEAD.  
MANLY.  
SQUIRE RICHARD.

JOHN MOODY.  
COUNT BASSET.  
POUNDAGE.  
WILLIAMS.

JAMES.  
LADY TOWNLY.  
LADY GRACE.  
LADY WRONGHEAD.

MISS JENNY.  
MRS. MOTHERLY.  
MYRTILLA.  
TRUSTY.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Lord Townly's Apartment.*

LORD TOWNLY *discovered.*

*Lord T.* Why did I marry? Was it not evident, my plain, rational scheme of life was impracticable with a woman of so different a way of thinking? Is there one article of it that she has not broke in upon? Yes, let me do her justice—her reputation—that, I have no reason to believe is in question. But, then, how long her profligate course of pleasures may make her able to keep it, is a shocking consideration; and her presumption, while she keeps it, insupportable; for, on the pride of that single virtue, she seems to lay it down as a funda-

mental point, that the free indulgence of every other vice this fertile town affords, is the birthright prerogative of a woman of quality. Amazing! that a creature, so warm in the pursuit of her pleasures, should never cast one thought towards her happiness. Thus, while she admits of no lover, she thinks it a greater merit still in her chastity, not to care for her husband; and, while she herself is solacing in one continual round of cards and good company, he, poor wretch, is left at large, to take care of his own contentment. 'Tis time, indeed, some care were taken, and speedily there shall be; yet, let me not be rash: perhaps this disappointment of my heart may make me too impatient; and some tempers, when reproached, grow more untractable. Here she comes: let me be calm awhile.

*Enter LADY TOWNLY.*

Going out so soon after dinner, madam?

*Lady T.* Lord, my lord! what can I possibly do at home? [home?]

*Lord T.* What does my sister, Lady Grace, do at

*Lady T.* Why, that is to me amazing! Have you ever any pleasure at home?

*Lord T.* It might be in your power, madam, I confess, to make it a little more comfortable to me.

*Lady T.* Comfortable! And so, my good lord, you would really have a woman of my rank and spirit stay at home to comfort her husband! Lord, what notions of life some men have!

*Lord T.* Don't you think, madam, some ladies' notions are full as extravagant?

*Lady T.* Yes, my lord, when the tame doves live cooped within the pen of your precepts, I do think them prodigious indeed!

*Lord T.* And when they fly wild about this town, madam, pray what must the world think of them then?

*Lady T.* Oh! this world is not so ill-bred as to quarrel with any woman for liking it.

*Lord T.* Nor am I, madam, a husband so well-bred, as to bear my wife's being so fond of it; in short, the life you lead, madam—

*Lady T.* Is to me the pleasantest life in the world.

*Lord T.* I should not dispute your taste, madam, if a woman had a right to please nobody but herself.

*Lady T.* Why, whom would you have her please?

*Lord T.* Sometimes her husband.

*Lady T.* And don't you think a husband under the same obligation?

*Lord T.* Certainly.

*Lady T.* Why then we are agreed, my lord. For if I never go abroad till I am weary of being at home, (which you know is the case) is it not equally reasonable not to come home till one is weary of being abroad?

*Lord T.* If this be your rule of life, madam, 'tis time to ask you one serious question

*Lady T.* Don't let it be long a coming, then; for I am in haste.

*Lord T.* Madam, when I am serious, I expect a serious answer.

*Lady T.* Before I know the question?

*Lord T.* Pshaw! Have I power, madam, to make you serious by entreaty?

*Lady T.* You have.

*Lord T.* And you promise to answer me sincerely?

*Lady T.* Sincerely.

*Lord T.* Now, then, recollect your thoughts, and tell me seriously why you married me?

*Lady T.* You insist upon truth, you say?

*Lord T.* I think I have a right to it.

*Lady T.* Why, then, my lord, to give you at once a proof of my obedience and sincerity, I think I married to take off that restraint that lay upon my pleasures while I was a single woman.

*Lord T.* How, madam! Is any woman under less restraint after marriage than before it?

*Lady T.* Oh! my lord, my lord! they are quite different creatures! Wives have infinite liberties in life, that would be terrible in an unmarried woman.

*Lord T.* Name one. [man to take.

*Lady T.* Fifty, if you please. To begin, then: in the morning, a married woman may have men at her toilet; invite them to dinner; appoint them a party in the stage-box at the play; engross the conversation there; call them by their christian names; talk louder than the players; from thence, clatter again to this end of the town; break, with

the morning, into an assembly; crowd to the hazard table; throw a familiar levant upon some sharp, lurching man of quality; and if he demands his money, turn it off with a loud laugh, and cry you'll owe it him, to vex him. Ha, ha!

*Lord T.* Prodigious!

(*Aside.*)

*Lady T.* These now, my lord, are some few of the many modish amusements that distinguish the privilege of a wife from that of a single woman.

*Lord T.* Death, madam! What law has made these liberties less scandalous in a wife than in an unmarried woman?

*Lady T.* Why the strongest law in the world—custom, custom; time out of mind, my lord.

*Lord T.* Custom, madam, is the law of fools; but it shall never govern me.

*Lord T.* Nay then, my lord, 'tis time for me to observe the laws of prudence.

*Lord T.* I wish I could see an instance of it.

*Lady T.* You shall have one this instant, my lord; for I think when a man begins to lose his temper at home, if a woman has any prudence, why she'll go abroad till he comes to himself again.

(*Going.*)

*Lord T.* Hold, madam! I am amazed that you are not more uneasy at the life we lead. You don't want ~~stages~~, and yet seem void of all humanity: for, with a blush I say it, I think I have not wanted love.

*Lady T.* Oh! don't say that, my lord, if you suppose I have my senses.

*Lord T.* What is it I have done to you? What can you complain of?

*Lady T.* Oh, nothing, in the least. 'Tis true you have heard me say I have owed my Lord Lurcher a hundred pounds these three weeks; but what then? a husband is not liable to his wife's debts of honour, you know; and if a silly woman will be uneasy about money she can't be sued for, what's that to him? As long as he loves her, to be sure, she can have nothing to complain of.

*Lord T.* By heaven, if my whole fortune, thrown into your lap, could make you delight in the cheerful duties of a wife, I should think myself a gainer by the purchase!

*Lord T.* That is, my lord, I might receive your whole estate, provided you were sure I would not spend a shilling of it.

*Lady T.* No, madam; were I master of your heart, your pleasures would be mine; but different as they are, I'll feed even your follies to deserve it. Perhaps you may have some other trifling debts of honour abroad, that keep you out of humour at home; at least it shall not be my fault if I have not more of your company. There, there's a bill of five hundred; and now, madam—

*Lady T.* And now my lord, down to the ground, I thank you. (*Curtseying.*)

*Lord T.* If it be no offence, madam—

*Lady T.* Say what you please, my lord; I am in that harmony of spirits, it is impossible to put me out of humour.

*Lord T.* How long, in reason, then, do you think that sum ought to last you?

*Lady T.* Oh! my dear, dear lord, now you have spoiled all again! How is it possible I should answer for an event that so utterly depends upon fortune? But to shew you that I am more inclined to get money than to throw it away, I have a strong possession that with this five hundred I shall win five thousand.

*Lord T.* Madam, if you were to win ten thousand it would be no satisfaction to me.

*Lady T.* Oh! the churl! ten thousand. What

not so much as wish I might win ten thousand? Ten thousand! Oh! the charming sum! what infinite pretty things might a woman of spirit do with ten thousand guineas! On my conscience, if she were a woman of true spirit—she—she might lose them all again.

*Lord T.* And I had rather it should be so, madam; provided I might be sure that were the last you would lose.

*Lady T.* Well, my lord, to let you see I design to play all the good housewife I can, I am now going to a party at quadrille, only to trifle with a little of it, at poor two guineas a fish, with the Duchess of Quiteright. *[Exit.]*

*Lord T.* Insensible creature! neither reproaches nor indulgence, kindness nor severity, can wake her to the least reflection! Continual license has lulled her into such a lethargy of care, that she speaks of her excesses with the same easy confidence as if they were so many virtues. What a turn has her head taken! But how to cure it? take my friend's opinion? Manly will speak freely—my sister with tenderness to both sides. They know my case; I'll talk with them.

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* Mr. Manly, my lord, has sent to know if your lordship was at home.

*Lord T.* They did not deny me?

*Will.* No, my lord.

*Lord T.* Very well; step up to my sister, and say I desire to speak with her.

*Will.* Lady Grace is here, my lord. *[Exit.]*

*Enter LADY GRACE.*

*Lord T.* So, lady fair, what pretty weapon have you been killing your time with?

*Lady G.* A huge folio, that has almost killed me. I think I have half read my eyes out.

*Lord T.* Oh! you should not pore so much just after dinner, child.

*Lady G.* That's true; but anybody's thoughts are better than always one's own, you know.

*Lord T.* Who's there?

*Re-enter WILLIAMS.*

Leave word at the door I am at home to nobody but Mr. Manly. *[Exit Williams.]*

*Lady G.* And why is he excepted, pray, my lord?

*Lord T.* I hope, madam, you have no objection to his company.

*Lady G.* Your particular orders, upon my being here, look indeed as if you thought I had not.

*Lord T.* And your ladyship's inquiry into the reason of these orders, shews, at least, it was not a matter indifferent to you.

*Lady G.* Lord! you make the oddest constructions, brother!

*Lord T.* Look you, my grave Lady Grace; in one serious word, I wish you had him.

*Lady G.* I can't help that.

*Lord T.* Ha! you can't help it. Ha, ha! The flat simplicity of that reply was admirable.

*Lady G.* Pooh! you tease one, brother?

*Lord T.* Come, I beg pardon, child; this is not a point, I grant you, to trifle with; therefore, I hope you'll give me leave to be serious.

*Lady G.* If you desire it, brother; though, upon my word, as to Mr. Manly's having any serious thoughts of me, I know nothing of it.

*Lord T.* Well, there's nothing wrong in your making a doubt of it; but, in short, I find by his conversation of late, he has been looking round the world for a wife; and if you were to look round the world for a husband, he is the first man I would give to you.

*Lady G.* Then whenever he makes me an offer, rother, I will certainly tell you of it.

*Lord T.* Oh! that's the last thing he'll do. He'll never make you any offer, till he's pretty sure it won't be refused.

*Lady G.* Now you make me curious. Pray did he ever make any offer of that kind to you?

*Lord T.* Not directly; but that imports nothing. He is a man too well acquainted with the female world, to be brought into a high opinion of any one woman, without some well-examined proof of her merit; yet I have reason to believe, that your good sense, your turn of mind, and your way of life, have brought him to so favourable a one of you, that a few days will reduce him to talk plainly to me; which, as yet, notwithstanding our friendship, I have neither declined nor encouraged him to do.

*Lady G.* I am mighty glad we are so near in our way of thinking; for to tell you the truth, he is much upon the same terms with me. You know he has a satirical turn: but never lashes any folly, without giving due encomiums to its opposite virtue; and, upon such occasions, he is sometimes particular in turning his compliments upon me, which I don't receive with any reserve, lest he should imagine I take them to myself.

*Lord T.* You are right, child: when a man of merit makes his addresses, good sense may give him an answer without scorn or coquetry.

*Lady G.* Hush! he's here—

*Enter MANLEY.*

*Man.* My lord, your most obedient.

*Lord T.* Dear Manly, yours. I was thinking to send to you.

*Man.* Then I am glad I am here, my lord; Lady Grace, I kiss your hands. What, only you two? How many visits may a man make before he falls into such unfashionable company! A brother and sister soberly sitting at home, when the whole town is a gadding; I question if there is so particular a *tête-à-tête* again in the whole parish of St. James'.

*Lady G.* Fie, fie, Mr. Manly, how censorious you are.

*Man.* I had not made the reflection, madam, but that I saw you an exception to it. Where's my lady?

*Lord T.* That, I believe, is impossible to guess.

*Man.* Then I won't try, my lord.

*Lord T.* But 'tis probable I may hear of her by the time I have been four or five hours in bed.

*Man.* Now if that were my case, I believe I—But I beg pardon, my lord.

*Lord T.* Indeed, sir, you shall not. You will oblige me if you speak out; for it was upon this head I wanted to see you.

*Man.* Why then, my lord, since you oblige me to proceed I have often thought that the misconduct of my lady has, in a great measure, been owing to your lordship's treatment of her.

*Lady G.* Bless me!

*Lord T.* My treatment?

*Man.* Ay, my lord; you so idolized her before marriage, that you even indulged her like a mistress after it; in short, you continued the lover when you should have taken up the husband; and so, by giving her more power than was needful, she has none where she wants it: having such entire possession of you, she is not mistress of herself. And, mercy on us! how many fine women's heads have been turned upon the same occasion!

*Lord T.* Oh! Manly, 'tis too true! there's the source of my disquiet; she knows and has abused her power.

*Man.* However, since you have had so much patience, my lord, even go on with it a day or two more; and, upon her ladyship's next sally, be a little rounder in your expostulations: if that dan-

work, drop her some cool hints of a determined reformation, and leave her to breakfast upon them.

*Lord T.* You are perfectly right. How valuable is a friend in our anxiety!

*Man.* Therefore, to divert that, my lord, I beg, for the present, we may call another cause.

*Lady G.* Ay, for goodness' sake let us have done with this.

*Lord T.* With all my heart.

*Lady G.* Have you no news abroad, Mr. Manly!

*Man.* Apropos; I have some, madam; and I believe, my lord, as extraordinary in its kind—

*Lord T.* Pray let us have it.

*Man.* Do you know that your country neighbour, and my wise kinsman, Sir Francis Wronghead, is coming to town with his whole family?

*Lord T.* The fool! what can be his business there?

*Man.* Oh! of the last importance, I'll assure you; no less than the business of the nation.

*Lord T.* Explain.

*Man.* He has carried his election, against Sir John Worthland.

*Lord T.* The deuce! What for—for—

*Man.* The famous borough of Guzzledown.

*Lord T.* A proper representative indeed!

*Lady G.* Pray, Mr. Manly, don't I know him?

*Man.* You have dined with him, madam, when I was last down with my lord at Belmont.

*Lady G.* Was not that he that got a little merry before dinner, and overset the tea-table in making his compliments to my lady?

*Man.* The same.

*Lady G.* Pray, what are his circumstances? I know but very little of him.

*Man.* Then he is worth your knowing, I can tell you, madam. His estate, if clear, I believe, might be a good two thousand pounds a year; though, as it was left him saddled with two jointures and two weighty mortgages upon it, there is no saying what it is. But that he might be sure never to mend it, he married a profuse young hussy for love, without a penny of money. Thus having, like his brave ancestors, provided heirs for the family, he now finds children and interest-money make such a bawling about his ears, that at last he has taken the friendly advice of his kinsman, the good Lord Danglecourt, to run his estate two thousand pounds more in debt, to put the whole management of what is left in Paul Pillage's hands, that he may be at leisure himself to retrieve his affairs, by being a parliament man.

*Lord T.* A most admirable scheme indeed!

*Man.* And with this politic prospect he is now upon his journey to London—

*Lord T.* What can it end in?

*Man.* Pooh! a journey into the country again.

*Lord T.* Do you think he'll stir till his money is gone, or at least till the session is over?

*Man.* If my intelligence is right, my lord, he won't sit long enough to give his vote for a turn.

*Lord T.* How so?

*Man.* Oh, a bitter business; he had scarce a vote in the whole town besides the returning officer. Sir John will certainly have it heard at the bar of the house, and send him about his business again.

*Lord T.* Then he has made a fine business of it.

*Man.* Which, as far as my little interest will go, shall be done in as few days as possible.

*Lady G.* But why would you ruin the poor gentleman's fortune, Mr. Manly?

*Man.* No, madam, I would only spoil his project to save his fortune.

*Lady G.* How are you concerned enough to do

*Man.* Why, I have some obligations to the family, madam: I enjoy at this time a pretty estate which Sir Francis was heir-at-law to;—but by his being a booby, the last will of an obstinate old uncle gave it to me.

*Re-enter WILLIAMS.*

*Wil. (To Manly.)* Sir, here is one of your servants, from your house, desires to speak with you.

*Man.* Will you give him leave to come in my lord?

*Lord T.* Sir! the ceremony's of your own making.

*(Exit Williams.)*

*Enter JAMES.*

*Man.* Well, James, what's the matter?

*James.* Sir, here's John Moody just come to town: he says Sir Francis and all the family will be here to-night, and is in a great hurry to speak with you.

*Man.* Where is he?

*James.* At our house, sir: he has been gaping and stumping about the streets in his dirty boots, and asking every one he meets if they can tell him where he may have a good lodging for a parliament man, till he can hire a handsome whole house, fit for all his family, for the winter.

*Man.* I am afraid, my lord, I must wait upon Mr. Moody.

*Lord T.* Pr'ythee, let us have him here; he will

*Man.* Oh, my lord, he's such a cub! Not but he's so near common sense, that he passes for a wit in the family.

*Lady G.* I beg of all things we may have him! I am in love with nature let her dress be ever so homely.

*Man.* Then desire him to come hither, James.

*(Exit James.)*

*Lady G.* Pray what may be Mr. Moody's post?

*Man.* Oh! his *maitre d'hôtel*, his butler, his bailiff, his hind, his huntsman, and sometimes his companion.

*Lord T.* It runs in my head that the moment this knight has set him down in the house, he will get us to give them the earliest proof of what importance he is to the public in his own country.

*Man.* Yes, and when they have heard him, he will find that his utmost importance stands valued at sometimes being invited to dinner.

*Lady G.* And her ladyship, I suppose, will make as considerable a figure in her sphere too?

*Man.* That you may depend upon; for (if I don't mistake) she has ten times more of the jade in her than she yet knows of: and she will so improve in this rich soil, in a month, that she will visit all the ladies that will let her into their houses, and run in debt to all the shopkeepers that will let her into their books: in short, before her important spouse has made five pounds by his eloquence at Westminster, she will have lost five hundred at dice and quadrille in the parish of St. James'.

*Lady T.* So that by that time he is declared unduly elected, a swarm of duns will be ready for their money and his worship will be ready for a gaol.

*Man.* Yes, yes, that I reckon will close the account of his hopeful journey to London. But see, here comes the fore horse of the team.

*Enter JOHN MOODY.*

Oh! honest John!

*Moody.* Ads waunds and heart, master Manly! I'm glad I ha' fun ye. Lawd, lawd, give me your hand! Why that's a friendly naw. Fleah! I thought we would never ha' got hither. Well, and how do you do, meester? Good lack! I beg pardon for my bawldness; I did not see 'at his honour was here.

Lord T. Mr. Moody, your servant: I am glad to see you in London: I hope all the good family are well?

Moody. Thanks be praised, your honour, they are all in pretty good heart, tho' we have had a power of crosses upon the road. [Moody?]

Lady G. I hope my lady has had no hurt, Mr. Moody Noa, and please your ladyship, she was nevere in better humour: there's money enough stirring now.

Man. What has been the matter, John?

Moody. Why, we came up in such a hurry, you mun think that our tackle was not so tight as it should be.

Man. Come, tell us all.

Lord T. Come, let us sit down. (They sit.)

Man. Pray how do they travel? (Moody sits.)

Moody. Why, I the awid coach, measter; and 'cause my lady loves to do things handsome, to be sure, she would have a couple of cart-horses clapped to the four old geldings, that neighbours might see she went up to London in her coach and six; and so Giles Joulter, the ploughman, rides postillion.

Man. Very well! The journey sets out as it should do. (Aside.) What do they bring all the children with them too?

Moody. Noa, noa, only the younk squire and Miss Jenny. The other foive are all out at board, at half-a-crown a head a week, with John Growse, at Smoke Dunghill Farm.

Man. Good again! a right English academy for younger children!

Moody. Anan, sir? (Not understanding him.)

Lord T. And when do you expect them here, John?

Moody. Nay, nay, for that matter, madam, they're f'very good hands; Joan loves them as tho' they were all her own; for she was wet nurse to every mother's babe o'm; ay, ay, they'll ne'er want a bellyful there. Why, we were in hopes to ha come yesterday, an it no' been that th'awid weazlebelly horse tired; and then we were so cruelly loaden, that the two fore wheels came crash down at once in Waggon-rut-lane, and there we lost four hours 'fore we could set things to rights again.

Man. So, they bring all the baggage with the coach, then?

Moody. Ay, ay, and good store on it there is. Why my lady's gear alone were as much as filled four portmantal trunks, besides the great deal box that heavy Ralph and the monkey sit upon behind.

Lord T. }  
Lady G. } Ha, ha, ha!

Man.

Lady G. Well, Mr. Moody, and pray how many are they within the coach?

Moody. Why, there's my lady, and his worship, and the younk squire and Miss Jenny, and the fat lap-dog, and my lady's maid, Mrs. Handy, and Doll Tripe the cook, that's all; only Dolly puked a little with riding backward; and so they holisted her into the coach box, and then her stomach was easy.

Lady G. Oh; I see them! I see them go by me. Ha, ha! (Laughing.)

Moody. Then you mun think, measter, there was some stowage for the belly as well as the back too; children are apt to be famished upon the road; so we had such cargoes of plum-cake, and baskets of tongues, and biscuits, and cheese, and cold boiled beef; and then, in case of sickness, bottles of cherry brandy, plague water, sack, tent, and strong beer so plenty as made th'awid coach crack again. Mersey upon them! and send them all well to town.

Man. Ay, and well out on't again, John.

Moody. Ods bud, measter! you're a wise man; and for that matter, so am I. Whoam's whoam, I say: I am sure we ha' got but little good e'er sin we turned our backs on't. Nothing but mischief! some devil's trick or other plagued us aw the day long. Crack goes one thing! bawnee goes another! Woa! says Roger. Then sowae! we are all set fast in a slough. Whaw, cries miss! Scream go the maids! and bawl just as tho' they were stuck. And so, mercy on us! this was the trade from morning to night. But my lady was in such a murrain haste to be here, that set out she would, tho' I told her it was Childermas day.

Man. These ladies, these ladies, John—

Moody. Ay, measter! I ha' seen a little of them; and I find the best when she's mended, won't ha' much goodness to spare.

Lord T. Well said, John; ha, ha!

Man. I hope at least, you and your good woman agree still.

Moody. Ay, ay, much of a muchness. Bridget sticks to me; though as for her goodness—why, she was willing to come to London too. But hauid a bit! Noa, noa, says I, there may be mischief enough done without you. [like a man.]

Man. Why that was bravely spoken, John, and

Moody. Ah, weast heart, were measter but hawf the mon that I am. Ods wookers! tho' he'll speak stantly too sometimes. But then he canno' hawld it—no, he canno' hawld it.

Lord T.

Lady G. } Ha, ha, ha!

Man.

Moody. Ods flesh! but I mun hie me whoam; the coach will be coming every hour naw; but measter charged me to find your worship out; for he has hugey business with you, and will certainly wait upon you by that time he can put on a clean neckcloth.

Man. Oh, John, I'll wait upon him.

Moody. Why you wouno' be so koined, wull ye?

Man. If you'll tell me where you lodge.

Moody. Just i' the street next to where your worship dwells, at the sign of the golden-ball; its gold all over, where they sell ribbons and flappets, and other sort of gear for gentewomen.

Man. A milliner's.

Moody. Ay, ay, one Mrs. Motherly. Waunds, she has a couple of clever girls there stitching i' the fore-room.

Man. Yes, yes, she's a woman of good business, no doubt on't. Who recommended that house to you, John?

Moody. The greatest good fortune in the world, sure; for as I was gaping about the streets, who should look out of the window there but the fine gentleman that was always riding by our coach side at York races. Count Basset; ay, that's he.

Man. Basset! Oh, I remember; I know him by sight. [see to—]

Moody. Well, to be sure, as civil a gentleman to

Man. As any sharper in town. (Aside.)

Moody. Well, measter—

[John.]

Lord T. My service to Sir Francis and my lady,

Lady G. And mine pray, Mr. Moody.

Moody. Ay, your honours: they'll be proud on't,

I dare say. [nest John—]

Man. I'll bring my compliments myself: so, ho—

Moody. Dear measter Manly! the goodness of

goodness bless and preserve you. [Exit.]

Lord T. What a natural creature 'tis!

Lady G. Well, I can't but think John, in a wet afternoon, in the country, must be very good company.

Lord T. Oh, the tramontane! If this were known

at half the quadrille tables in town, they would lay down their cards to laugh at you.

*Lady G.* And the minute they took them up again they would do the same at the losers. But to let you see that I think good company may sometimes want cards to keep them together, what think you, if we three sat soberly down to kill an hour at ombre?

*Man.* I shall be too hard for you, madam.

*Lady G.* No matter, I shall have as much advantage of my lord as you have of me.

*Lord T.* Say you so, madam? have at you, then. Here: get the ombre table and cards. *[Exit.]*

*Lady G.* Come, Mr. Manly, I know you don't forgive me now.

*Man.* I don't know whether I ought to forgive your thinking so, madam. Where do you imagine I could pass my time so agreeably?

*Lady G.* I'm sorry my lord is not here to take his share of the compliment. But he'll wonder what's become of us. *[Exit.]*

*Man.* It must be so. She sees I love her, yet with what unoffending decency she avoids an explanation! How amiable is every hour of her conduct! What a vile opinion have I had of the whole sex for these ten years past, which this sensible creature has recovered in less than one! Such a companion, sure, might compensate all the irksome disappointment that folly and falsehood ever gave me.

*Could women regulate, like her, their lives,  
What halcyon days were in the gift of wives;  
Vain rovers, then, might envy what they hate,  
And only fools would mock the marriage state.*

*[Exit.]*

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—*Mrs. Motherly's House.*

*Enter COUNT BASSET and MYRTILLA.*

*Count B.* Myrtilla, how dost thou do, child?

*Myr.* As well as a losing gamester can.

*Count B.* Psha! hang these melancholy thoughts! Suppose I should help thee to a good husband?

*Myr.* I suppose you'll think any one good enough, that will take me off o' your hands.

*Count B.* What do you think of the young country squire, the heir of the family that's coming to lodge here?

*Myr.* How should I know what to think of him?

*Count B.* Nay, I only give you the hint, child; it may be worth your while, at least, to look about you.

*Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, in haste.*

*Mrs. M.* Sir! sir! the gentleman's coach is at the door; they are all come.

*Count B.* What, already?

*Mrs. M.* They are just getting out. Won't you step and lead in my lady? Do you be in the way, niece; I must run and receive them. *[Exit.]*

*Count B.* And think of what I told you. *[Exit.]*

*Myr.* A faithless fellow! I am sure I have been true to him; and for that only reason, he wants to be rid of me. But while women are weak, men will be rogues.

*Enter MRS. MOTHERLY, showing in LADY WRONGHEAD, led by COUNT BASSET.*

*Mrs. M.* If your ladyship pleases to walk into this parlour, madam, only for the present, till your servants have got all your things in.

*Lady W.* Well, dear sir, this is so infinitely obliging—I protest it gives me pain, though, to turn out of your lodging thus.

*Count B.* No trouble in the least, madam: we have been moved. Besides, Mrs. Mo-

therly's my old acquaintance, and I could not be her hindrance.

*Mrs. M.* The Count is so well-bred, madam, I dare say he would do a great deal more to accommodate your ladyship.

*Lady W.* Oh! dear madam! A good, well-bred sort of a woman. *(Apart to the Count.)*

*Count B.* Oh, madam! she is very much among people of quality; she is seldom without them in her house.

*Lady W.* Are there a good many people of quality in this street, Mrs. Motherly?

*Mrs. M.* Now, your ladyship is here, madam, I don't believe there is a house without them.

*Lady W.* I am mighty glad of that; for, really, I think people of quality should always live among one another. *[madam.]*

*Count B.* 'Twas what one would choose, indeed, *[madam.]*

*Lady W.* Bless me! but where are the children, all this while?

*Sir F. (Without.)* John Moody! stay you by the coach, and see all our things out! Come, children.

*Sir F.* SIB FRANCIS WRONGHEAD, SQUIRE

RICHARD, and MISS JENNY.

*Sir F.* Well, Count, I mun say it, this was koynd indeed.

*Count B.* Sir Francis, give me leave to bid you welcome to London.

*Sir F.* Psha! how dost do, mon? Waunds, I'm glad to see thee! A good sort of a house this.

*Count B.* Is not that master Richard?

*Sir F.* Ky, ey, that's young hopeful! Why dost not baw, Dick?

*Squire R.* So I do, feyther. *(Bows.)*

*Count B.* Sir, I'm glad to see you. I protest Miss Jane is grown so, I should not have known her.

*Sir F.* Come forward, Jenny.

*Jenny.* Sure, papa! do you think I don't know how to behave myself? *[Sir Francis.]*

*Count B.* If I have permission to approach her, *[Jenny.]* Lord, sir, I am in such a frightful pickle! *(Salute.)*

*Count B.* Every dress that's proper must become you, madam; you have had a long journey.

*Jenny.* I hope you will see me in a better tomorrow, sir. *(Lady W. whispers Mrs. M., pointing to Myr.)*

*Mrs. M.* Only a niece of mine, madam, that lives with me: she will be proud to give your ladyship any assistance in her power.

*Lady W.* A pretty sort of a young woman. Jenny, you two must be acquainted.

*Jenny.* Oh! mamma, I am never strange in a strange place. *(Salutes Myrtilla.)*

*Myr.* You do me a great deal of honour, madam. Madam, your ladyship's welcome to London.

*Jenny.* Mamma, I like her prodigiously; she called me my ladyship.

*Squire R.* Pray, mother, mayn't I be acquainted with her, too?

*Lady W.* You, you clown! stay till you learn a little more breeding first.

*Sir F.* Ods heart, my Lady Wronghead! why do you banish the lad? How should he ever learn breeding, if he does not put himself forward?

*Squire R.* Why, ay, feyther, does mother think that I'd be unwill to her?

*Myr.* Master has so much good humour, madam, he would soon gain upon anybody. *(He kisses Myrtilla.)*

*Squire R.* Lo' you there, mother! and you would but be quiet, she and I should do well enough.

*Lady W.* Why, how now, sirrah! boys must not be so familiar.

*Squire R.* Why, an' I know nobody, how the



murrain mun I pass my time here, in a strange place? Naw you and I, and sister, forsooth, sometimes, in an afternoon, may play at one and thirty bone-ace, purely.

Jenny. Speak for yourself, sir: d'ye think I play at such clownish games?

Squire R. Why, and you want, you ma' let it alone; then she and I, mayhap, will have a bawt at all-fours without you.

Sir F. Noa, noa, Dick, that won't do neither; you must learn to make one at ombre, here, child.

Myr. If master pleases, I'll shew it him.

Squire R. What the Humber! Hoy-day! why, does our river run to this tawn, feyther.

Sir F. Pooh! you silly tony! ombre is a geam at cards, that the better sort of people play three together at.

Squire R. Nay, the moare the merrier, I say; but sister is alwaysso cross-grained—

Jenny. Lord! this boy is enough to deaf people, and one has really been stuffed up in a coach so long that—Pray, madam, could not I look at a glass for my hair?

Myr. If you please to come along with me, madam. [Exeunt Myrtilla and Jenny.]

Squire R. What, has sister taken her away, naw! mess, I'll go and have a little game with them. [Exit.]

Lady W. Well, Count, I hope you won't so far change your lodgings, but you will come and be at home here sometimes.

Sir F. Ay, ay, prythee, come and take a bit of mutton with us naw and tan, when thou'st nought to do.

Count B. Well, Sir Francis, you shall find I'll make but very little ceremony.

Sir F. Why, ay now, that's hearty.

Mrs. M. Will your ladyship please to refresh yourself with a dish of tea after your fatigue?

Lady W. If you please, Mrs. Motherly; but I believe we had best have it above stairs. [Exit Mrs. Motherly.] Won't you walk up, sir?

Sir F. Moody!

Count B. Sha'n't we stay for Sir Francis, madam?

Lady W. Lord, don't mind him! he will come if he likes it. [Look after.]

Sir F. Ay, ay, ne'er heed me; I have things to [Exeunt Lady Wronghead and Count Bassett.]

Enter JOHN MOODY.

Moody. Did your worship want muh?

Sir F. Ay, is the coach cleared, and all our things in?

Moody. Aw but a few hand-boxes and the nook that's left o' the goose poy. But a plague on him, the monkey has gin us the slip, I think; I suppose he's gone to see his relations; for here looks to be a power of um in this tawn; but heavy Ralph has skawered after him.

Sir F. Why, let him go to the devil! no matter and the hawnds had had him a month agoe. But I wish the coach and horses were got safe to the inn! This is a sharp tawn, we mun look about us here, John; therefore I would have you go along with Roger, and see that nobody runs away with them before they get to the stable.

Moody. Alas a day! sir, I believe our auld cattle won't easily be run away with to-night; but howsomdever, we'st ta' the best care we can of um, poor souls!

Sir F. Well, well, make haste then. [Moody goes out and returns.]

Moody. Ods flesh! here's Master Menly come to wait upo' your worship!

Sir F. Where is he?

Moody. Just coming in at threshold.

Sir F. Then gos about your business.

[Exit Moody.]

Enter MANLY.

Cousin Manly! sir, I am your very humble servant.

Man. I heard you were come, Sir Francis—and—

Sir F. Ods heart! this was so koinldy done of you, naw!

Man. I wish you may think it so, cousin! for I confess, I should have been better pleased to have seen you in any other place.

Sir F. How soa, sir? [Cerned.]

Man. Nay, 'tis for your own sake; I'm not con-

Sir F. Look you, cousin; tho' I know you wish me well, yet I don't question I shall give you such weighty reasons for what I have done, that you will say, sir, this is the wisest journey, that ever I made in my life.

Man. I think it ought to be, cousin; for I believe you will find it the most expensive one; your election did not cost you a trifle, I suppose.

Sir F. Why, ay! it's true; That, that did lick a little; but if a man's wise (and I ha'n't found yet that I'm a fool,) there are ways, cousin, to lick one's self whole again.

Man. Nay, if you have that secret—

Sir F. Don't you be fearful, cousin; you'll find that I know something.

Man. If it be anything for your good, I should be glad to know it too.

Sir F. In short, then, I have a friend in a corner, that has let me a little into what's what at Westminster, that's one thing; [you?]

Man. Very well! but what good is that to do

Sir F. Why not me, as much as it does other folks?

Man. Other people, I doubt, have the advantage of different qualifications.

Sir F. Why, ay! there's it naw! you'll say that I have lived all my days i' the country, what then? I'm o' the quorum; I have been at sessions, and I have made speeches there; ay, and at vestry too; and, mayhap, they may find here, that I have brought my tongue up to town with me! D'ye take me naw?

Man. If I take your case right, cousin, I am afraid the first occasion you will have for your eloquence here, will be, to shew whether you have any right to make use of it at all.

Sir F. How d'ye mean?

Man. That Sir John Worthland has lodged a petition against you.

Sir F. Petition! why, ay! there let it lie, we'll find a way to deal with that, I warrant you! Why yoe forget, cousin, Sir John's o' the wrong side, mon!

Man. I doubt, Sir Francis, that will do you but little service, for, in cases very notorious, which I take yours to be, there is such a thing as a short day, and despatching them immediately.

Sir F. With all my heart! the sooner I send him home again the better.

Man. And this is the scheme you have laid down to repair your fortune.

Sir F. In one word, cousin, I think it my duty. The wrongheads have been a considerable family ever since England was England: and since the world knows I have talents wherewithal, they sha'n't say it's my fault, if I don't make as good a figure as any one that ever were at the head on't.

Man. Nay, this project, as you have laid it, will come up to anything your ancestors have done these five hundred years.

Sir F. And let me alone to work it: mayhap hav'n't told you all, neither.

*Man.* You astonish me! what, and is it full as practicable as what you have told me?

*Sir F.* Ay, tho' I say it—every whit, cousin. You'll find that I have more irons i' the fire than one; I don't come of a fool's errand!

*Man.* Very well.

*Sir F.* In a word, my wife has got a friend at court as well as myself, and her dowdier Jenny is now pretty well grown up.

*Man.* And what, in the devil's name, would he do with the dowdy? (*Aside.*)

*Sir F.* Now, if I don't lay in for a husband for her, mayhap, i' this town, she may be looking out *Man.* Not unlikely. [*for herself.*]

*Sir F.* Therefore I have some thoughts of getting her to be maid of honour.

*Man.* Oh, he has taken my breath away! but I must hear him out (*Aside.*) Pray, Sir Francis, do you think her education has yet qualified her for a court?

*Sir F.* Why, the girl is a little too mettlesome, it's true; but she has tongue enough: she won't be dashed! Then she shall learn to dance forthwith, and that will soon teach her how to ston'd still, you know.

*Man.* Very well; but when she is thus accomplished, you must still wait for a vacancy.

*Sir F.* Why, I hope one has a good chance for that every day, cousin; for if I take it right, that's a post that folks are not more willing to get into than they are to get out of. It's like an orange tree upon that account, it will bear blossoms and fruit that's ready to drop, at the same time.

*Man.* Well, sir, you best know how to make good your pretensions. But, pray, where is my lady and my young cousin? I should be glad to see them too.

*Sir F.* She is but just taking a dish of tea with the Count and my landlady; I'll call her down.

*Man.* No, no; if she's engag'd, I shall call again.

*Sir F.* Odds heart! but you must see her now, cousin; what! the best friend I have in the world! Here, sweetheart! (*to a servant without*) pry'three, desire the lady and the gentleman to come down a bit; tell her here's cousin Manly come to wait upon her.

*Man.* Pray, sir, who may the gentleman be?

*Sir F.* You may know him, to be sure; why, it's Count Basset.

*Man.* Oh; is it he? Your family will be infinitely happy in his acquaintance.

*Sir F.* Troth, I think so too: he's the civillest man that ever I knew in my life. Why, here he would go out of his own lodgings, at an hour's warning, purely to oblige my family. Wasn't that kind now?

*Man.* Extremely civil! The family is in admirable hands already. (*Aside.*)

*Sir F.* Then my lady likes him hugely; all the time of York races she would never be without him.

*Man.* That was happy, indeed! and a prudent man, you know, should always take care that his wife may have innocent company.

*Sir F.* Why, ay! that's it! and I think there could not be such another.

*Man.* Why truly, for her purpose, I think not.

*Sir F.* Only now and then, he—he stands a leetle too much upon ceremony; that's his fault.

*Man.* Oh, never fear! he'll mend that every day! Mercy on us! what a head he has! (*Aside.*)

*Sir F.* So, here they come.

Enter LADY WRONGHEAD and COUNT BASSET.

*Lady W.* Cousin Manly, this is infinitely obliging; I am extremely glad to see you.

*Man.* Your most obedient servant, madam; I am glad to see your ladyship look so well after your journey.

*Lady W.* Why, really coming to London is apt to put a little more life in one's looks.

*Man.* Yet the way of living here is very apt to deaden the complexion; and give me leave to tell you, as a friend, madam, you are come to the worst place in the world for a good woman to grow better in.

*Lady W.* Lord, cousin, how should people ever make any figure in life, that are always moped up in the country?

*Count B.* Your ladyship certainly takes the thing in quite a right light, madam. Mr. Manly, your humble servant; a-hem!

*Man.* Familiar puppy! *Aside.* Sir, your most obedient; I must be civil to the rascal, to cover my suspicion of him. (*Aside.*)

*Count B.* Was you at White's this morning, sir?

*Man.* Yes, sir, I just called in. [*there?*]

*Count B.* Pray, what—was there anything done

*Man.* Much as usual, sir; the same daily car-casses, and the same crows about them.

*Count B.* The Demoivre baronet had a tumble yesterday.

*Man.* I hope, sir, you had your share of him.

*Count B.* No, faith: I came in when it was all over; I think I just made a couple of bets with him, took up a cool hundred, and so went to the King's Arms.

*Lady W.* What a genteel easy manner he has! (*Aside.*)

*Man.* A very hopeful acquaintance I have made here. (*Aside.*)

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a wet brown paper on his face.

*Sir F.* How now, Dick; what's the matter with thy forehead, lad?

*Squire R.* I ha' gotten a knock upon't!

*Lady W.* And how did you come by it, you headless creature?

*Squire R.* Why, I was but running after sister, and t'other young woman, into a little room just now; and so with that they slapped the door full in my face, and gave me such a whurr here, I thought they had beaten my brains out; so I got a dab of wet brown paper here to swage it a-while.

*Lady W.* They served you right enough; will you never have done with your horse play?

*Sir F.* Pooh, never heed it, lad; it will be well by to-morrow; the boy has a strong head.

*Man.* Yes, truly, his skull seems to be of a comfortable thickness! (*Aside.*)

*Sir F.* Come, Dick, here's cousin Manly. Sir, this is your godson.

*Squire R.* Honour'd godfeyther! I crave leave to ask your blessing.

*Man.* Thou hast it, child; and if it will do thee any good, may it be to make thee at least as wise a man as thy father.

Enter MISS JENNY and MRS. MOTHERLY.

*Lady W.* Oh, here's my daughter, too! Miss Jenny, don't you see your cousin, child?

*Man.* And as for thee, my pretty dear, (*salutes her.*) may'st thou be, at least, as good a woman as thy mother!

*Jenny.* I wish I may ever be so handsome, air.

*Man.* Hah, miss Pert! now that's a thought that seems to have been hatched in the girl on this side Highgate. (*Aside.*)

*Sir F.* Her tongue is a little nimble, air.

*Lady W.* That's only from her country education, Sir Francis. You know she has been kept too

ong there; so I brought her to London, sir, to learn a little more reserve and modesty.

*Man.* Oh, the best place in the world for it! every woman she meets will teach her something of it. There's the good gentlewoman in the house looks like a knowing person; even she, perhaps, will be so good as to shew her a little London behaviour.

*Mrs. M.* Alas, sir, miss won't stand long in need of my instruction!

*Man.* That I dare say—What thou canst teach her, she will soon be mistress of. *(Aside.)*

*Mrs. M.* If she does, sir, they shall always be at her service.

*Lady W.* Very obliging indeed, Mrs. Motherly.

*Sir F.* Very kind and civil, truly! I think we are got to a mighty good hawse here.

*Man.* Oh, yes! and very friendly company.

*Count B.* Humph! Egad, I don't like his looks, he seems a little smoky: I believe I had as good brush off. If I stay, I don't know but he may ask me some odd questions. *(Aside.)*

*Man.* Well, sir, I believe you and I do but hinder the family.

*Count B.* It's very true, sir; I was just thinking of going. He don't care to leave me, I see; but it's no matter, we have time enough. *(Aside.)* And so, ladies, without ceremony, your humble servant.

*(Drops a letter and exits.)*

*Lady W.* Ha! what paper's this? Some billet-doux, I'll lay my life; but this is no place to examine it.

*(Puts it into her pocket. Manly offers to go.)*

*Sir F.* Why in such haste, cousin?

*Man.* Oh, my lady must have a great many affairs upon her hands after such a journey.

*Lady W.* I believe, sir, I shall not have much less every day, while I stay in this town, of one sort or other.

*Man.* Why, truly, ladies seldom want employment here, madam.

*Jenny.* And mamma did not come to it to be idle, sir. *[mistress?]*

*Man.* Nor you neither, I dare swear, my young

*Jenny.* I hope not, sir. *[sir?]*

*Man.* Ha, miss Mettle! Where are you going,

*Sir F.* Only to see you to the door, sir.

*Man.* Oh! Sir Francis, I love to come and go without ceremony!

*Sir F.* Nay, sir, I must do as you will have me; your humble servant. *[Exit Manly.]*

*Jenny.* This cousin Manly, papa, seems to be but of an odd sort of a crusty humour. I don't like him half so well as the Count.

*Sir F.* Pooh! that's another thing, child. Cousin is a little proud, indeed! but, however, you must always be civil to him, for he has a deal of money; and nobody knows who he may give it to.

*Lady W.* Pshaw! a fig for his money! you have so many projects of late, about money, since you are a parliament man! What, we must make ourselves slaves to his impertinent humours, eight or ten years, perhaps, in hopes to be his heirs! and when he will be just old enough to marry his maid.

*Mrs. M.* Nay, for that matter, madam, the town says he is going to be married already.

*Sir F.* Who! cousin Manly?

*Lady W.* To whom, pray?

*Mrs. M.* Why, is it possible your ladyship should know nothing of it? to my Lord Townly's sister, Lady Grace.

*Lady W.* Lady Grace! *[papers.]*

*Mrs. M.* Dear madam, it has been in the news-

*Lady W.* I don't like that neither.

*Sir F.* Now I do; for then it's likely it mayn't be true.

*Lady W.* If it is not too far gone: at least it may be worth one's while to throw a rub in his way. *(Aside.)*

*Squire R.* Pray, feyther, haw long will it be to supper?

*Sir F.* Odsso, that's true! step to the cook, lad, and ask what she can get us.

*Mrs. M.* If you please, sir, I'll order one of my maids to shew her where she may have anything you have a mind to. *[Exit.]*

*Sir F.* Thank you kindly, Mrs. Motherly.

*Squire R.* Ods flesh! what, is not it f' the hawse yet? I shall be famished—but hawld! I'll go and ask Doll an' there's none o' the goose poy left.

*Sir F.* Do so; and dost hear, Dick? see if there's e'er a bottle o' the strong beer, that came i' th' coach with us; if there be, clap a toast in it, and bring it up.

*Squire R.* With a little nutmeg and sugar, shawn's i', feyther?

*Sir F.* Ay, ay, as thee and I always drink it for breakfast. Go thy ways. *[Exit Squire Richard.]*

*Lady W.* This boy is always thinking of his belly.

*Sir F.* Why, my dear, you may allow him to be a little hungry, after his journey.

*Lady W.* Nay, e'en breed him your own way. He has been cramming, in or out of the coach, all this day. I am sure I wish my poor girl could eat a quarter as much.

*Jenny.* Oh, as for that, I could eat a great deal more, mamma! but then, mayhap, I should grow coarse, like him, and spoil my shape.

*Enter SQUIRE RICHARD, with a full tankard.*

*Squire R.* Here, feyther, I ha' brought it; it's well I went as I did; for our Doll had just baked a toast, and was going to drink it herself.

*Sir F.* Why, then, here's to thee, Dick! *(Drinks.)*

*Squire R.* Thank you, feyther.

*Lady W.* Lord, Sir Francis, I wonder you can encourage the boy to swill so much of that lubberly liquor! it is enough to make him quite stupid!

*Squire R.* Why, it never hurts me, mother; and I sleep like a hawnd after it. *(Dri ka.)*

*Sir F.* I am sure I ha' drunk it these thirty years; and, by your leave, madam, I don't know that I want wit. Ha, ha!

*Jenny.* But you might have had a great deal more, papa, if you would have been governed by my mother.

*Sir F.* Daughter, he that is governed by his wife has no wit at all.

*Jenny.* Then I hope I shall marry a fool, sir; for I love to govern, dearly.

*Sir F.* You are too pert, child; it don't do well in a young woman.

*Lady W.* Pray, Sir Francis, don't snub her; she has a fine growing spirit; and if you check her so, you will make her as dull as her brother there.

*Squire R.* *(After a long draught.)* Indeed, mother, I think my sister is too forward.

*Jenny.* You! you think I'm too forward! sure brother mud! your head's too heavy to think of anything but your belly.

*Lady W.* Well said, miss! he's none of your master, though he is your elder brother.

*Squire R.* No, nor she shawn't be my mistress, while she's younger sister.

*Sir F.* Well said, Dick! shew them that stawt liquor makes a stawt heart, lad!

*Squire R.* So I will; and I'll drink agen for all her. *(Drinks.)*

*Enter JOHN MOODY.*

*Sir F.* So, John, how are the horses?

*Moody.* Troth, sir, I ha' noa good opinion o' this town; it's made up o' mischief, I think.

*Sir F.* What's the matter naw?

*Moody.* Why, I'll tell your worship; before we were gotten to the street end, with the coach here, a great liggerheaded cart, with wheels as thick as a brick wall, laid hawld on't, and has poo'd it aw to bits! Crack went the perch! down goes the coach! and whang says the glasses, all to shivers! Marcy upon us! and this be London, 'would we were all well in the country agen!

*Jenny.* What have you to do, to wish us all in the country agen, Mr. Lubber; I hope we shall not go into the country agen these seven years, mamma; let twenty coaches be pulled to pieces.

*Sir F.* Hold your tongue Jenny! Was Roger in no fault in all this?

*Moody.* Noa, sir, nor I noither. "Are not yow ashamed," says Roger to the carter, "to do such an unkind thing by strangers?" "Noa," says he you bumkin." Sir, he did the thing on very purpose! and so the folks said that stood by. "Very well," says Roger, "you shall see what our meyster will say to ye!" "Your meyster," says he, "your meyster may kiss my—" and so he clapped his hand just there, and like your worship. Flesh! I thought they had better breeding in this town.

*Sir F.* I'll teach this rascal some, I'll warrant him! Odsbud, if I take him in hand, I'll play the devil with him! [parliament.

*Squire R.* Ay do, fether; have him before the *Sir F.* Odsbud, and so I will! I will make him know who I am. Where does he live?

*Moody.* I believe, in London, sir.

*Sir F.* What's the rascal's name?

*Moody.* I think I heard somebody call him Dick.

*Squire R.* What! my name?

*Sir F.* Where did he go?

*Moody.* Sir, he went home.

*Sir F.* Where's that?

*Moody.* By my troth, sir, I doan't know! I heard him say he would cross the same street again to-morrow; and if we had a mind to stand in his way, he would pool us over and over agen.

*Sir F.* Will he so? Odsbooks, get me a constable!

*Lady W.* Pooh, get you a good supper! Come, Sir Francis, don't put yourself in a heat, for what can't be helped. Accidents will happen to people that travel about to see the world. For my part, I think it's a mercy it was not overturned before we were all out on't.

*Sir F.* Why, ay, that's true agen, my dear.

*Lady W.* Therefore, see to-morrow, if we can buy one at second hand for present use; so bespeak a new one, and then all's easy.

*Moody.* Why, troth, sir, I don't think this could have held you above a day longer.

*Sir F.* D'ye ye think so, John?

*Moody.* Why, you ha' had it ever since your worship were high sheriff.

*Sir F.* Why, then, go and see what Doll has got us for supper; and come, and get off my boots.

[*Exeunt.*

### ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Lord Townly's House.*

*Enter LORD TOWNLY and WILLIAMS.*

*Lady T.* Who's there?

*Will.* My lord!

*Lady T.* Bid them get dinner. [*Exit Williams.*

*Enter LADY GRACE.*

*Lady Grace.* your servant!

*Lady G.* What is the house up already? My lady is not dressed yet.

*Lord T.* No matter; it's five o'clock; she may break my rest, but she shall never alter my hours.

*Lady G.* Nay, you need not fear that now, for she dines abroad.

*Lord T.* That I suppose, is only an excuse for her not being ready yet.

*Lady G.* No, upon my word, she is engaged in company.

*Lord T.* But, py'rthee, sister, what humour is she in to-day?

*Lady G.* Oh! in tip-top spirits, I can assure you; she won a good deal last night.

*Lord T.* I know no difference between her winning or losing, while she continues her course of life.

[*than bad.*

*Lady G.* However, she is better in a good humour

*Lord T.* Much alike: when she is in good humour, other people only are the better for it; when in a very ill humour, then, indeed, I seldom fail to have a share of her.

*Lady G.* Well, we won't talk of that now. Does anybody dine here?

*Lord T.* Manly promised me. By the way, madam, what do you think of his last conversation?

*Lady G.* I am a little at a stand about it.

*Lord T.* How so?

*Lady G.* Why, I have received a letter this morning, that shews him a very different man from what I thought him.

*Lord T.* A letter! from whom?

*Lady G.* That I don't know; but here it is.

*Lord T.* Pray let's see. [*Reads.*] "*The enclosed, madam, fell accidentally into my hands: if it no way concerns you, you will only have the trouble of reading this, from your sincere friend, and humble servant un-  
-kn wn, &c.*

*Lady G.* And this was enclosed. [*Gives another.*

*Lord T.* [*Reads.*] "*To Charles Manly, Esq.—Your manner of living with me of late, convinces me that I now grow as painful to you as to myself; but, however, though you can love me no longer, I hope you will not let me live worse than I did before I left on honest income for the vain hopes of being ever yours.—  
MYRTILLA DUPE.—P.S. 'Tis above four months since I received a shilling from you.*"

*Lady G.* What think you now?

*Lord T.* I am considering—

*Lady G.* You see it's directed to him.

*Lord T.* That's true; but the postscript seems to be a reproach, that I think he is not capable of deserving.

*Lady G.* But who could have concern enough to send it to me?

*Lord T.* I have observed, that these sort of letters from unknown friends, generally come from secret enemies.

*Lady G.* What would you have me do in it?

*Lord T.* What I think you ought to do? fairly shew it him, and say I advised you to do it.

*Lady G.* Will not that have a very odd look from me?

*Lord T.* Not at all, if you use my name in it. If he is innocent, his impatience to appear so will discover his regard to you; if he is guilty, it will be the best way of preventing his addresses.

*Lady G.* But what pretence have I to put him out of countenance?

*Lord T.* I can't think there's any fear of that.

*Lady G.* Pray what is it you do think, then?

*Lord T.* Why, certainly, that it's much more probable this letter may be all an artifice, than that he is in the least concerned in it.

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

*Will.* Mr. Manly, my lord,

[*Exit*

*Lord T.* Do you receive him, while I step a minute to my lady. [Exit.]

*Enter MANLY.*

*Man.* Madam, your most obedient; they told me my lord was here.

*Lady G.* He will be here presently; he is but just gone to my sister.

*Man.* So, then, my lady dines with us?

*Lady G.* No; she is engaged.

*Man.* I hope you are not of her party, madam.

*Lady G.* Not till after dinner.

*Man.* And pray, how may she have disposed of the rest of the day?

*Lady G.* Much as usual; she has visits till about eight; after that, till court time, she is to be at quadrille, at Mrs. Idle's; after the drawing-room, she takes a short supper with my Lady Moonlight; and from thence they go together to my Lord Noble's assembly.

*Man.* And are you to do all this with her, madam?

*Lady G.* Only a few of the visits.

*Man.* But how can you forbear all the rest of it?

*Lady G.* There's no great merit in forbearing what one is not charmed with.

*Man.* And yet I have found that very difficult in my time.

*Lady G.* How do you mean?

*Man.* Why, I have passed a great deal of my life in the hurry of the ladies, though I was generally better pleased when I was at quiet without them. [them?]

*Lady G.* What induced you, then, to be with

*Man.* Idleness and the fashion.

*Lady G.* No mistresses in the case?

*Man.* To speak honestly, yes; being often in the toy-shop, there was no forbearing the baubles.

*Lady G.* And of course, I suppose, sometimes you were tempted to pay for them twice as much as they were worth.

*Man.* Madam!

*Lady G.* I'll be free with you, Mr. Manly; I don't know a man in the world, that, in appearance, might better pretend to a woman of the first merit than yourself; and yet, I have a reason in my hand here to think you have your failings.

*Man.* I have infinite, madam; but I am sure the want of an implicit respect for you is not among the number. Pray, what is in your hand, madam?

*Lady G.* Nay, sir, I have no title to it; for the direction is to you. (Gives him a letter.)

*Man.* To me! I don't remember the hand. (Reads to himself.)

*Lady G.* Give me leave to tell you one thing, by the way, Manly, that I should never have shewn you this, but my brother enjoined me to it.

*Man.* I take that to proceed from my lord's good opinion of me, madam.

*Lady G.* I hope at least it will stand as an excuse for my taking this liberty.

*Man.* I never yet saw you do anything, madam, that wanted an excuse; and I hope you will not give me an instance to the contrary, by refusing the favour I am going to ask you.

*Lady G.* I don't believe I shall refuse anything that you think proper to ask.

*Man.* Only this, madam, to indulge me as far as to let me know how this letter came into your hands.

*Lady G.* Enclosed to me in this, without a name.

*Man.* If there be no secret in the contents, madam—

*Lady G.* Why, there is an impertinent insinuation in it; but, as I know your good sense will think it too, I will venture to trust you.

*Man.* You'll oblige me, madam.

(Takes the other letter, and reads.)

*Lady G.* Now am I in the oddest situation! methinks our conversation grows terribly critical.—This must produce something. O lud! would it were over! (Aside.)

*Man.* Now, madam, I begin to have some light into the poor project that is at the bottom of all this.

*Lady G.* I have no notion of what could be proposed by it.

*Man.* A little patience, madam. First, as to the insinuation you mention,—

*Lady G.* Oh! what is he going to say now?

(Aside.)

*Man.* Though my intimacy with my lord may have allowed my visits to be very frequent here of late; yet, in such a talking town as this, you must not wonder if a great many of those visits are placed to your account; and this taken for granted, I suppose, has been told to my Lady Wronghead, as a piece of news, since her arrival, not improbably with many more imaginary circumstances.

*Lady G.* My Lady Wronghead!

*Man.* Ay, madam; for I am positive this is her hand.

*Lady G.* What view could she have in writing it?

*Man.* To interrupt any treaty of marriage she may have heard I am engaged in; because, if I die without heirs, her family expects that some part of my estate may return to them again. But I hope she is so far mistaken, that, if this letter has given you the least uneasiness, I shall think that the happiest moment of my life.

*Lady G.* That does not carry your usual complaisance, Mr. Manly.

*Man.* Yes, madam; because I am sure I can convince you of my innocence.

*Lady G.* I am sure I have no right to inquire into it.

*Man.* Suppose you may not, madam; yet you may very innocently have so much curiosity.

*Lady G.* Well, sir, I won't pretend to have so little of the woman in me, as to want curiosity. But pray do you suppose then, this Myrtilia is a real, or a fictitious name?

*Man.* Now, I recollect, madam, there is a young woman in the house where my Lady Wronghead lodges, that I heard somebody call Myrtilia; this, letter may have been written by her. But how it came directed to me I confess is a mystery, that before I ever presume to see your ladyship again, I think myself obliged in honour to find out. (Going.)

*Lady G.* Mr. Manly, you are not going?

*Man.* 'Tis but to the next street, madam; I shall be back in ten minutes.

*Lady G.* Nay, but dinner's just coming up.

*Man.* Madam, I can neither eat nor rest till I see an end of this affair.

*Lady G.* But this is so odd! why should any ally curiosity of mine drive you away?

*Man.* Since you won't suffer it to be yours, madam, then it shall be only to satisfy my own curiosity. [Exit.]

*Lady G.* Well; and now, what am I to think of all this? Or suppose an indifferent person had heard every word we have said to one another, what would they have thought on't? Would it have been very absurd to conclude he is seriously inclined to pass the rest of his life with me? I hope

Enter MRS. TRUSTY.

Well, Mrs. Trusty, is my sister dressed yet?

*Mrs T.* Yes, madam; but my lord has been

courting her so, I think, till they are both out of Lady G. How so? [humour.]

Mrs. T. Why, it began, madam, with his lordship's desiring her ladyship to dine at home to-day; upon which, my lady said she could not be ready; upon that, my lord ordered them to stay the dinner; and then my lady ordered the coach; then my lord took her short, and said he had ordered the coachmen to set up; then my lady made him a great courtesy, and said she would wait till his lordship's horses had dined, and was mighty pleasant; but for fear of the worst, madam, she whispered me to get her chair ready. [Exit.]

Lady G. Oh! here they come! and, by their looks, seem a little unfit for company. [Exit.]

Enter LADY TOWNLY, LORD TOWNLY following.

Lady T. Well; look you, my lord, I can bear it no longer; nothing still but about my faults—my faults! an agreeable subject, truly!

Lord T. Why, madam, if you won't hear of them, how can I ever hope to see you mend them?

Lady T. Why, I don't intend to mend them; I can't mend them; you know I have tried to do it a hundred times, and, it hurts me so, I can't bear it.

Lord T. And I, madam, can't bear this daily licentious abuse of your time and character.

Lady T. Abuse! astonishing! when the universe knows I am never better company than when I am doing what I have a mind to. But, to see this world! that men can never get over that silly spirit of contradiction! Why, but last Thursday now! there you wisely amended one of my faults, as you call them; you insisted upon my not going to the masquerade; and pray, what was the consequence? Was not I as cross as the devil all the night after? Was not I forced to get company at home? And was it not almost three o'clock this morning before I was able to come to myself again? And then the fault is not mended neither! for, next time, I shall only have twice the inclination to go: so that all this mending, and mending, you see, is but darning old lace, to make it worse than it was before.

Lord T. Well; the manner of woman's living, of late, is insupportable! and, one way or other—

Lady T. It's to be mended, I suppose; why, so it may; but then, my dear lord, you must give one time; and, when things are at the worst, you know, they mend themselves. Ha, ha! [trifle.]

Lord T. Madam, I am not in a humour now to

Lady T. Why, then, my lord, one word of fair argument; to talk with you in your own way, now. You complain of my late hours, and I of your early ones: so far we are even, you'll allow; but, pray, which gives us the best figure in the eye of the polite world?—my active, spirited three in the morning, or your dull, drowsy, eleven at night? Now, I think one has the air of a woman of quality, and 'other, of a plodding mechanic, that goes to bed betimes, that he may rise early to open his shop.—Faugh!

Lord T. Fie, fie, madam! is this your way of reasoning? 'tis time to wake you, then. 'Tis not your ill hours alone that disturb me, but as often the ill company that occasion those ill hours.

Lady T. Sure, I don't understand you, now, my lord; what ill company do I keep?

Lord T. Why, at best, women that lose their money, and men that win it! or, perhaps, men that are voluntary bubbles at one game, in hopes that a lady will give him fair play at another. Then, that unavoidable mixture with known rakes, concealed thieves, and sharpers in embroidery; or, what to me is still more shocking, that herd of familiar, chattering, crop-eared oxcombs.

Lady T. And a husband must give eminent proof of his sense, that thinks their follies dangerous.

Lord T. Their being fools, madam, is not always the husband's security; or, if it were, fortune sometimes gives them advantages that might make a thinking woman tremble.

Lady T. What do you mean?

Lord T. That women sometimes lose more than they are able to pay; and, if a creditor be a little pressing, the lady may be induced to try, if, instead of gold, the gentleman will accept of a trinket.

Lady T. My lord, you grow scurrilous; you'll make me hate you! I'll have you to know, I keep company with the politest people in town, and the assemblies I frequent are full of such.

Lord T. So are the churches, now and then.

Lady T. My friends frequent them, too, as well as the assemblies.

Lord T. Yes; and would do it oftener, if a groom of the chambers were allowed to furnish cards to the company.

Lady T. I see what you drive at all this while; you would lay an imputation on my fame, to cover your own avarice. I might take any pleasures, I find, that were not expensive.

Lord T. Have a care, madam; don't let me think you value your chastity only, to make reproachable for not indulging you in every thing else that's vicious; I, madam, have a reputation, too, to guard that's dear to me as yours. The follies of an ungoverned wife may make the wisest man uneasy; but, 'tis his own fault, if ever they render him contemptible.

Lady T. My lord, my lord, you would make a woman mad! [a fool!]

Lord T. Madam, madam, you would make a man

Lady T. If heaven has made you otherwise, that won't be in my power.

Lord T. Whatever may be in your inclination, madam, I'll prevent your making me a beggar, at least.

Lady T. A beggar! Cæsus! I am out of patience! I won't come home till four to-morrow morning.

Lord T. That may be, madam; but I'll order the doors to be locked at twelve. [night.]

Lady T. Then I won't come home till to-morrow

Lord T. Then, madam, you shall never come home again. [Exit.]

Lady T. What does he mean? I never heard such a word from him in my life before! The man always used to have manners, in his worst humours. There's something that I don't see at the bottom of all this. But his head's always upon some impracticable scheme or other; so I won't trouble mine any longer about him.

Enter MANLY.

Mr. Manly, your servant!

Man. I ask pardon for intrusion, madam; but I hope my business with my lord will excuse it.

Lady T. I believe you'll find him in the next room, sir.

Man. Will you give me leave, madam?

Lady T. Sir, you have my leave, though you were a lady.

Man. What a well-bred age do we live in! [Exit.]

Enter LADY GRACE.

Lady T. Oh, my dear Lady Grace! how could you leave me so unmercifully alone all this while?

Lady G. I thought my lord had been with you.

Lady T. Why, yes; and, therefore, I wanted your relief; for he has been in such a fluster here!

Lady G. Bless me! for what?

Lady T. Only our usual breakfast; we have each

of us had our dish of matrimonial comfort this morning! We have been charming company!

*Lady G.* I am mighty glad of it; sure, it must be a vast happiness, when a man and wife can give themselves the same turn of conversation!

*Lady T.* Oh! the prettiest thing in the world!

*Lady G.* Now, I should be afraid that, where two people are every day together so, they must often be in want of something to talk upon.

*Lady T.* Oh! my dear, you are the most mistaken in the world! married people have things to talk of, child, that never enter into the imagination of others. Why, here's my lord and I, now; we have not been married above two short years, you know, and we have already eight or ten things constantly in bank, that, whenever we want company, we can take up any one of them for two hours together, and the subject never the flatter; nay, if we have occasion for it, it will be as fresh next day, too, as it was the first hour it entertained us.

*Lady G.* Certainly; that must be vastly pretty!

*Lady T.* Oh! there's no life like it! Why, to other day, for example, when you dined abroad, my lord and I, after a pretty, cheerful *à-la-little* meal, sat us down by the fire-side, in an easy, indolent, pick-tooth way, for about a quarter of an hour, as if we had not thought of any other's being in the room. At last, stretching himself, and yawning, "My dear," says he, "aw! you came home very late last night." "Twas but just turned of two," says I. "I was in bed—aw—by eleven," says he. "So you are every night," says I. "Well," says he, "I am amazed you can sit up so late." "How can you be amazed," says I, "at a thing that happens so often?" Upon which we entered into a conversation; and, though this is a point has entertained us above fifty times already, we always find so many, pretty, new things to say upon it, that I believe in my soul it will last as long as we live.

*Lady G.* But, pray, in such sort of family dialogues (though extremely well for passing the time), don't there now and then enter some little witty sort of bitterness?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes! which does not do amiss at all, A smart repartee, with a zest of recrimination at the head of it, makes the prettiest sherbet; ay, ay, if we did not mix a little of the acid with it, a matrimonial society would be so luscious, that nothing but an old liquorish prude would be able to bear it.

[*giant taste—*

*Lady G.* Well, certainly you have the most elegant taste—  
*Lady T.* Though, to tell you the truth, my dear, I rather think we squeezed a little too much lemon into it this bout; for it grew so sour at last, that, I think, I almost told him he was a fool; and he, again, talked something oddly of turning me out of

*Lady G.* O, have a care of that! [*doors.*

*Lady T.* Nay, if he should, I may thank my own wise father for it. But, to be serious, my dear, what would you really have a woman do in my case?

*Lady G.* Why, if I had a sober husband, as you have, I would make myself the happiest wife in the world, by being as sober as he.

*Lady T.* Oh, you wicked thing! how can you tease one at this rate, when you know he is so very sober, that, except giving me money, there is not one thing in the world he can do to please me. And I, at the same time, partly by nature, and partly, perhaps, by keeping the best company, do with my soul love almost everything he hates. I dote upon assemblies; my heart bounds at a ball; and, at an opera, I expire! Then I love play to distraction! cards enchant me! and dice—put me out of my little wits! Dear, dear hazard! Oh

what a flow of spirits it gives one! Do you never play at hazard, child?

*Lady G.* Oh, never! I don't think it sits well upon women! there's something so masculine, so much the air of a rake in it! You see how it makes the men swear and curse! and, when a woman is thrown into the same passion, why—

*Lady T.* That's very true; one is a little put to it sometimes, not to make use of the same words to express it.

*Lady G.* Well, and upon ill luck, pray what words are you really forced to make use of?

*Lady T.* Why, upon a very hard case indeed, when a sad wrong word is rising just to one's tongue's end, I give a great gulp, and swallow it.

*Lady G.* Well; and is not that enough to make you forswear play as long as you live?

*Lady T.* Oh, yes! I have forsworn it.

*Lady G.* Seriously?

*Lady T.* Solemnly! a thousand times; but then one is constantly forsworn.

*Lady G.* And how can you answer that?

*Lady T.* My dear, what we say when we are losers, we look upon to be no more binding than a lover's oath, or a great man's promise. But I beg pardon, child, I should not lead you so far into the world; you are a prude, and design to live soberly.

*Lady G.* Why, I confess, my nature and my education do, in a good degree, incline me that way.

*Lady T.* Well; how a woman of spirit (for you don't want that, child) can dream of living soberly, is to me inconceivable! for you will marry, I suppose?

*Lady G.* I can't tell but I may. [*pose?*

*Lady T.* And won't you live in town?

*Lady G.* Half the year I should like it very well.

*Lady T.* My stars! and you would really live in London half the year, to be sober in it?

*Lady G.* Why not?

[*in the country.*

*Lady T.* Why, can't you as well go and be sober

*Lady G.* So I would, to other half year.

*Lady T.* And pray, what comfortable scheme of life would you form, now, for your summer and winter sober entertainments?

[*content us.*

*Lady G.* A scheme that, I think, might very well

*Lady T.* Oh! of all things, let's hear it.

*Lady G.* Why, in summer I could pass my leisure hours in reading, walking by a canal, or sitting at the end of it, under a great tree; in dressing, dining, chatting with an agreeable friend; perhaps hearing a little music, taking a dish of tea, or a game at cards, soberly; managing my family, looking into its accounts, playing with my children, if I had any, or in a thousand other innocent amusements—soberly; and possibly, by these means, I might induce my husband to be as sober as myself.

*Lady T.* Well, my dear, thou art an astonishing creature! for sure such primitive, antediluvian notions of life have not been in any head these thousand years. Under a great tree! Oh, my soul! But I beg we may have the sober town scheme, too, for I am charmed with the country one.

*Lady G.* You shall; and I'll try to stick to my sobriety there, too.

*Lady T.* Well; though I'm sure it will give me the vapours, I must hear it, however.

*Lady G.* Why, then, for fear of your fainting, madam, I will first so far come into the fashion that I would never be dressed out of it; but still it should be soberly; for I can't think it any disgrace to a woman of my private fortune, not to wear her lace as fine as the wedding-suit of a first duchess. Though, there is one extravagance I could venture to come up to.

*Lord T.* Ay? now for it!

*Lady G.* I would every day be as neat as a bride.

*Cady T.* Why, the men say that's a great step to be made one. Well; now you are dressed, pray let's see to what purpose.

*Lady G.* I would visit—that is, my real friends; but, as little for form as possible, I would go to court; sometimes to an assembly, nay, play at quadrille, soberly: I would see all the good plays, and, because 'tis the fashion, now and then an opera; but I would not expire there, for fear I should never go again; and lastly, I can't say, but for curiosity, if I liked my company, I might be drawn in once to a masquerade; and this, I think, is as far as any woman can go, soberly.

*Lady T.* Well, if it had not been for this last piece of sobriety, I was just going to call for some surfeit water.

*Lady G.* Why, don't you think, with the further aid of breakfasting, dining, and taking the air, supping, sleeping, not to say a word of devotion, the four-and-twenty hours might roll over in a tolerable manner?

*Lady T.* Tolerable? deplorable! Why, child, all you propose is but to endure life; now I want to enjoy it.

*Enter MRS. TRUSTY.*

*Mrs. T.* Ma'am, your ladyship's chair is ready.

*Lady T.* Have the footmen their white flambeaux yet? for last night I was poisoned.

*Mrs. T.* Yes, ma'am, there were some came in this morning. *[Exit.]*

*Lady T.* My dear, you will excuse me; but, you know, my time is so precious—

*Lady G.* That I beg I may not hinder your least enjoyment of it.

*Lady T.* You will call on me at Lady Revel's?

*Lady G.* Certainly.

*Lady T.* But I am so afraid it will break into your scheme, my dear! *[from you.]*

*Lady G.* When it does, I will—soberly break.

*Lady T.* Why, then, till we meet again, dear sister, I wish you all tolerable happiness.

*[Reënt Lady Townly and Lady Grace.]*

*Enter LORD TOWNLY and MANLY.*

*Lord T.* I did not think my Lady Wronghead had such a notable brain; though I can't say she was so very wise in trusting this silly girl, you call Myrilla, with the secret.

*Man.* No, my lord, you mistake me; had the girl been in the secret, perhaps I had never come at it myself.

*Lord T.* Why, I thought you said the girl writ this letter to you, and that my Lady Wronghead sent it enclosed to my sister.

*Man.* If you please to give me leave, my lord, the fact is thus; this enclosed letter to Lady Grace was a real, original one, written by this girl to the Count we have been talking of; the Count drops it, and my Lady Wronghead finds it; then, only changing the cover, she seals it up, as a letter of business, just written by herself to me; and pretending to be in a hurry, gets this innocent girl to write the direction for her.

*Lord T.* Oh! then the girl did not know she was superscribing a billet-doux of her own to you?

*Man.* No, my lord; for when I first questioned her about the direction, she owned it immediately; but when I shewed her that her letter to the Count was within it, and told her how it came into my hands, the poor creature was amazed, and thought herself betrayed, both by the Count and my lady; in short, upon this discovery, the girl and I grew so gracious, that she has let me into some transactions in my Lady Wronghead's family, which, with

my having a careful eye over them, may prevent the ruin of it.

*Lord T.* You are very generous, to be so solicitous for a lady that has given you so much uneasiness.

*Man.* But I will be most unmercifully revenged of her; for I will do her the greatest friendship in the world,—against her will.

*Lord T.* What an uncommon philosophy art thou master of, to make even thy malice a virtue!

*Man.* Yet, my lord, I assure you there is no one action of my life gives me more pleasure than your approbation of it.

*Lord T.* Dear Charles! my heart's impatient till thou art nearer to me; and, as a proof that I have long wished thee so, while your daily conduct has chosen rather to deserve, than to ask my sister's favour, I have been as secretly industrious to make her sensible of your merit; and since, on this occasion, you have opened your whole heart to me, 'tis now with equal pleasure I assure you we have both succeeded; she is as firmly yours—

*Man.* Impossible! you flatter me!

*Lord T.* I'm glad you think it flattery, but she herself shall prove it none; she dines with us alone: when the servants are withdrawn, I'll open a conversation that shall excuse my leaving you together. Oh! Charles, had I, like thee, been cautious in my choice, what melancholy hours had this heart avoided:

*Man.* No more of that, I beg, my lord.

*Lord T.* But 'twill, at least, be some relief to my anxiety, however barren of content the state has been to me, to see so near a friend and sister happy in it. Your harmony of life will be an instance, how much the choice of temper is preferable to beauty.

*While your soft hours in natural kindness move,  
You'll reach by virtue, what I lost by love. [Exeunt.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—*Mrs. Motherly's House.*

*Enter MANLY, meeting SIB FRANCOIS WRONGHEAD.*

*Man.* Sir Francis, your servant.

*Sir F.* Cousin Manly! *[here.]*

*Man.* I am come to see how the family goes on.

*Sir F.* Troth, all as busy as bees! I have been upon the wing ever since eight o'clock this morning.

*Man.* By your early hour, then, I suppose you have been making your court to some of the great men.

*Sir F.* Why, 'faith, you have hit it, sir! I was advised to lose no time; so I e'en went straight forward to one great man I had never seen in my life before.

*Man.* Right! that was doing business; but who had you got to introduce you?

*Sir F.* Why, nobody; I remember I had heard a wise man say, My son, be bold: so, troth, I in—

*Man.* As how, pray? *[roduced myself.]*

*Sir F.* Why, thus; lookye—"Please your lordship," says I, "I am Sir Francis Wronghead, of Bumper-Hall, and member of parliament for the borough of Guzzledown." "Sir, your humble servant," says my lord; "tho' I have not the honour to know your person, I have heard you are a very honest gentleman, and I am glad your borough has made choice of so worthy a representative; and so," says he, "Sir Francis, have you any service to command me?" Naw, cousin, those last words, you may be sure, gave me no small encouragement. And tho' I know, sir, you have no



extraordinary opinion of my parts, yet, I believe, you won't say I missed it now.

*Man.* Well, I hope I shall have no cause.

*Sir F.* So when I found him so courteous—"My lord," says I, "I did not think to ha' troubled your lordship with business upon my first visit; but, since your lordship is pleased not to stand upon ceremony, why truly," says I, "I think now is as good as another time."

*Man.* Right! there you pushed him home.

*Sir F.* Ay, ay, I had a mind to let him see that I was none of your meaty-mouthed ones.

*Man.* Very good.

*Sir F.* "So, in short, my lord," says I, "I have a good estate; but—a—its a little awt at elbows; and, as I desire to serve my king as well as my country, I shall be very willing to accept of a place at court."

*Man.* So, this was making short work on't.

*Sir F.* Icod, I shot him flying, cousin! some of your hawf-witted ones, naw, would ha' hummed and hawed, and dangled a month or two after him, before they durst open their mouths about a place; and, mayhap, not ha' got it at last neither.

*Man.* Oh, I'm glad you're so sure on't.

*Sir F.* You shall hear, cousin. "Sir Francis," says my lord, "pray what sort of a place may you ha' turned your thoughts upon?" "My lord," says I, "beggars must not be choosers; but only a place," says I, "about a thousand a year, will be well enough to be doing with till something better falls in;"—for I thought it would not look well to stand haggling with him at first.

*Man.* No, no, your business was to get footing any way. [know the world.]

*Sir F.* Right! there's it! Ay, cousin, I see you.

*Man.* Yes, yes, one sees more of it every day. Well, but what said my lord to all this?

*Sir F.* "Sir Francis," says he, "I shall be glad to serve you any way that lies in my power;" so he gave me a squeeze by the hand, as much as to say, give yourself no trouble; I'll do your business; with that he turned him about to somebody with a coloured ribbon across here, that looked, in my thoughts, as if he came for a place too.

*Man.* Ha! so upon these hopes you are to make your fortune? [It, sir?]

*Sir F.* Why, do you think there's any doubt of

*Man.* Oh, no! I have not the least doubt about it; for just as you have done, I made my fortune ten years ago. [cousin.]

*Sir F.* Why, I never knew you had a place.

*Man.* Nor I neither, upon my faith, cousin. But you, perhaps, may have better fortune; for I suppose my lord has heard of what importance you were in the debate to-day. You have been since down at the house, I presume?

*Sir F.* Oh, yes! I would not neglect the house for ever so much.

*Man.* Well; and pray what have they done there?

*Sir F.* Why, troth, I can't well tell you what they have done; but I can tell you what I did; and, I think pretty well in the main; only I happened to make a little mistake at last, indeed.

*Man.* How was that?

*Sir F.* Why, they were all got there into a sort of a puzzling debate, about the good of the nation; and I were always for that, you know; but, in short, the arguments were so long winded o' both sides, that, waunds! I did not well understand 'um: hawsomever, I was convinced, and so resolved to vote right, according to my conscience; so, when they came to put the question, as they call it—I don't know how it 'twas—but I doubt I cried, ay! when I should ha' cried, no!

*Man.* How came that about!

*Sir F.* Why, by a mistake, as I tell you; for there was a good humoured sort of a gentleman, one Mr. Totherside, I think they call him, that sat next me, as soon as I had cried, ay! gives me a hearty shake by the hand; "Sir," says he, "you are a man of honour, and a true Englishman! and I should be proud to be better acquainted with you;" and so, with that, takes me by the sleeve, along with the crowd, into the lobby; so I knew nought; but, ods flesh! I was got o' the wrong side the post; for I were told, afterwards, I should have staid where I was.

*Man.* And so, if you had not quite made your fortune before, you have clinched it now! Ah, thou head of the Wrongheads! *(Aside.)*

*Lady W. (Without.)* Very well, very well.

*Sir F.* Ods! here's my lady came home at last! Enter LADY WRONGHEAD, COUNT BASSET, and MISS JENNY.

*Lady W.* Cousin, your servant: I hope you will pardon my rudeness; but we have really been in such a continual hurry here, that we have not had a leisure moment to return your last visit.

*Man.* Oh! madam, I am a man of no ceremony; you see that has not hindered my coming again.

*Lady W.* You are infinitely obliging; but I'll redeem my credit with you.

*Man.* At your own time, madam.

*Count B.* I must say that for Mr. Manly, madam; if making people easy is the rule of good breeding, he is certainly the best bred man in the world.

*Man.* So! I am not to drop my acquaintance, I find. *(Aside.)* I am afraid, sir, I shall grow vain upon your good opinion.

*Count B.* I don't know that, sir; but I am sure what you are pleased to say makes me so.

*Man.* The most impudent modesty that ever I met with! *(Aside.)*

*Lady W.* Lard, how ready his wit is! *(Aside.)*

*Sir F.* Don't you think, sir, the Count's a very fine gentleman? *(Apart to Manly.)*

*Man.* Oh! among the ladies, certainly. *(To Sir F.)*

*Sir F.* And yet he's as stout as a lion. Waunds! he'll storm anything! *(Apart to Manly.)*

*Man.* Will he so? Why then, sir, take care of your citadel. *(Apart to Sir F.)*

*Sir F.* Ah, you are a wag, cousin! *(Apart to Man.)*

*Man.* I hope, ladies, the town air continues to agree with you?

*Jenny. (Advancing.)* Oh! perfectly well, sir! We have been abroad in our new coach, all day long; and we have bought an ocean of fine things. And to-morrow we go to the masquerade; and on Friday to the play; and on Saturday to the opera; and on Sunday, we are to be at the what d'ye call it—assembly, and see the ladies play at quadrille, and piquet, and ombre, and hazard, and basset; and on Monday, we are to see the king; and on Tuesday.

*Lady W.* Hold, hold, Miss! you must not let your tongue run so fast, child—you forget; you know I brought you hither to learn modesty.

*Man.* Yes, yes, and she is improved with a vengeance. *(Aside.)*

*Jenny.* Lawd, mamma! I am sure I did not say any harm; and, if one must not speak in one's turn, one may be kept under as long as one lives, for aught I see. [headstrong—]

*Lady W.* O! my conscience, this girl grows so! *Sir F.* Ay, ay, there's your fine growing spirit for you! Now tack it down, an' you can.

*Jenny.* All I said, papa, was only to entertain my cousin Manly.

*Man.* My pretty dear, I am mightily obliged to y

*Jenny.* Look you there now, madam.

*Lady W.* Hold your tongue, I say.

*Jenny.* (Turning away, and pointing.) I declare I won't bear it: she is always snubbing me before you, sir! I know why she does it well enough. (Aside to the Count.)

*Count B.* Hush, hush, my dear! don't be uneasy at that; she'll suspect us. (Aside.)

*Jenny.* Let her suspect! what do I care? I don't know but I have as much reason to suspect as she, though, perhaps, I am not so afraid of her.

*Count B.* Egad, if I don't keep a tight hand on my tit, here, she'll run away with my project, before I can bring it to bear. (Aside.)

*Lady W.* The young harlot is certainly in love with him; but I must not let them see I think so; and yet I can't bear it. (Aside.) Upon my life, Count, you'll spoil that forward girl; you should not encourage her so.

*Count B.* Pardon me, madam, I was only advising her to observe what your ladyship said to her. In one word, madam, she has a jealousy of your ladyship, and I am forced to encourage her, to blind it: 'twill be better to take no notice of her behaviour to me. (Aside to Lady W.)

*Lady W.* You are right; I will be more cautious. (Aside to Count B.)

*Count B.* To-morrow at the masquerade we may lose her. (Aside to Lady W.)

*Lady W.* We shall be observed: I'll send you a note, and settle that affair; go on with the girl, and don't mind me. (Aside to Count B.)

*Count B.* I have been taking your part, my little angel. (To Miss Jenny.)

*Lady W.* Jenny! come hither, child; you must not be so hasty, my dear: I only advise you for your good.

*Jenny.* Yes, mamma; but when I am told of a thing before company, it always makes me worse, you know.

*Man.* If I have any skill in the fair sex, miss and her mamma have only quarrelled because they are both of a mind. This facetious Count seems to have made a very genteel step in the family. (Aside.)

*Enter MYRTILLA.* Manly talks apart with her.

*Lady W.* Well, Sir Francis, and what news have you brought us from Westminster to-day?

*Sir F.* News, madam! 'Ecod, I have some; and such as does not come every day, I can tell you. A word in your ear; I have got a promise of a place at court of a thousand pounds a year already.

*Lady W.* Have you so, sir? And pray, who may you thank for't? Now, who is in the right? Is not this better than throwing so much away after a stinking pack of fox-hounds in the country? Now, your family may be the better for it.

*Sir F.* Nay, that's what persuaded me to come up, my dove.

*Lady W.* Mighty well! Come; let me have another hundred pounds, then.

*Sir F.* Another, child! Waunds! you have had one hundred this morning; pray, what's become of that, my dear?

*Lady W.* What's become of it! Why, I'll shew you, my love, Jenny, have you the bills about you?

*Jenny.* Yes, mamma.

*Lady W.* What's become of it! Why, laid out, my dear, with fifty more to it, that I was forced to borrow of the Count, here.

*Jenny.* Yes, indeed, papa, and that would hardly do neither. There's the account.

*Sir F.* (Turning over the bills.) Let's see! let's see! What the devil have we got here?

*Man.* Then you have sounded your aunt, you say, and she readily comes in to all I proposed to you? (Aside to Myrtilla.)

*Myr.* Sir, I'll answer with my life, she is most thankfully yours in every article. She mightily desires to see you, sir. (Aside.)

*Man.* I am going home directly; bring her to my house in half an hour; and, if she makes good what you tell me, you shall both find your account in it. (Aside to Myrtilla.)

*Myr.* Sir, she shall not fail you.

[To Man. Exit.

*Sir F.* Ods life, madam! here's nothing but toys and trinkets, and fans, and clock stockings, by wholesale.

*Lady W.* There's nothing but what's proper, and for your credit, Sir Francis. Nay, you see I am so good a housewife, that, in necessities for myself, I have scarce laid out a shilling.

*Sir F.* No, by my troth, so it seems; for the devil o' one thing's here that I can see you have any occasion for.

*Lady W.* My dear, do you think I came hither to live out of the fashion? why, the greatest distinction of a fine lady, in this town, is in the variety of pretty things that she has no occasion for.

*Jenny.* Sure, papa, could you imagine that women of quality wanted nothing but stays and petticoats?

*Lady W.* Now, that is so like him!

*Man.* So, the family comes on finely! (Aside.)

*Sir F.* An hundred pound in the morning, and want another afore night! Waunds and fire! the Lord Mayor of London could not hold it at this rate.

*Man.* Oh! do you feel it, sir? (Aside.)

*Lady W.* My dear, you seem uneasy; let me have the hundred pound, and compose yourself.

*Sir F.* Compose the devil, madam! why, do you consider what a hundred pound a day comes to in a year?

*Lady W.* My life, if I account with you from one day to another, that's really all my head is able to bear at a time. But I'll tell you what I consider—I consider that my advice has got you a thousand pounds a year this morning. That now, methinks, you might consider, sir.

*Sir F.* A thousand-pound! Yes; but, mayhap, I mayn't receive the first quarter on't this half year.

*Enter SQUIRE RICHARD.*

*Squire R.* Feyther, an you doan't come quickly the meat will be coaled; and I'd fain pick a lit with you.

*Lady W.* Bless me, Sir Francis! you are not going to sup by yourself?

*Sir F.* No, but I'm going to dine by myself, and that's pretty near the matter, madam.

*Lady W.* Had not you as good stay a little, my dear? We shall eat in half an hour; and I was thinking to ask my cousin Manly to take a family morsel with us.

*Sir F.* Nay, for my cousin's good company. I don't care if I ride a day's journey without baiting.

*Man.* By no means, Sir Francis. I am going upon a little business. (Exits.)

*Sir F.* Well, sir, I know you don't love compli-

*Man.* You'll excuse me, madam. (Bows.)

*Lady W.* Since you have business, sir—(Exit Manly.)

*Enter MRS. MOTHERLY.*

Oh, Mrs. Motherly! you were saying this morning, you had some very fine lace to shew me; can't I see it now? (Sir Francis stares.)

*Mrs. M.* Why, really, madam, I had made a sort of a promise to let the Countess of Nicely have the first sight of it, for the birth-day; but your ladyship—

*Lady W.* Oh! I die if I don't see it before her.

*Squire R.* Woeant you goa, feyther?

*Sir F.* Waunds, lad, I shall ha' no stomach at this rate!

*Mrs. M.* Well, madam, though I say it, 'tis the sweetest pattern that ever came over; and, for fineness, no cobweb comes up to it.

*Sir F.* Ods guts and glizard, madam! Lace as fine as a cobweb! why, what the devil's that to cost, now?

[madam—

*Mrs. M.* Nay, if Sir Francis does not like it, *Lady W.* He like it! Dear Mrs. Motherly, he is not to wear it.

[pay for it!

*Sir F.* Flesh, madam! but I suppose I am to

*Lady W.* No doubt on't! Think of your thousand a-year, and who got it you; go, eat your dinner, and be thankful, go! Come, Mrs. Motherly.

[Exit *Lady Wronghead* and *Mrs. Motherly*.

*Sir F.* Very fine! so here I mun fast, till I am almost famished, for the good of my country, while madam is laying me outan hundred pounds a-day, in lace as fine as a cobweb, for the honour of my family! Ods flesh! things had need go well at this rate!

*Squire R.* Nay, nay; come, feyther.

[Exit *Sir Francis* and *Squire Richard*.

Re-enter MYRTILLA.

*Myr. Madam,* (to *Miss Jenny*) my lady desires you and the Count will please to come, and assist her fancy in some of the new laces.

*Count B.* We'll wait upon her—

*Jenny.* So, I told you how it was; you see she can't bear to leave us together.

*Count B.* No matter, my dear; you know she has asked me to stay supper: so, when your papa and she are a-bed, Mrs. Myrtilla will let me into the house again; then you may steal into her chamber and we'll have a little talk together.

*Myr.* Ay, ay, madam, you may command me in anything.

*Jenny.* Well, that will be pure!

*Count B.* But you had best go to her alone, my life; it will look better if I come after you.

*Jenny.* Ay, so it will: and to-morrow, you know, at the masquerade: O dear, dear! I wish the time were come.

[Exit.

*Myr.* So, sir, am not I very commode to you?

*Count B.* Well, child, and don't you find your account in it? Did I not tell you we might still be of use to one another?

*Myr.* Well, but how stands your affair with miss, in the main?

*Count B.* Oh, she's mad for the masquerade! It drives like a nail; we want nothing now but a parson to clinch it. Did not your aunt say she could get one at a short warning?

*Myr.* Yes, yes; my Lord Townly's chaplain is her cousin, you know; he'll do your business and mine at the same time.

*Count B.* Oh, it's true! but where shall we appoint him?

*Myr.* Why you know my Lady Townly's house is always open to the masks on a ball night, before they go to the Haymarket.

*Count B.* Good.

*Myr.* Now the doctor proposes we should all come thither in our habits, and when the rooms are full, we may steal up into his chamber, he says, and there—crack—he'll give us all canonical commission to go to bed together.

*Count B.* Admirable! Well, the devil fetch me

if I shall not be heartily glad to see thee well settled, child.

*Myr.* And may he tuck me under his arm at the same time, if I shall not think myself obliged to you as long as I live. But I must run to my squire.

*Count B.* And I to the ladies; so, your humble servant, sweet Mrs. Wronghead! [Exit.]

*Myr.* Yours as in duty bound, most noble Count Basset. [Exit.]

*Count B.* Why, ay! Count! That title has been of some use to me, indeed; not that I have any more pretence to it, than I have to a blue riband. Yet I have made a pretty considerable figure in life with it. I have loll'd in my own chariot, dealt at assemblies, dined with ambassadors, and made one at quadrille with the first women of quality; but, *tempora mutantur*, since that damned squadron at White's have left me out of their last secret, I am reduced to trade upon my own stock of industry, and if I can snap up Miss Jenny and her eight thousand pounds, I shall once more cut a figure, and cock my hat in the face of the best of them: for, since our modern men of fortune are grown wise enough to be sharpers, I think sharpers are fools that don't take up the airs of men of quality. [Exit.]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—Lord Townly's House.

Enter WILLIAMS and MANLY.

*Wil.* Sir Francis Wronghead, sir, desires to see you

*Man.* Desire Sir Francis to walk in. [Exit *Williams*.] I suppose by this time his wise worship begins to find that the balance of his journey to London is on the wrong side.

Enter SIR FRANCIS WRONGHEAD.

*Sir Francis*, your servant. How came I by the favour of this extraordinary visit?

*Sir F.* Ah, cousin!

*Man.* Why that sorrowful face, man?

*Sir F.* I have no friend alive but you.

*Man.* I am sorry for that. But what's the matter?

*Sir F.* I have played the fool by this journey, I see now, for my bitter wife—

*Man.* What of her?

*Sir F.* Is playing the devil.

*Man.* Why, truly, that's a part that most of your fine ladies begin with as soon as they get to London.

*Sir F.* If I'm a living man, cousin, she has made away with above two hundred and fifty pounds since yesterday morning. But there's one hundred on't goes more to my heart than all the rest.

*Man.* And how might that be disposed of?

*Sir F.* Troth, I am almost ashamed to tell you.

*Man.* Out with it.

*Sir F.* Why, she has been at an assembly.

*Man.* What, since I saw you? I thought you had all supped at home last night.

*Sir F.* Why, so we did; and all as merry as grigs. I'ood, my heart was so open, that I tossed another hundred into her apron, to go out early this morning with. But the cloth was no sooner taken away, than in comes my Lady Townly here, with another rantipole dame of quality, and out they must have her, they said, to introduce her at my Lady Noble's assembly, forsooth. A few words, you may be sure, made the bargain; so, bawnee! and away they drive, as if the devil had got into the coach-box; so, about four or five in the morning, home comes madam, with her eyes a foot deep in her head, and my poor hundred pounds left behind her at the hazard-table.

*Man.* All lost at dice!

*Sir F.* Every shilling; among a parcel of pig-tail'd puppies, and pale-faced women of quality.

*Man.* If you remember, I gave you a hint of this.

*Sir F.* Why, ay, it's true, you did so; but the devil himself could not have believed she would have rid post to him.

*Man.* Sir, if you stay but a fortnight in this town, you will every day see hundreds as fast upon the gallop as she is.

*Sir F.* Ah, this London is a base place indeed! Wounds, if things should happen to go wrong with me at Westminster, at this rate, how the devil shall I keep out of jail?

*Man.* Why, truly, there seems to be but one way to avoid it.

*Sir F.* Ah, would you could tell me that, cousin!

*Man.* The way lies plain before you, sir; the same road that brought you hither, will carry you safe home again.

*Sir F.* Ods flesh, cousin! what? and leave a thousand pounds a year behind me!

*Man.* Pooh, pooh! leave anything behind you but your family, and you are a saver by it.

*Sir F.* Ay, but consider, cousin, what a scurvy figure I shall make in the country, if I come down without it.

*Man.* You will make a much more lamentable figure in a gaol without it.

*Sir F.* Mayhap, as you have no great opinion of my journey to London then, cousin?

*Man.* Sir Francis, to do you the service of a real friend, I must speak very plainly to you: you don't yet see half the ruin that's before you.

*Sir F.* Good lack! how may you mean, cousin?

*Man.* In one word, your whole affairs stand thus—in a week you'll lose your seat at Westminster; in a fortnight my lady will run you into jail, by keeping the best company; in four-and-twenty hours your daughter will run away with a sharper, because she hasn't been used to better company; and your son will steal into marriage with a cast mistress, because he has not been used to any company at all.

*Sir F.* 'Tis the name o' goodness, why should you think all this?

*Man.* Because I have proof of it; in short, I know so much of their secrets, that if this is not prevented to-night, it will be out of your power to do it to-morrow morning.

*Sir F.* Wounds! if what you tell me be true, I'll stuff my whole family into a stage-coach, and trundle them into the country again on Monday morning.

*Man.* Stick to that, sir, and we may yet find a way to redeem all. I hear company entering; you know they see masks here to-day; conceal yourself in this room, and for the truth of what I have told you, take the evidence of your own senses: but be sure you keep close till I give you the signal.

*Sir F.* Sir, I'll warrant you—Ah, my lady! My Lady Wronghead! what a bitter business have you drawn me into.

*Man.* Hush! to your post; here comes one couple already. (*Sir F. and Man. retire.*)

Enter SQUIRE RICHARD and MYRTILLA, in masquerade dresses.)

*Squire R.* What, is this the doctor's chamber?

*Myr.* Yea, yes; speak softly.

*Squire R.* Well, but where is he?

*Myr.* He'll be ready for us presently, but he says he can't do us the good turn without witnesses: so, when the Count and your sister come, you know he and you may be fathers for one another.

*Squire R.* Well, well, tit for tat! ay, ay, that will

*Myr.* And see, here they come! [be friendly.]

Enter COUNT BASSET and MISS JENNY, in masquerade dresses.

*Count B.* So, so; here's your brother and his bride before us, my dear.

*Jenny.* Well, I vow, my heart's at my mouth still! I thought I should never have got rid of mamma; but while she stood gaping upon the dance, I gave her the slip! Lawd! do but feel how it beats here!

*Count B.* Oh! the pretty flutterer! I protest, my dear, you have put mine into the same palpitation.

*Jenny.* Ay, you say so, but let's see now. (*Puts her hand to his heart.*) Oh, lud! I vow it thumps purely. Well, well, I see it will do; and so where's the parson?

*Count B.* Mrs. Myrtilla, will you be so good as to see if the doctor's ready for us?

*Myr.* He only staid for you, sir; I'll fetch him immediately. [*Exit.*]

*Jenny.* Pray, sir, am not I to take place of mamma, when I'm a countess?

*Count B.* No doubt not, my dear.

*Jenny.* Oh, lud! how her back will be up then, when she meets me at an assembly; or you and I in our coach and six at Hyde Park together!

*Count B.* Ay, or when she hears the box-keepers at an opera call out—"The Countess of Basset's servants!"

*Jenny.* Well, I say it, that will be delicious! And then mayhap to have a fine gentleman, with a star, and a what-ye-call-um riband, lead me to my chair, with his hat under his arm all the way. "Hold up," says the chairman; "and so," says I, "my lord, your humble servant." "I suppose, madam," says he, "we shall see you at my Lady Quadrille's?" "Ay, ay, to be sure, my lord," says I. So, in swags me, and away they trot, swing! swang! with my tassels dangling, and my flam-beaux blazing! and—Oh! it's a charming thing to be a woman of quality!

*Count B.* Well! I see that plainly, my dear; there's ne'er a duchess of them all will become an equipage like you.

*Jenny.* Well, well; do you find equipage, and I'll find airs, I warrant you.

*Squire R.* Truth! I think this masquerading's the merriest game that ever I saw in my life! That, in my mind, and there were but a little wrestling, or cudgel-playing, naw, it would help it hugely. But what a-ropes makes the parson stay so?

*Count B.* Oh! here he comes, I believe.

Enter MYRTILLA, with a Constable.

*Const.* Well, madam, pray which is the party that wants a spice of my office here? [*Count.*]

*Myr.* That's the gentleman. (*Pointing to the Count.*) Hey-day! what, in masquerade, doctor?

*Const.* Doctor! sir, I believe you have mistaken your man: but if you are called Count Basset, I have a billet-doux in my hand for you, that will set you right presently. [*this?*]

*Count B.* What the devil is the meaning of all this? Only my lord chief justice's warrant against you for forgery, sir.

*Count B.* Blood and thunder!

*Const.* And so, sir, if you please to pull off your fool's frock there, I'll wait upon you to the next justice of peace immediately. (*Sir Francis and Manly advance.*)

*Jenny.* Oh! dear me, what's the matter? (*Trembling.*) [*frolic, my dear.*]

*Count B.* Oh! nothing, only a masquerading

*Squire R.* Oh! ho! is that all.  
*Sir F.* No, sirrah! that is not all. [*Sir Francis knocks the Squire down with his cane.*]

*Squire R.* Oh, lawd! Oh, lawd! he has beaten my brains out.

*Man.* Hold, hold! Sir Francis; have a little mercy upon my poor godson, pray, sir.

*Sir F.* Wounds, cousin, I ha'n't patience.

*Count B.* Manly! nay then I'm blown to the devil. *(Aside.)*

*Squire R.* Oh, my head, my head!

*Enter LADY WRONGHEAD; dressed as a Shepherdess.*

*Lady W.* What's the matter here, gentlemen? For heaven's sake! What, are you murdering my children?

*Const.* No, no, madam; no murder; only a little suspicion of felony, that's all.

*Sir F.* *(To Jenny.)* And for you, Mrs. Hotupon't, I could find in my heart to make you wear that habit as long as you live, you jade you. Do you know, hussy, that you were within two minutes of marrying a pickpocket?

*Count B.* So, so, all's out, I find! *(Aside.)*

*Jenny.* Oh, the mercy! why pray, papa, is not the Count a man of quality, then? *(seems.)*

*Sir F.* Oh, yes; one of the unhang'd ones, it

*Lady W.* Married! Oh, the confident thing! There was the urgent business then—slighted for her! I ha'n't patience!—and, for aught I know, I have been all this while making a friendship with a highwayman. *(Aside.)*

*Man.* Constable, secure there.

*Sir F.* Ay, my lady! my lady! this comes of your journey to London: but now I'll have a frolic of my own, madam; therefore, pack up your trumpery this very night; for the moment my horses are able to crawl, you and your brats shall make a journey into the country again.

*Lady W.* Indeed you are mistaken, Sir Francis; I shall not stir out of town yet, I promise you.

*Sir F.* Not stir? Wounds, madam—

*Man.* Hold, sir! If you'll give me leave, a little, I fancy I shall prevail with my lady to think better on't.

*Sir F.* Ah, cousin, you are a friend indeed!

*Man.* *(Apart to Lady Wronghead.)* Look you, madam, as to the favour you designed me, in sending this spurious letter enclosed to my Lady Grace, all the revenge I have taken, is to have saved your son and daughter from ruin. Now, if you will take them fairly and quietly into the country again, I will save your ladyship from ruin.

*Lady W.* What do you mean, sir?

*Man.* Why, Sir Francis—shall never know what is in this letter; look upon it. How it came into my hands you shall know at leisure. *(Apart to Man.)*

*Lady W.* Ha! my billet doux to the Count! and an appointment in it! I shall sink with confusion! *(Aside.)*

*Man.* What shall I say to Sir Francis, madam? *(Apart to lady W.)*

*Lady W.* Dear sir, I am in such a trembling! Preserve my honour, and I am all obedience. *(Apart to Man.)*

*Man.* Sir Francis, my lady is ready to receive your commands for her journey, whenever you please to appoint it.

*Sir F.* Ah, cousin! I doubt I am obliged to you for it.

*Man.* Come, come, Sir Francis, take it as you find it. Obedience in a wife is a good thing, though it were never so wonderful! And now, sir, we have nothing to do but to dispose of this gentleman.

*Count B.* Mr. Manly; sir, I hope you won't ruin me!

*Man.* Did not you forge this note for five hundred pounds, sir?

*Count B.* Sir, I see you know the world, and therefore I shall not pretend to prevaricate; but it has hurt nobody yet, sir; I beg you will not stigmatize me; since you have spoiled my fortune in one family, I hope you won't be so cruel to a young fellow, as to put it out of my power, sir, to make it in another, sir.

*Man.* Look you, sir, I have not much time to waste with you, but if you expect mercy yourself, you must shew it to one you have been cruel to.

*Count B.* Cruel, sir?

*Man.* Have you not ruined this young woman?

*Count B.* I, sir?

*Man.* I know you have, therefore you can't blame her, if, in the fact you are charged with, she is a principal witness against you. However, you have one, and only one chance to get off with. Marry her this instant, and you take off her evidence.

*Count B.* Dear sir!

*Man.* No words, sir; a wife, or a mittimus.

*Count B.* Lord, sir! this is the most unmerciful mercy! *[stabs!]*

*Man.* A private penance, or a public one—

*Count B.* Hold, sir; since you are pleased to give me my choice, I will not make so ill a compliment to the lady, as not to give her the preference.

*Man.* It must be done this minute, sir! the chaplain you expected is still within call.

*Myr.* Come, sir; don't repine: marriage is at worst but playing upon the square. *[the devil.]*

*Count B.* Ay, but the worst of the match too, is

*Man.* Well, sir, to let you see it is not so bad as you think it; as a reward for her honesty, in detecting your practises, instead of the forged bill you would have put upon her, there's a real one of five hundred pounds, to begin a new honeymoon with. *(Gives it to Myrtilla.)*

*Count B.* Sir, this is so generous an act—

*Man.* No compliments, dear sir; I am not at leisure now to receive them. Mr. Constable, will you be so good as to wait upon this gentleman into the next room, and give this lady in marriage to him. *[Exit.]*

*Const.* Sir, I'll do it faithfully.

*Count B.* Well, five hundred will serve to make a handsome push with, however. And I am not the first of the fraternity who has run his head into one noose, to keep it out of another. Come, spouse.

*Myr.* Yes, my life.

*Sir F.* And that I may be sure my family's rid of him for ever; come, my lady, let's even take our children along with us, and be all witness of the ceremony. *[Exit.]*

SCENE II.—A dressing-room.

LADY TOWNLY *discovered as just up; MRS. TRUSTY waiting.*

*Mrs. T.* Dear madam, what should make your ladyship so ill?

*Lady T.* How is it possible to be well, where one is killed for want of sleep?

*Mrs. T.* Dear me! it was so long before you rang, madam, I was in hopes your ladyship had been finely composed.

*Lady T.* Composed! why I have lain in an inn here; this house is worse than an inn with ten stage coaches: what between my lord's impatient people of business in a morning, and the intolerable thick shoes of footmen at noon, one has not a wink all night.

*Mrs. T.* Indeed, madam, it's a great pity my lord

can't be persuaded into the hours of people of quality; though I must say that, madam, your ladyship is certainly the best matrimonial manager in town.

*Lady T.* Oh! you are quite mistaken, Trusty! I manage very ill; fer, notwithstanding all the power I have, by never being overfond of my lord; yet I want money infinitely oftener than he is willing to give it me.

*Mrs. T.* Ah! if his lordship could but be brought to play himself, madam, then he might feel what it is to want money.

*Lady T.* Oh, don't talk of it! Do you know that I am undone, Trusty?

*Mrs. T.* Mercy forbid, madam!

*Lady T.* Broke, ruined, plundered!—stripped, even to a confiscation of my last guinea!

*Mrs. T.* You don't tell me so, madam!

*Lady T.* And where to raise ten pounds in the world—What is to be done, Trusty?

*Mrs. T.* Truly, I wish I were wise enough to tell you, madam; but maybe your ladyship may have a run of better fortune upon some of the good company that comes here to-night.

*Lady T.* But I have not a single guinea to try my fortune.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! that's a bad business indeed, madam. Adad, I have a thought in my head, madam, if it is not too late—

*Lady T.* Out with it quickly, then, I beseech

*Mrs. T.* Has not the steward something of fifty pounds, madam, that you left in his hands to pay somebody about this time?

*Lady T.* Oh, ay; I had forgot—'twas to a—what's his filthy name?

*Mrs. T.* Now I remember, madam, 'twas to Mr. Lutestring, your old mercer, that your ladyship turned off about a year ago, because he would trust you no longer.

*Lady T.* The very wretch! If he has not paid it, run quicky, dear Trusty, and bid him bring it hither immediately. [*Exit Trusty.*] Well, sure mortal woman never had such fortune! five, five and nine, against poor seven for ever! No, after that horrid bar of my chance, that Lady Wronghead's fatal red fiat upon the table, I saw it was impossible ever to win another stake. Sit up all night—lose all one's money—dream of winning thousands—wake without a shilling! and then—How like a hag I look! In short, the pleasures of life are not worth this disorder. If it were not for shame now, I could almost think Lady Grace's sober scheme not quite so ridiculous. If my wise lord could but hold his tongue for a week, 'tis odds but I should hate the town in a fortnight; but I will not be driven out of it, that's positive.

*Enter MRS. TRUSTY.*

*Mrs. T.* Oh, madam, there's no bearing of it! Mr. Lutestring was just let in at the door, as I came to the stair-foot; and the steward is now actually paying him the money in the hall.

*Lady T.* Run to the staircase head again, and scream to him that I must speak with him this instant. [*Mrs. Trusty runs out and speaks.*]

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Mr. Poundage!—a-hem! Mr. Poundage, a word with you quickly!

*Pound.* [*Within.*] I'll come to you presently!

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Presently won't do, man; you must come this minute [*money here.*]

*Pound.* [*Within.*] I am but just paying a little

*Mrs. T.* [*Within.*] Ods my life, paying money! Is the man distracted? Come here, I tell you, to my lady, this moment—quick!

*Re-enter MRS. TRUSTY.*

*Lady T.* Will the monster come, or no?

*Mrs. T.* Yes, I hear him now, madam; he is hobbling up as fast as he can.

*Lady T.* Don't let him come in; for he will keep such a babbling about his accounts; my brain is not able to bear him. [*Poundage enters with a money-bag in hand.*]

*Mrs. T.* Oh! 'tis well you are come, sir! where's the fifty pounds?

*Pound.* Why, here it is; if you had not been in such haste, I should have paid it by this time; the man's now writing a receipt below for it.

*Mrs. T.* No matter; my lady says you must not pay him with that money; there's not enough, it seems: there's a pistole and a guinea that is not good in it; besides, there is a mistake in the account, too. [*Twisting the bag from him.*] But she is not at leisure to examine it now: so you must bid Mr. What-d'ye-call-um call another time.

*Lady T.* What is all that noise there?

*Pound.* Why, and it please your ladyship—

*Lady T.* Pr'ythee, don't plague me now; but do as you were ordered. [*Exit.*]

*Pound.* Nay, what your ladyship pleases, madam.

*Mrs. T.* There they are, madam. [*Pours the money out of the bag.*] The pretty things—were so near falling into a nasty tradesman's hands, I protest it made me tremble for them! I fancy your ladyship had as good give me that bad guinea, for luck's sake—Thank you, ma'am. [*Takes a guinea.*]

*Lady T.* Why, I did not bid you take it.

*Mrs. T.* No; but your ladyship looked as if you were just going to bid me; and so I was willing to save you the trouble of speaking, madam.

*Lady T.* Well, thou hast deserved it; and so, for once—*[Noise Without.]* But, hark! don't I hear the man making a noise yonder?

*Mrs. T.* I'll listen.

*Lady T.* Pr'ythee do.

*Mrs. T.* Ay, they are at it, madam! he's in a bitter passion with poor Poundage. Bless me! I believe he'll beat him *[A man's voice without.]* I won't swear, but d— me if I don't have my money.

*Mrs. T.* Mercy on us, how the wretch swears!

*Lady T.* And a sober citizen, too! that's a shame.

*Mrs. T.* Ha! I think all's silent, of a sudden—may be the porter has knocked him down; I'll step and see. [*Exit.*]

*Lady T.* These tradespeople are the troublesomest creatures! No words will satisfy them!

*Re-enter MRS. TRUSTY.*

*Mrs. T.* Oh, madam! undone! undone! My lord has just bolted out upon the man, and is hearing all his pitiful story over: for your ladyship pleases to come hither, you may hear him yourself.

*Lady T.* No matter; it will come round presently; I shall have it from my lord, without losing a word by the way, I'll warrant you. [*It!*]

*Mrs. T.* Oh, lud, madam! here's my lord coming

*Lady T.* Do you get out of the way, then. [*Exit Mrs. Trusty.*]

I am afraid I want spirits; but he will soon give them me.

*Enter LORD TOWNLY.*

*Lord T.* How comes it, madam, that a tradesman dares be clamorous in my house, for money due to him from you?

*Lady T.* You don't expect my lord, that I should answer for other people's impertinence.

*Lord T.* I expect, madam, you should answer for your own extravagancies, that are the occasion of it; I thought I had given you money, three months ago, to satisfy all these sort of people. [*Satisfied.*]

*Lady T.* Yes; but you see they never are to be

*Lord T.* Nor am I, madam, longer to be abused thus. What's become of the last five hundred I

*Lady T.* Gone. [gave you?

*Lord T.* Gone! what way, madam? [time.

*Lady T.* Half the town over, I believe, by this

*Lord T.* 'Tis well; I see ruin will make no impression, till it falls upon you.

*Lady T.* In short my lord, if money is always the subject of our conversation, I shall make you no answer.

*Lord T.* Madam, madam, I will be heard, and make you answer.

*Lady T.* Make me! Then I must tell you, my lord, this is a language I have not been used to, and I won't bear it.

*Lord T.* Come, come, madam, you shall bear a great deal more, before I part with you.

*Lady T.* My lord, if you insult me, you shall have as much to bear on your side, I can assure you.

*Lord T.* Pooh! your spirit grows ridiculous!—you have neither honour, worth, or innocence to support it.

*Lady T.* You'll find at least, I have resentment; and do you look well to the provocation.

*Lord T.* After those you have given me, madam, 'tis almost infamous to talk with you.

*Lady T.* I scorn your imputation and your menaces. The narrowness of your heart is your mentor—'tis there, there, my lord, you are wounded; you have less to complain of than many husbands of an equal rank with you.

*Lord T.* Death, madam! do you presume upon your corporeal merit, that your person's less tainted than your mind? Is it there, there alone, an honest husband can be injured? Have you not every other vice that can debase your birth, or stain the heart of woman? Is not your health, your beauty, husband, fortune, family disclaimed—for nights consumed in riot and extravagance? The wanton does no more—if she conceals her shame, does less; and sure the dissolute avowed, as sorely wrongs my honour and my quiet.

*Lady T.* I see, my lord, what sort of a wife might please you.

*Lord T.* Ungrateful woman! could you have seen yourself, you in yourself had seen her. I am amazed our legislature has left no precedent of a divorce, for this more visible injury, this adultery of the mind, as well as that of the person! When a woman's whole heart is alienated to pleasures I have no share in, what is it to me, whether a black ace, or a powdered coxcomb, has possession of it?

*Lady T.* If you have not found it yet, my lord, this is not the way to get possession of mine, depending upon it.

*Lord T.* That, madam, I have long despaired of; and, since our happiness cannot be mutual, 'tis fit that, with our hearts, our persons too should separate. This house you sleep no more in; though your content might grossly feed upon the dishonour of a husband, yet my desires would starve upon the features of a wife.

*Lady T.* Your style, my lord, is much of the same delicacy with your sentiments of honour!

*Lord T.* Madam, madam, this is no time for compliments—I have done with you.

*Lady T.* Done with me! If we had never met, my lord, I had not broke my heart for it, but have a care; I may not perhaps, be so easily recalled as you may imagine.

*Lord T.* Recalled? Who's there?

*Enter WILLIAMS.*

Desire my sister and Mr. Manly to walk up.

[Exit Williams.

*Lady T.* My lord, you may proceed as you please; but pray what indiscretions have I committed, that are not daily practised by a hundred other women of quality?

*Lord T.* 'Tis not the number of ill wives, madam, that makes the patience of a husband less contemptible; and though a bad one may be the best man's lot, yet he'll make a better figure in the world, that keeps his misfortunes out of doors, than he that tamely keeps them within.

*Lady T.* I don't know what figure you may make, my lord; but I shall have no reason to be ashamed of mine, in whatever company I may meet you.

*Lord T.* Be sparing of your spirit, madam; you'll need it to support you.

*Enter LADY GRACE and MANLY.*

Mr. Manly, I have an act of friendship to beg of you, which wants more apologies than words can make for it.

*Man.* Then pray make none, my lord, that I may have the greater merit in obliging you.

*Lord T.* Sister, I have the same excuse to entreat of you too.

*Lady G.* To your request, I beg, my lord.

*Lord T.* Thus, then, as you both were present at my ill-considered marriage, I now desire you each will be a witness of my determined separation. I know, sir, your good nature and my sister's, must be shocked at the office I impose on you; but as I don't ask your justification of my cause, so I hope you are conscious that an ill woman can't reproach you, if you are silent on her side.

*Man.* My lord, I never thought, till now, it could be difficult to oblige you.

*Lord T.* For you, my Lady Townly, I need not here repeat the provocations of my parting with you—the world, I fear, is too well informed of them. For the good lord, your dead father's sake, I will still support you as his daughter. As the Lord Townly's wife, you have had every thing a fond husband could bestow, and to our mutual shame I speak it, more than happy wives desire. But those indulgencies must end; state, equipage, and splendour, but ill become the vices that misuse them. The decent necessities of life shall be supplied, but not one article to luxury, not even the coach, that waits to carry you from hence, shall you ever use again. Your tender aunt, my Lady Lovemore, with tears, this morning, has consented to receive you; where, if time and your condition bring you to a due reflection, your allowance shall be increased; but if you still are lavish of your little, or pine for past licentious pleasures, that little shall be less; nor will I call that soul my friend that names you in my hearing. Oh, Manly, look there! turn back thy thoughts with me, and witness to my growing love. There was a time, when I believed that form incapable of vice or of decay; there I proposed the partner of an easy home; there I for ever hoped to find a cheerful companion, a faithful friend, an useful helpmate, and a tender mother: but, oh, how bitter new the disappointment!

*Man.* The world is different in its sense of happiness; offended as you are, I know you will still be just.

*Lord T.* Fear me not.

*Man.* This last reproach, I see, has struck her. [Aside.]

*Lord T.* No, let me not, (though I this moment cast her from my heart for ever,) let me not urge her punishment beyond her crimes. I know the world is fond of any tale that feeds its appetite of scandal; and as I am conscious severities of this kind seldom fail of imputations too gross to men-

tion, I here, before you both, acquit her of the least suspicion raised against the honour of my bed. Therefore, when abroad her conduct may be questioned, do her fame that justice.

*Lady T.* Oh, sister! *(Weeping.)*

*Lord T.* When I am spoken of, where, without favour, this action may be canvassed, relate but as I my provocations, and give me up to censure.

*Lady T.* Support me—save me—hide me from the world!

*Lord T. (Returning.)* I had forgot. *(To Lady G. acc.)* You have no share in my resentment, therefore, as you have lived in friendship with her, your parting may admit of gentler terms than suit the honour of an injured husband. *(Offers to go.)*

*Man. (Interposing.)* My lord, you must not, shall not leave her thus! One moment's stay can do your cause no wrong. If looks can speak the anguish of her heart, I'll answer, with my life, there's something labouring in her mind, that, would you hear the hearing, might deserve it.

*Lord T.* Consider—since we no more can meet, press not my staying to insult her.

*Lady T.* Yet stay, my lord—the little I would say will not deserve an insult; and, undeserved, I know your nature gives it not. But as you've called in friends to witness your resentment, let them be equal hearers of my last reply.

*Lord T.* I shan't refuse you that, madam—be it so.

*Lady T.* My lord, you ever have complained I wanted love; but as you kindly have allowed I never gave it to another, so, when you hear the story of my heart, though you may still complain, you would not wonder at my coldness.

*Lord T.* Proceed, I am attentive.

*Lady T.* Before I was your bride, my lord, the flattering world had talked me into beauty; which, at my glass, my youthful vanity confirmed. Wild with that fame, I thought mankind my slaves—I triumphed over hearts, while all my pleasure was their pain: yet was my own so equally insensible to all, that, when a father's firm commands enjoined me to make choice of one, I even there declined the liberty he gave, and to his own election yielded up my youth: his tender care, my lord, directed him to you. Our hands were joined, but still my heart was wedded to its folly. My only joy was power, command, society, profuseness, and to lead in pleasures. The husband's right to rule I thought a vulgar law, I knew no directors but my passions, no master but my will. Even you, my lord, sometimes overcome by love, were pleased with my delight: nor then foresaw this sad misuse of your indulgence. And though I call myself ungrateful while I own it, yet as a truth it cannot be denied, that kind indulgence has undone me; it added strength to my habitual failings; and, in a heart thus warmed in wild, unthinking life, no wonder if the gentler sense of love was lost.

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly! where has this creature's heart been buried?

*(Apart to Man.)*

*Man.* If yet recoverable, how vast the treasure!

*(Apart to Lord T.)*

*Lady T.* What I have said, my lord, is not my excuse, but my confession; my errors *(give them, if you please, a harder name,)* cannot be defended. No, what's in its nature wrong, no words can palliate—no plea can alter! What then remains in my conditions, but resignation to your pleasure? Time only can convince you of my future conduct: therefore, till I have lived an object of forgiveness, I dare not hope for pardon. The penance of a lonely, contrite life, were little to the innocent; but to have deserved this separation, will strew perpetual thorns upon my pillow. Sister, farewell! *(Kisses her.)* Your virtue needs no warning from the shame that falls on me; but when you think I have atoned my follies past, persuade your injured brother to forgive them.

*Lord T.* No, madam; your errors, thus renounced this instant are forgotten! So deep, so due a sense of them has made you what my utmost wishes formed, and all my heart has sighed for. Long parted friends, that pass through easy voyages of life, receive but common gladness in their meeting; but, from a shipwreck saved, we mingle tears with our embraces.

*(Embraces Lady Townly.)*

*Lady T.* What words—what love—what duty can repay such obligations?

*Lord T.* Preserve but this desire to please, your power is endless.

*Lady T.* Oh! till this moment, never did I know, my lord, I had a heart to give you!

*Lord T.* By heaven! this yielding hand, when first it gave you to my wishes, presented not a treasure more desirable! Oh, Manly! sister! as you have often shared in my disquiet, partake of my felicity—my new-born joy! See here the bride of my desires! This may be called my wedding-day.

*Lady G.* Sister, *(for now methinks that name is dearer to my heart than ever,)* let me congratulate the happiness that opens to you.

*Man.* Long, long, and mutual, may it flow!

*Lord T.* To make our happiness complete, my dear, join here with me to give a hand, that amply will repay the obligation.

*Lady T.* Sister, a day like this—

*Lady G.* Admits of no excuse against the general joy.

*(Gives her hand to Manly.)*

*Man.* A joy like mine—despairs of words to speak it.

*Lord T.* Oh, Manly, how the name of friend endears the brother!

*(Embracing him.)*

*Man.* Your words, my lord, will warm me to deserve them.

*Lady T.* Sister, to your unerring virtue I now commit the guidance of my future days—

*Never the paths of pleasure more to tread,  
But where your guarded innocence shall lead.  
For in the married state the world must own  
Divided happiness was never known:  
To make it mutual, nature points the way;  
Let husbands govern, gentle wives obey.*



# A TALE OF MYSTERY.

A MELODRAMA, IN TWO ACTS.—BY THOMAS HOLCROFT.



*Rom.*—"WHITHER FLY?"—Act iii, scene 3.

## Persons Represented.

BONAMO.  
ROMALDI.  
FRANCISCO.  
STEPHANO.

MONTANO.  
MICHELL.  
MALVOGLIO.  
PIERO.

EXEMPT.  
GARDENERS.  
PEASANTS.  
MUSICIANS.

DANCERS.  
SELINA.  
FIAMETTA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I. A Hall in the house of Bonamo, with two side doors, and folding-doors in the back scene: a table, pen, ink, and paper, chairs, &c. Music, to express discontent and alarm.

Enter SELINA and FIAMETTA.

*Sel.* You seem hurried, Fiametta?

*Fiam.* Hurried, truly! Yes, yes; and you'll be hurried, too.

*Sel.* I?

*Fiam.* Fine news!

*Sel.* Of what kind?

*Fiam.* A very bad kind. The Count Romaldi—

*Sel.* (*Alarm!*) What of him?

*Fiam.* Is coming.

*Sel.* When?

*Fiam.* This evening.

*Sel.* Heavens! What can he want?

*Fiam.* Want? He wants mischief. We all know he wants you to marry his son, because you're a rich heiress.

*Sel.* Surely, my uncle will never consent?

*Fiam.* Your uncle and all Savoy fear him.

*Bona.* (*Calling without.*) Fiametta!

*Fiam.* I am here, sir.

*Bona.* But I want you here.

*Fiam.* Lord, sir! I am busy.

*Sel.* Go, run to my uncle.

*Fiam.* It's a shame that he should not think of marrying you to his own son; when he knows how dearly you love each other.

*Sel.* It is the excellence of my dear uncle's heart, that disdains the appearance of self-interest.

*Fiam.* So, rather than be blamed himself, he'll make you and I and every body miserable! But I'll talk to him!

*Bona.* (Without.) Fiametta, I say!

*Fiam.* Coming! (Going.) He shall hear of it. I'm in a proper cue. He knows I'm right, and I'll not spare him.

[Exit talking.]

(Hunting music.)

Enter STEPHANO, with his fowling-piece, net, and game.

*Sel.* Why are you so late, Stephano? I had a thousand alarms.

*Steph.* Forgive me, dear Selina. The pursuit of game led me too far among the mountains.

*Sel.* Do you know—

*Steph.* What?

*Sel.* I almost dread to tell you. Count Romaldi is coming.

*Steph.* Romaldi!

*Sel.* I shudder when I recollect the selfishness of his views, and the violence of his character.

*Steph.* Add, the wickedness of his heart.

(Music, to express chattering contention.)

Enter BONAMO and FIAMETTA.

*Fiam.* I tell you again, sir, it is uncharitable, it is cruel; it is hard-hearted in you, to give any such orders.

*Bona.* And I tell you they shall be obeyed. Have not I a right to do as I please in my own house?

*Fiam.* No, sir; you have no right to do wrong anywhere.

*Steph.* What is the dispute, sir?

*Fiam.* He has ordered me to turn the poor Francisco out of doors; because, forsooth, the house is not large enough to hold this Count Romaldi.

*Sel.* Think, my dear uncle, how grateful and kind is his heart!

*Steph.* And that he is a man of misfortune.

*Bona.* Folly and misfortune are twins; nobody can tell one from the other. He has got footing here; and you seem all determined he shall keep it.

*Sel.* I own I am interested in his favour. His manners are so mild!

*Steph.* His eyes so expressive!

*Sel.* His behaviour so proper!

*Fiam.* I'll be bound he's of genteel parentage!

*Bona.* Who told you so?

*Fiam.* Not he, himself for certain; because, poor creature! he is dumb. But only observe his sorrowful looks. What it is I don't know, but there is something on his mind so—

*Bona.* You are a fool!

*Fiam.* Fool, or not, I have served you faithfully these three-and-twenty years; so you may turn me out of doors at last, if you please.

*Bona.* I!

*Fiam.* Yes; for, if you turn Francisco out, I'll never enter them again.

*Bona.* You certainly know more concerning this man?

*Fiam.* Since it must be told, I do.

*Bona.* Then speak.

*Fiam.* It is quite a tragedy!

*Bona.* Indeed! Let us hear.

*Fiam.* It is now seven or eight years ago, when you having sent me to Chambery, I was coming home. It was almost dark; every thing was still; I was winding along the dale, and the rocks were all as it were turning black. Of a sudden, I heard cries! A man was murdering! I shook from head to foot! Presently, the cries died away; and I beheld two bloody men, with their daggers in their hands, stealing off under the crags at the foot of the mill. I stood like a stone; for I was frightened out of my wits! So I thought I heard groans; and, as I was, I had the sense to think they must come from the poor murdered creature. So I listened, and followed my ears, and presently I saw this very man—

*Sel.* Francisco?

*Fiam.* Weltering in his blood! To be sure I screamed and called loud enough: for what could I do by myself? So presently my cries were heard; and honest Michelli, the miller, with his man, came running.

*Bona.* I now remember the tale. The poor man recovered; and every body praised Michelli.

*Fiam.* So they ought; he is an honest, good soul! What then, sir, can you suppose I thought, when, about a week ago, I again saw Francisco's apparition standing before me; making signs that he was famished with hunger and thirst? I knew him at once; and he soon bethought himself of me. If you had seen his clasped hands, and his thankful looks, and his dumb notes, and his signs of joy, at having found me! While I have a morsel, he shall never want. I'll hire him a cottage; I'll wait upon him; I'll work for him: so turn him out of doors, if you have the heart.

*Steph.* Fiametta, you wrong my father.

*Bona.* I'll hear his story from himself.

*Fiam.* He can't speak.

*Bona.* But he can write.

*Fiam.* I warrant him. I'm sure he's a gentleman.

*Bona.* Bring him here: if he prove himself an honest man, I am his friend.

*Fiam.* I know that, or you shall be no master of mine.

[Exit.]

*Steph.* His kind attentions to Selina are singular.

*Sel.* Every morning, I find him waiting for me with fresh gathered flowers, which he offers with such modest yet affectionate looks!

FIAMETTA returns with FRANCISCO; the latter, poor in appearance, but clean; with a reserved, placid, and dignified air.

*Bona.* Come near, friend. You understand his gestures, Fiametta; so stay where you are.

*Fiam.* I intend it.

*Bona.* (To himself.) He has a manly form! a benevolent eye! (Aloud.) Sit down, sir. Leave us, my children. (Francisco suddenly rises, as Stephano and Selina offer to go; brings them back, and entreats they may remain.) Since he desires it, stay. There is pen, ink, and paper; when you cannot answer by signs, write; but be strict to the truth.

*Fran.* (With dignity points to heaven and his heart.)

*Bona.* Who are you? (Francisco writes; and Ste.

phano, standing behind him, takes up the paper and reads the answers.)

Fran. "A noble Roman!"

Bona. Your family?

Fran. (Gives a sudden sign of forbear! and writes.)

"Must not be known."

Bona. Why?

Fran. "It is disgraced."

Bona. By you?

Fran. (Gesticulates.)

Fran. (Interpreting.) No, no, no!

Bona. Who made you dumb?

Fran. "The Algerines."

Bona. How came you in their power?

Fran. "By treachery."

Bona. Do you know the traitors!

Fran. (Gesticulates.)

Fiam. (Eagerly.) He does! he does!

Bona. Why are they?

Fran. "The same who stabbed me among the rocks." (A general expression of horror.)

Bona. Name them.

Fran. (Gesticulates violently, denoting painful recollection; then writes.) "Never."

Bona. Are they known by me?

Fiam. (Interpreting.) They are! they are!

Bona. Are they rich?

Fran. "Rich and powerful."

Bona. Astonishing! Your refusal to name them gives strange suspicions. I must know more: tell me all, or quit my house.

(Music to express pain and disorder.)

Enter PIERO.

Pier. Count Romaldi, sir.

Fran. (Starts up struck with alarm.)

Steph. So soon!

Bona. Shew him up.

Pier. He's here

(Similar music.)

ROMALDI suddenly enters, as FRANCISCO is attempting to pass the door: they start back at the sight of each other. Romaldi recovers himself; and Francisco, in an agony of mind, leaves the room.

Bona. What is all this? Where is he gone? Call him back, Fiametta!

(Exeunt Fiametta and Stephano; both regarding Romaldi with dislike.)

Rom. (With forced ease.) At length, my good friend, I am here. I have long promised myself the pleasure of seeing you. Your hand. How hearty you look! And your lovely niece! Her father's picture!

Bona. Rather her mother's.

Rom. My son will adore her. In two days I expect him here. I have serious business to communicate.

Sel. (To her uncle.) Permit me to retire, sir.

Bona. (Tenderly.) Go, my child; go.

Sel. (Aside.) Grant, oh, merciful heaven! I may not fall a sacrifice to avarice!

[Exit.]

Bona. And now your pleasure, Count?

Rom. Nay, I imagine you can guess my errand. You know my friendship for my son, who, let me tell you, is your great admirer. The care you have bestowed upon your niece, her education, mind, and manners, and the faithful guardian you have been, both of her wealth and person, well deserve praise.

Bona. If I have done my duty, I am greatly fortunate.

Rom. She is a lovely young lady; and you are not ignorant of my son's passion: to which your duty towards your niece must make you a friend. I therefore come with open frankness, to propose their union.

Bona. And I, with equal candour, must tell you, I can give no answer.

Rom. (Haughtily affecting surprise.) No answer! Bona. Your rank and wealth make the proposal flattering; but there is a question still more serious.

Rom. (In the same tone.) What can that be?

Bona. One which my niece only can resolve.

Rom. Inexperience like hers should have no opinion.

Bona. How, my lord! Drag the bride, by force, to that solemn altar, where, in the face of heaven, she is to declare her choice is free?

Rom. Mere ceremonies.

Bona. Ceremonies! Bethink yourself; lest marriage become a farce, libertinism a thing to laugh at, and adultery itself a finable offence!

Rom. Ay, ay; you are a moralist; a conscientious man. Your son is reported to have designs on Selina.

Bona. My lord!

Rom. No anger: I speak as a friend. Her fortune is tempting: but you disdain to be influenced. The wealth and rank of our family—

Bona. Surpass mine. True; still my niece, I say, must be consulted.

Rom. Indeed! (Sternly.) Then my alliance, it seems, is refused?

Bona. By no means: I have neither the right to refuse nor to accept. If Selina—

Re-enter SELINA, with a letter.

Sel. (Presenting it to Bona.) From the unfortunate Francisco.

Rom. What! that strange fellow I met as I came in?

Sel. (Aside.) He knows his name!

Rom. I forgot to ask how he got admittance here?

Sel. (With marked displeasure.) I should hope, my lord, there would always be some charitable door open to the unfortunate.

Rom. (With courteous resentment.) I addressed your uncle, lovely lady.

Bona. When you came in, he was relating his adventures, which have been strange.

Rom. (Retaining himself.) And are you, my friend, simple enough to believe such tales?

Sel. What tales, my lord?

Bona. The proofs are convincing! The mutilation he has suffered; the wounds he received, not a league from hence; the—

Rom. (Alarmed.) Did he name—

Bona. Who? The monsters that gave them? No; but they are not unknown to him.

Rom. That—that is fortunate.

Bona. I was amazed to learn—

Rom. What?

Bona. That they are rich and powerful. But I forget: the story can have no interest for you.

Rom. (Eagerly.) You mistake: I—(recollecting himself) my feelings are as keen as yours.

Bona. But what has he written? (Offers to open the letter.)

Rom. If you will take my advice, you will not read. Doubtless, he has more complaints, more

tales, more favours to request. Be kind and hospitable; but do not be a dupe.

*Bona.* Of which, I own, there is danger.

*Rom.* (Seizing the letter which Bonomo carelessly holds.) Then let me guard you against it.

*Sel.* (After continually watching and suspecting Romaldi, matches the letter back; while he, remarking her suspicions, is confused.) This letter, my lord, was given in charge to me: I promised to bring an answer; and I respectfully entreat my uncle will read it.

*Bona.* Well, well. (Reads.) "Friend of humanity, should I remain, the peace of your family might be disturbed. I therefore go; but earnestly entreat you will neither think me capable of falsehood nor ingratitude. Wherever I am, my wishes and my heart will be here. Farewell." He shall not go.

*Rom.* Why not? He owns the peace of your family may be disturbed.

*Bona.* Fly, Selina, tell him I require, I request, him to sleep here to-night, that I may speak with him to-morrow.

*Rom.* (Aside.) That must not be.

*Sel.* Thanks, my dear uncle! you have made me happy.

[Exit in haste. Confused music.]

Enter PIERO.

*Rom.* What now, Piero?

*Pier.* Signor Montano is below.

*Bona.* (Alarmed and aside.) Montano!

*Bona.* I'm very glad of it, for I wanted his advice. (To Romaldi.) The best of men!

*Pier.* Please to come up, sir.

*Rom.* With your permission, I will retire.

Enter MONTANO.

(Music plays alarmingly, but piano when he enters, and while he sings.)

*Mon.* I beg pardon, good sir, but—(Music loud and discordant at the moment the eye of Montano catches the figure of Romaldi; at which Montano starts with terror and indignation. He then assumes the eye and attitude of menace, which Romaldi returns. The music ceases.) Can it be possible?

*Rom.* (Returning his threatening looks.) Sir!

*Mon.* You here?

*Rom.* Not having the honour of your acquaintance, I know not why my presence should please or displease you.

*Mon.* (After a look of stern contempt at Romaldi, and addressing Bonomo.) Good night, my friend, I will see you to-morrow.

[Exit suddenly.]

(Hurrying music, but half piano.)

*Bona.* (Calling.) Nay, but, signor! Signor Montano! Are the people all mad? Fiametta!

*Fiam.* (Without.) Sir!

*Bona.* Run, overtake him; and say, I must speak with him. (Music ceases.) Excuse me for going.

(To Romaldi.)

*Rom.* Why in such haste? I have heard of this Montano: a credulous person; a relator of strange stories.

*Bona.* Signor Montano credulous! There is not in all Savoy a man of sounder understanding. Good night, my lord; I will send your servant: the door leads to your bed-room. Call for

whatever you want; the house is at your command.

[Exit with looks of suspicion. Music of doubt and terror.]

*Rom.* What am I to think? How act? The arm of Providence seems raised to strike! Am I become a coward? Shall I betray, rather than defend myself! I am not yet an idiot.

(Threatening music.)

Enter the Count's Servant, MALVOGLIO; who observes his master. Music ceases.

*Mal.* Your lordship seems disturbed?

*Rom.* Francisco is here.

*Mal.* I saw him.

*Rom.* And did not your blood freeze?

*Mal.* I was sorry.

*Rom.* For what?

*Mal.* That my dagger had missed its aim.

*Rom.* We are in his power.

*Mal.* He is in ours.

*Rom.* What are your thoughts?

*Mal.* What are yours, my lord?

*Rom.* Guess them.

*Mal.* Executioners!

*Rom.* Infamy!

*Mal.* Backs!

*Rom.* Maledictions!

*Mal.* From all which a blow may yet deliver us.

SELINA, entering and hiding behind the door, opposite to the chamber of ROMALDI, overhears them.

*Rom.* 'Tis a damning crime!

*Mal.* Were it the first.

*Rom.* Where is he to sleep?

*Mal.* There!

(Pointing to the chamber opposite to Romaldi's.)

*Sel.* (Behind the door.) They mean Francisco!

*Sel.* Obstinate fool! Since he will stay—

*Mal.* He must die.

*Sel.* The monsters!

*Rom.* I heard a noise.

*Mal.* (Looking toward the folding-doors.) He's coming.

*Rom.* Let us retire and concert—

*Mal.* Then, at midnight—

*Rom.* When he sleeps—

*Mal.* He'll wake no more!

[Exeunt to the chamber of the Count.]

(The stage dark: soft music, but expressing first pain and alarm; then the successive feelings of the scene. Fiametta enters, with Francisco, and a lamp, which she places on the table. She regards him with compassion, points to his bed-room, then curtsies with kindness and respect, and retires; he returning her kindness. He seats himself as if to write, rises, takes the lamp, looks round with apprehension, goes to the chamber-door of Romaldi, starts away with horror, recovers himself, again places the lamp on the table, and sits down to write. The door of Romaldi opens: Malvoglio half appears, watching Francisco; but, as he turns, again retires.)

Enter, SELINA, who gently pulls the sleeve of Francisco: he starts: but, seeing her, his countenance expands with pleasure.

(Music pauses on a half close.)

*Sel.* (In a low voice.) Dare not to sleep! I will be on the watch! your life is in danger!

[Exit.]

(Music continues tremendous.)

*Fran. (Greatly agitated, draws a pair of pistols, lays them on the table, and seats himself to consider if he should write more.)*

**ROMALDI and MALVOGLIO appear.**

*(Music suddenly stops.)*

*Rom. (To Malvoglio.) (Watch that entrance. (To Franci.co.) Wretched fool! Why are you here?*

*(Music: terror confusion, menace, command.)*

*Fran. (Starts up, seizes his pistols, points them toward Romaldi and Malvoglio, and commands the former, by signs, to read the papers that lie on the table.)*

*(Music ceases.)*

*Rom. (Reads.) "Repent; leave the house. Oblige me not to betray you. Force me not on self-defence." Fool! Do you pretend to command? (Throws him a purse.) We are two. Take that, and fly.*

*(Music.)*

*Fran. (After a look of compassionate appeal, spurns it from him; and commands them to go. After which, sudden pause of music.)*

*Rom. (Aside to Malvoglio.) I know him; he will not fire.*

*(Music. They draw their daggers; he at first avoids them; at length they each seize him by the arm, and are in the attitude of threatening to strike, when the shrieks of Selina, joining the music, which likewise shrieks, suddenly brings Bonomo, Stephano, and servants, through the folding-doors.*

*Sel. Uncle! Stephano! Murder! (Romaldi and Malvoglio, at hearing the noise behind, quit Francisco, and feign to be standing on self-defence. Music ceases.)*

*Bona. What mean these cries? What strange proceedings are here?*

*Sel. They are horrible!*

*Bona. Why, my lord, are these daggers drawn against a man under my protection?*

*Rom. Self-defence is a duty. Is not his pistol levelled at my breast?*

*Bona. (To Francisco.) Can it be? (Fran. inclines his head.) Do you thus repay hospitality?*

*Sel. Sir, you are deceived: his life was threatened.*

*Rom. (Sternly.) Madam!*

*Sel. I fear you not: I watched, I overheard you.*

*Bona. Is this true?*

*Rom. No.*

*Sel. By the purity of heaven, yes! Behind that door, I heard the whole; Francisco must quit the house, or be murdered!*

*Rom. (To Bonomo sternly.) I expect, sir, my word will not be doubted.*

*Bona. My lord, there is one thing of which I cannot doubt: the moment you appeared, terror was spread through my house. Men's minds are troubled at the sight of you: they seem all to avoid you. Good seldom accompanies mystery; I, therefore, now decidedly reply to your proposal, that my niece cannot be the wife of your son; and must further add, you oblige me to decline the honour of your present visit.*

*Rom. (With threatening haughtiness.) Speak the truth, old man, and own you are glad to find a pretext to colour refusal, and gratify ambition. Selina and Stephano;—you want her wealth, and mean in that way to make it secure. But, beware! Dare to pursue your project, and tremble at the conse-*

*quences! To-morrow, before ten o'clock, send your written consent; or dread what shall be done.*

*[Exeunt Romaldi and Malvoglio; appropriate music.]*

*Bona. Dangerous and haughty man! But his threats are vain; my doubts are removed; Selina shall not be the victim of mean precaution, and cowardly fears. I know your wishes, children. Let us retire. (To his servants.) Make preparations for rejoicing: early to-morrow, Stephano and Selina shall be affianced. (Music of sudden joy, while they kneel.)*

*Steph. My kind father!*

*Sel. Dearest, best of guardians! (Music pauses.)*

*Bona. Francisco shall partake the common happiness.*

*Fiam. (As they are all retiring.) Dear, dear, I shan't sleep to-night.*

*[Exeunt: Bonomo expressing friendship to all, which all return; Francisco with joy equal to that of the lovers. Sweet and cheerful music, gradually dying away.]*

## ACT II.

*(Joyful Music.)*

**SCENE I.—A beautiful Garden and Pleasure-grounds; with garlands, festoons, love-devices, and every preparation for a marriage festival.**

*First and second Gardeners; PIERO and his Companions; all busy.*

*Pier. Come, come; bestir yourselves! The company will soon be here.*

*1 Gard. Well; let them come: all is ready.*

*Pier. It has a nice look, by my fackins!*

*1 Gard. I believe it has, thanks to me!*

*Pier. Thanks to you!*

*2 Gard. And me.*

*Pier. And you? Here's impudence! I say it is thanks to me!*

*1 and 2 Gard. You, indeed!*

*Pier. Why, surely, you'll not have the face to pretend to deny my incapacity?*

*1 Gard. Yours?*

*2 Gard. Yours?*

*Pier. Mine! mine!*

**Enter STEPHANO.**

*Steph. What is the matter, my honest friends?*

*1 Gard. Why, here's Mr. Piero pretends to dispute his claim to all that has been done.*

*2 Gard. Yes; and says every thing is owing to his incapacity.*

*1 Gard. Now, I maintain, the incapacity was all my own. (To Steph.) Saving and excepting yours, sir.*

*2 Gard. And mine.*

*1 Gard. Seeing you gave the first orders.*

*Pier. But wasn't they given to me, sir? Didn't you say to me, Piero, says you—*

*Steph. (Interrupting.) Ay, ay; each man has done his part: all is excellent, and I thank you kindly. Are the villagers invited?*

*Pier. Invited! They no sooner heard of the wedding than they were half out of their wits. There will be such dancing and sporting! Then, the music! Little Nanina, with the burdy-gurdy; her brother, with the taber and pipe; the blind addler,*

the lame piper, I and my jew's harp! such a band!

*Steph.* Bravo! Order everything for the best.

*Pier.* But who is to order? Please to tell me that, sir.

*Steph.* Why, you.

*Pier.* There! *(To his companions.)* Mind! I am to order! Mark that!

*Steph.* You shall be major-domo for the day.

*Pier.* You hear. I am to be—do—drum-major for the day.

*Steph.* Selina is coming. To your post.

*(Music. They hurry each to his garland, and conceal themselves by the trees and bushes.)*

Enter BONAMO, SELINA, and FIAMETTA.

*(Music ceases.)*

*Bona.* *(Looking round.)* Vastly well, upon my word!

*Sel.* *(Tenderly.)* I fear, Stephano, you have slept but little.

*Bona.* *(Gaily.)* Sleep, indeed! He had something better to think of. Come, come! we'll breakfast here in the bower. Order it, Fiametta.

*Fiam.* Directly, sir.

*(She goes, and returns with the servants; asking them to arrange the breakfast-table.)*

*Bona.* How reviving to age is the happiness of the young! And yet—*(sighs.)*—thou hast long been an orphan, Selina; it has more than doubled thy fortune, which was great at my brother's sudden death. Would thou hadst less wealth, or I more!

*Sel.* And why, my dear uncle?

*Bona.* Evil tongues—this Romaldi—

*Steph.* Forget him.

*Sel.* Would that were possible! his menace—before ten o'clock—oh! that the hour were over!

*Bona.* Come, come, we'll not disturb our hearts with fears. To breakfast, and then to the notary. I forgot Francisco; why is he not here?

*Sel.* Shall I bring him?

*Bona.* Do you go, Fiametta.

*Fiam.* Most willingly.

*Bona.* Come, sit down.

*(They seat themselves. Sweet music. Piero peeps from behind a shrub. Stephano gives a gentle clap with his hands, and the peasants all rise from their hiding-places, and suspend their garlands, in a picturesque group, over Bonamo, Selina, and Stephano. Music ceases.)*

*Pier.* What say you to that now?

*Bona.* Charming! charming!

*Pier.* I hope I am not made a major for nothing.

*Bona.* *(To Francisco, who enters with Fiametta.)*

Come, sir, please to take your seat.

*Pier.* *(To Steph.)* Shall the sports begin?

*Steph.* *(Gives an affirmative sign.)*

*Pier.* Here! dancers! pipers! strummers! thrummers! to your places! This bench is for the band of music—mount.

*(Here the dancing, which should be of the gay, comic and grotesque kind; with droll atti-*

*tudes, gesticulations, and bounds, in imitation of the mountaineers, the goats they keep, &c.—that is, the humorous dancing of the Italian peasants. In the midst of the rejoicing, the clock strikes; the dancing suddenly ceases; the changing music inspires alarm and dismay.)*

Enter MALVOGLIO.

*(He stops in the middle of the stage; the company start up; Francisco, Stephano, Selina, and Bonamo, all with more or less terror. The peasants, alarmed and watching; the whole, during a short pause, forming a picture. Malvoglio then presents a letter to Bonamo, with a malignant assurance, and turns away, gratified by the consternation he has occasioned: with which audacious air and feeling he retires. While Bonamo opens the letter with great agitation, the music expresses confusion and pain of thought; then ceases.)*

*Bona.* Oh, shame! dishonour! treachery!

*Steph.* My father!

*Sel.* My uncle!

*Fiam.* What treachery!

*Fram.* *(Attitude of despair.)*

*Bona.* No more of love or marriage! no more of sports, rejoicing, and mirth.

*Steph.* Good heavens!

*Sel.* My guardian! my friend! my uncle!

*Bona.* *(Repelling her.)* I am not your uncle.

*Sel.* Sir!

*Steph.* Not?

*Bona.* She is the child of crime!—of adultery! *(A general stupefaction; the despair of Francisco at its height.)*

*Steph.* 'Tis malice, my father!

*Bona.* Read.

*Steph.* The calumny of Romaldi!

*Bona.* *(Seriously.)* Read.

*Steph.* *(Reads.)* "Selina is not your brother's daughter. To prove I speak nothing but the truth, I send you the certificate of her baptism."

*Bona.* 'Tis here authenticated. Once more read.

*Steph.* *(Reads.)* "May the 11th, 1584, at ten o'clock this evening, was baptized Selina Bianchi, the daughter of Francisco Bianchi."

*Fram.* *(Utters a cry, and falls on the seat.)*

*Sel.* Is it possible? my father!

*Fram.* *(Opens his arms, and Selina falls on his neck.)*

*Steph.* Amazement!

*Bona.* Sinful man! not satisfied with having dishonoured my brother, after claiming my pity, would you aid in making me contract a most shameful alliance? Begone! you and the offspring of your guilt.

*Steph.* Selina is innocent.

*Fram.* *(Confirms it.)*

*Bona.* Her father is—a wretch! Once more, begone.

*Fram.* *(During this dialogue had held his daughter in his arms; he now rises with a sense of injury, and is leading her away.)*

*Bona.* Hold, miserable man! *(to himself.)* Houseless—penniless—without bread—without asylum; must she perish because her father has been wicked? *(To Francisco.)* Take this purse, conceal your shame, and, when 'tis empty, let me know your hiding place.

*Fram.* *(Expresses gratitude, but rejects the purse.)*

*Sel. (With affection.)* Spare your benefits, sir, till you think we deserve them.

*Bona. Poor Selina!*

*Steph. (Eagerly.)* What say you, sir?

*Bona. Nothing; let them begone.*

*Sel. Stephano, farewell!*

*Steph. She shall not go! or—I will follow.*

*Bona. And forsake your father! ungrateful boy! (To Fran.)* Begone, I say. Let me never see you more. *(To the Peasants.)* Confine that frantic youth.

*(Violent distracted music.) Stephano endeavours to force his way to Selina; Fiametta passionately embraces her; and by gesture reproaches Boname, who persists, yet is tormented by doubt. Stephano escapes, and suddenly hurries Selina forward, to detain her; after violent efforts, they are again forced asunder; and, as they are retiring on opposite sides, with struggles and passion, the scene closes.*

## SCENE II.—The House of Boname.

BONAMO and STEPHANO brought on by the Peasants, who then leave the room.

*Bona. Disobedient, senseless boy!*

*Steph. (Exhausted.)* Selina! Give me back Selina, or take my life!

*Bona. Forbear these complaints.*

*Steph. She is the woman I love.*

*Bona. Dare you—*

*Steph. None but she shall be my wife.*

*Bona. Your wife!*

*Steph. To the world's end I'll follow her!*

*Bona. And quit your father? now, when age and infirmity bend him to the grave?*

*Steph. We will return to claim your blessing.*

*Bona. Stephano! I have loved you like a father; beware of my malediction.*

*Steph. When a father's malediction is unjust, heaven is deaf.*

*Enter FIAMETTA, retaining her anger.*

*Fiam. Very well! it's all very right! But you will see how it will end!*

*Bona. (To Steph.)* I no longer wonder Count Romaldi should advise me to drive such a wretch from my house.

*Fiam. Count Romaldi is himself a wretch.*

*Bona. Fiametta!—*

*Fiam. (Overcome by her passion.)* I say it again! a vile, wicked wretch! and has written—

*Bona. (Imperiously.)* The truth. The certificate is incontestable.

*Fiam. I would not for all the world be guilty of your sins.*

*Bona. Woman!*

*Fiam. I don't care for you; I loved you this morning; I would have lost my life for you, but you are grown wicked.*

*Bona. Will you be silent?*

*Fiam. Is it not wickedness to turn a sweet, innocent, helpless, young creature, out of doors; one who has behaved with such tenderness; and leave her at last to starve? Oh, it is abominable!*

*Bona. Once more, hold your tongue.*

*Fiam. I won't, I can't! Poor Stephano! And do you think he'll forbear to love her? If he did, I should hate him! But he'll make his escape. You*

*may hold him to-day, but he'll be gone to-morrow. He'll overtake and find his dear forlorn Selina; and they will marry, and live in poverty; but they will work, and eat their morsel, with a good conscience; while you will turn from your dainties with an aching heart!*

*Bona. For the last time I warn you—*

*Fiam. I know the worst: I have worked for you all the prime of my youth; and now you'll serve me as you have served the innocent, wretched Selina; you'll turn me out of doors. Do it! But I'll not go till I've said out my say: so I tell you again, you are a hard-hearted uncle, an unfeeling father and an unjust master! Every body will shun you! You will dwindle out a life of misery, and nobody will pity you; because you don't deserve pity. So, now I'll go, as soon as you please.*

*Enter SIGNOR MONTANO, hastily.*

*Fiametta and Stephano eagerly attentive.*

*Mon. What is it I have just heard, my friend? Have you driven away your niece?*

*Bona. She is not my niece.*

*Bona. 'Tis true.*

*Fiam. How!*

*Mon. But where did you learn that?*

*Bona. From these papers.*

*Mon. Who sent them?*

*Bona. Count Romaldi.*

*Mon. Count Romaldi is—a villain.*

*Fiam. There! There!*

*Steph. You hear, sir!*

*Fiam. I hope I shall be believed another time.*

*Bona. (Greatly interested.)* Silence, woman!—By a man like you, such an accusation cannot be made without sufficient proofs.

*Mon. You shall have them. Be attentive.*

*Fiam. I won't breathe! A word shan't escape my lips.*

*(They press round Montano.)*

*Mon. Eight years ago, before I had the honour to know you, returning one evening after visiting my friends, I was leisurely ascending the rock of Arpennaz.*

*Fiam. So, so! The rock of Arpennaz! You hear! But I'll not say a word.*

*Mon. Two men, wild in their looks, and smeared with blood, passed hastily by me, with every appearance of guilt impressed upon their countenances.*

*Fiam. The very same! Eight years ago! The rock of Arpennaz! The—*

*Bona. Silence!*

*Fiam. I'll not say a word. Tell all, sir; I am dumb.*

*Mon. They had not gone a hundred paces before he, who appeared the master, staggered and fell, I hastened to him; he bled much, and I and his servant supported him to my house: they said they had been attacked by banditti, yet their torn clothes, a deep bite, which the master had on the back of his hand, and other hurts appearing to be given by an unarmed man, made me doubt. Their embarrassment increased suspicion; which was confirmed by Michelli, the honest miller of Arpennaz; who, the evening before, near the spot from which I saw these men ascend, had succoured a poor wretch, dreadfully cut and mangled.*

*Fiam. It's all true! 'Twas I! I myself! My cries made Michelli come! Eight years—*

Bona. Again?

Fiam. I've done.

Mon. I no longer doubted I had entertained men of blood, and hastened to deliver them up to justice: but, when I returned, they had flown; having left a purse, and this letter.

Bona. (Having seen it.) 'Tis the hand of Romaldi.

Mon. Imagine my surprise and indignation, yesterday evening, when I once more beheld the assassin! I could not disguise my emotion; and I left you with such abruptness to give immediate information. The archers are now in pursuit: I have no doubt they will soon secure him, as they already have secured his accomplice.

Steph. Malvoglio?

Mon. Yes; who has confessed—

Steph. What?

Mon. That the real name of this pretended Romaldi is Bianchi.

Bona. Just heaven! Francisco's brother!

Mon. Whose wife this wicked brother loved. Privately married, and she pregnant, Francisco put her under the protection of his friend here in Savoy.

Steph. My uncle! his sudden death occasioned the mystery.

Mon. But the false Romaldi decoyed Francisco into the power of the Algerines, seized his estates; and, finding he had escaped, attempted to assassinate him.

Fiam. Now are you convinced? He would not 'peach his brother of abomination! (Raising her clasped hands.) I told you Francisco was an angel! but, for all you know me so well, I'm not to be believed.

Bona. You are not to be silenced.

Fiam. No, I'm not. Francisco is an angel, Selina is an angel, Stephano is an angel: They shall be married, and all make one family; of which, if you repent, you shall be received into the bosom.

Bona. (Slowly; earnestly.) Pray, good woman, hold your tongue.

Fiam. Repent, then! Repent!

(Here the distant thunder is heard, and the rising storm perceived.)

Bona. (To Montano and Stephano.) I do repent!

Fiam. (Affectionately.) Then I forgive you, (sobs) I won't turn you away. You're my master, again. (Kisses his hand, and wipes her eyes.)

Bona. But were shall we find Selina, and—?

Fiam. Oh, I know where!

Steph. (Eagerly.) Do you?

Fiam. Why could you think that—(her heart full.) Follow me! Only follow me.

(Exeunt hastily)

Thunder heard, while the Scene changes.

Music. Scene, the wild mountainous country called the Nant of Arpinnaz, with pines and massy rocks. A rude wooden bridge on a small height thrown from rock to rock; a rugged mill stream, a little in the back ground; the miller's house on the right; a steep ascent by a narrow path to the bridge; a stone or bank to sit on, on the right-hand side. The increasing storm of lightning, thunder, hail, and rain, becomes terrible. Suitable music.

Enter ROMALDI from the rocks, disguised like a peasant, with terror; pursued as it were by heaven and earth.

Rom. Whither fly? Where shield me from pursuit and death, and ignominy? My hour is come! The fends that tempted, now tear me. (Dreadful thunder.) The heavens shoot their fires at me! Save! spare! Oh, spare me! (Falls on the bank. Music, hail, &c. continue; after a pause, he raises his head. More fearful claps of thunder heard, and he again falls on his face. The storm gradually abates. Pause in the music. A very distant voice is heard. (Holla!) Music continues. He half rises, starts, and runs from side to side; looking and listening. Music ceases. Voice again, (Holla!) They are after me! Some one points me out! No den, no cave, can hide me! (Looks the way he came.) I cannot return that way. I cannot. It is the place of blood! A robbed and wretched brother! 'Tis the blood, by which I am covered! Ay! There! There have I been driven for shelter! Under those very rocks! Oh, that they would open! Cover me, earth! Cover my crimes! Cover my shame! (Falls motionless again. Music of painful remorse; then changes to the cheerful pastoral, &c.)

MICHAEL is seen coming toward the bridge, which he crosses, stopping to look round and speak; then speaks as he descends by the rugged narrow path, and then in the front of the stage.

Mich. (On the bridge.) 'Tis a fearful storm! One's very heart shrinks! It makes a poor mortal think of his sins, and his danger.

Rom. (After listening.) Danger!—What? Is it me?

(Listening.)

Mich. (Descending.) Every thunder clap seems to flash vengeance in his face!

Rom. I am known; or must be! Shall I yield? or shall I—(Points his pistol at Michael, then shrinks.) More murder!

Mich. (In front of the stage.) At such terrible times, a clear conscience is better than kingdoms of gold mines.

Rom. (In hesitation whether he shall or shall not murder.) How to act?

Mich. (Perceiving Romaldi, who conceals his pistol.) Now, friend!

Rom. Now, miller!

Mich. (Observing his agitation.) You look—

Rom. How do I look? (Fearing, and still undetermined.)

Mich. I—what have you there?

Rom. Where?

Mich. Under your coat?

Rom. (Leaving the pistol in his inside pocket, and shewing his hands.) Nothing.

Mich. Something is the matter with you.

Rom. (Sudden emotion to shoot; restrained.) I am tired.

Mich. Come in, then, and rest yourself.

Rom. Thank you! (Moved.) Thank you!

Mich. Whence do you come?

Rom. From—the neighbourhood of Geneva.

Mich. (As if with meaning.) Did you pass through Sallancha?

Rom. (Alarmed.) Sallancha! Why do you ask?

Mich. You have heard of what has happened?

Rom. Where?

Mich. There! At Sallancha! One Count Romaldi—



Rom. What of him?

Mich. (*Observing*.) Do you know him?

Rom. I—How should a poor—

Mich. Justice is at his heels. He has escaped; but he'll be taken. The executioner will have him.

Rom. (*Shudders*.) Ay?

Mich. As sure as you are here.

Rom. (*Aside*.) All men hate me. Why should I spare him?

Mich. I saved the good Francisco.

Rom. (*Gazing steadfastly at him*.) You! Was it you?

Mich. I.

Rom. Then—live.

Mich. Live?

Rom. To be rewarded.

Mich. I'd have done the same for you.

Rom. Live! live!

Mich. I will, my friend, as long as I can; and, when I die, I'll die with an honest heart.

Rom. Miserable wretch!

Mich. Who?

Rom. That Count Romaldi.

Mich. Why, ay; unless he is a devil, he is miserable indeed. (*Music, quick march*.) He'll be taken; for, look, yonder are the archers. (*They cross the bridge*.)

Rom. (*Fearing Michelli knows him*.) What then? Where is Romaldi?

Mich. How should I know?

Rom. (*Aside*.) Does he dissemble? They are here: I am lost!

(*Retires*.)

*Music. The Archers come forward.*

Mich. Good day, worthysirs.

Exempt. Honest miller, good day. We are in search of Count Romaldi, whom we are to take, dead or alive. Do you know his person?

Mich. No.

Rom. (*Aside, and out of the sight of the Archers*.) Thanks, merciful heaven!

Exempt. (*Reads*.) "Five feet eight," &c. (*The description must be that of the actor's voice, size and person: to which add*) "with a large scar on the back of the right hand."

Rom. (*Thrusting his hand in his bosom*.) 'Twill betray me!

Exempt. 'Twas a bite. The wretch Malvoglio has deposed, that good Francisco is the brother of the ville Romaldi.

Mich. How?

Exempt. And that Francisco, though robbed, betrayed and mutilated, has endured every misery, and lived in continual dread of steel or poison, rather than bring this monster to the scaffold.

Mich. But he'll come there at last.

Exempt. We are told, he is among these mountains.

Mich. Oh, could I catch him by the collar.

Exempt. Should you meet him, beware; he's not unarmed.

Mich. There is no passing for him or you by this valley after the storm; the mountain torrents are falling. You must go back.

Exempt. Many thanks. We must lose no time.

Mich. Success to you.

(*Archers reascend the hill. Music. Quick march; as when they entered*.)

Rom. Death! Infamy! Is there no escaping?

Mich. The day declines, and you look—

Rom. How?

Mich. Um!—I wish you looked better. Come in; pass the evening here; recover your strength and spirits.

Rom. (*With great emotion, forgetting and holding out his hand*.) You are a worthy man.

Mich. I wish to be. (*Feeling Romaldi's hand, after shaking*.) Zounds! What! Eh!

Rom. (*Concealing his hand*.) A scar—

Mich. On the back of the right hand!

Rom. I have served. A hussar with his sabre gave the cut.

Mich. (*After considering*.) Humph! It may be.

Rom. It is.

Mich. At least it may be; and the innocent—

Rom. Ay! might suffer for the guilty.

Mich. (*After looking at him*.) Rather than that, I'll run all risks. I am alone; my family is at the fair, and cannot be home to-night. But you are a stranger; you want protection—

Rom. (*With great emotion*.) I do, indeed!

Mich. You shall have it. Come, never shall my door be shut against the houseless wretch.

[*Exeunt to the house*.]

*Music expressing dejection. FRANCISCO and SELINA, approaching the bridge, he points to the Miller's house. Cheerful music; she testifies joy and admiration of the Miller. They descend; he carefully guiding and aiding her. The Miller supposed to hear a noise, comes to inquire, sees Francisco, they run into each other's arms.*

Mich. Welcome! A thousand times welcome!

Sel. Ten thousand thanks to the saviour of my father!

Mich. Your father, sweet lady!

Sel. Oh, yes! discovered to me by his mortal enemy.

Mich. The monster Romaldi!

Sel. (*Dejectedly*.) Alas!

Mich. For your father's sake, for your own sake, welcome both.

Rom. (*Half from the door*.) I heard my name!

Mich. (*Lending them to the door, just as Romaldi advances a step*.) Come, I have a stranger—

Sel. (*Seeing Romaldi, shrieks*.) Ah!

Frans. (*Falls back and covers his eyes with agony*.)

Mich. How now?

(*Romaldi retires*.)

Sel. 'Tis he.

(*Music of hurry, terror, &c. Francisco putting his hand towards her mouth, enjoins her silence with great eagerness. Michelli, by making the sign of biting his right hand, asks Francisco if it be Romaldi. Francisco turns away without answering. Michelli denotes his conviction it is Romaldi, and hastily ascends to cross the bridge in search of the Archers; Francisco entrains him back to vain. Romaldi, in terror, enters from the house presenting his pistol. Francisco opens his breast for him to shoot if he pleases. Selina falls between them. The whole scene passes in a mysterious and rapid manner. Music suddenly stops.*)

*Rom.* No! Too much of your blood is upon my head! Be justly revenged: take mine!

*(Music continues as Romaldi offers the pistol which Francisco throws to a distance, and entreats him to fly by the valley. Romaldi signifies the impossibility, and runs distractedly from side to side: then, after Francisco's and Selina's entreaties, ascends to cross the bridge. Met at the edge of the hill by an Archer, he is driven back; then struggle on the bridge. The Archer's sword taken by Romaldi, who again attempting flight is again met by several Archers. Romaldi maintains a retreating fight. Fianetta, Bonamo, Stephano, Montano, and Peasants, follow the Archers. Francisco and Selina, in the greatest agitation, several*

*times throw themselves between the assailants and Romaldi. When the combatants have descended the hill, Romaldi's foot slips, he falls, and Francisco intervenes to guard his body. By this time all the principal characters are near the front. The Archers appear prepared to shoot, and strike with their sabres: when the entreaties and efforts of Francisco and Selina are renewed. The Archers forbear for a moment; and Francisco shields his brother. The music ceases.)*

*Sel.* Oh, Forbear! Let my father's virtues plead for my uncle's errors!

*Bon.* We all will entreat for mercy; since of mercy we all have need: for his sake, and for our own, may it be freely granted.

*(The curtain falls to slow and solemn music.)*

# THE WONDER:

## A WOMAN KEEPS A SECRET.

A COMEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY MRS. CENTLIVRE.



Lop.—"THE POINT IS PRETTY SHARP: 'Twill DO YOUR BUSINESS, I WARRANT YOU."—Act 1, scene 2.

### Persons Represented

DON LOPEZ.  
DON FELIX.  
DON PEDRO.  
COLONEL BRITON.  
FREDERICK.

GIBBY.  
LISSARDO.  
ALGUAZIL.  
VALQUEZ.  
SOLDIER.

SERVANT.  
THREE ALGUAZIL AT-  
TENDANTS.  
THREE SERVANTS.

DONNA VIOLANTE.  
DONNA ISABELLA.  
MRS.  
FLORA.

#### ACT I.

##### SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter DON LOPEZ, meeting FREDERICK.

Fred. My lord, Don Lopez.

Lop. How dy'e, Frederick?

Fred. At your lordship's service. I am glad to see you look so well, my lord; I hope Antonio's out of danger?

Lop. Quite the contrary; his fever increases, they tell me, and the surgeons are of opinion his wound is mortal.

Fred. Your son, Don Felix, is safe, I hope?

Lop. I hope so too; but they offer large rewards to apprehend him.

Fred. When heard your lordship from him?

Lop. Not since he went. I forbade him writing 'till the public news gave him an account of Antonio's health. Letters might be intercepted, and the place of his abode discovered; however,

if Antonio dies, Felix shall for England. You have been there; what sort of people are the English?

Fred. My lord, the English are, by nature, what the ancient Romans were by discipline, courageous, bold, hardy, and in love with liberty. Liberty is the idol of the English, under whose banner all the nation enlist. Give but the word for liberty, and straight more armed legions would appear, than France and Philip keep in constant pay.

Lop. I like their principles. Who does not wish for freedom in all degrees of life? though common prudence sometimes makes us act against it, as I am now obliged to do: for I intend to marry my daughter to Don Guzman, whom I expect from Holland every day, whither he went to take possession of a large estate left him by his uncle.

Fred. You will not, surely, sacrifice the lovely

Isabella to age, avarice, and a fool? Pardon the expression, my lord, but my concern for your beautiful daughter transports me beyond that good manners which I ought to pay to your lordship's presence.

*Lop.* I can't deny the justness of the character, Frederick; but you are not insensible what I have suffered by these wars; and he has two things which render him very agreeable to me for a son-in-law, he is rich and well-born. As for his being a fool, I don't conceive how that can be any blot in a husband, who is already possessed of a good estate. A poor fool, indeed, is a very scandalous thing; and so are your poor wits, in my opinion, who have nothing to be vain of but the inside of their skulls. Now, for Don Guzman, I know I can rule him as I think fit; this is acting the political part, Frederick, without which it is impossible to keep up the port of this life.

*Fred.* But have you no consideration for your daughter's welfare, my lord?

*Lop.* Is a husband of twenty thousand crowns a year no consideration? Now, I think it a very good consideration.

*Fred.* One way, my lord, but what will the world say of such a match?

*Lop.* Sir, I value not the world a button.

*Fred.* I cannot think your daughter can have any inclination for such a husband.

*Lop.* There I believe you are pretty much in the right; though it is a secret which I never had the curiosity to inquire into, nor, I believe, ever shall. Inclination, quotha! Parents would have a fine time out, if they consulted their children's inclinations! No, no, sir, it is not a father's business to follow his children's inclinations till he makes himself a beggar.

*Fred.* But this is of another nature, my lord.

*Lop.* Look ye, sir, I resolve she shall marry Don Guzman, the moment he arrives; though I could not govern my son, I will my daughter; I assure you.

*Fred.* This match, my lord, is more preposterous than that which you proposed to your son, from whence arose this fatal quarrel. Don Antonio's sister, Elvira, wanted beauty only; but Guzman everything but—

*Lop.* Money, and that will purchase everything and so adieu.

[Exit.]

*Fred.* Monstrous! These are the resolutions which destroy the comforts of matrimony; he is rich and well-born, powerful arguments indeed! Could I but add them to the friendship of Don Felix, what might I not hope? But a merchant and a grandee of Portugal, are inconsistent names—

*Enter LISSARDO, in a riding habit.*

*Lissardo!* From whence came you?

*Lis.* That letter will inform you, sir.

*Fred.* I hope your master's safe?

*Lis.* I left him so; I have another to deliver, which requires haste. Your most humble servant, sir.

*Fred.* To Violante, I suppose?

*Lis.* The same.

[Exit.]

*Fred.* (Rude.) "Dear Frederick, the two chief blessings of this life are, a friend and a mistress to be debared the sight of those is not to live. I hear nothing of Antonio's death, and therefore resolve to venture to the house this evening, impatient to see Violante, and embrace my friend. Yours, Felix." Pray heaven, he comes undiscovered. Ha! Colonel Briton.

*Enter COLONEL BRITON, in a riding habit.*

*Col. B. Frederick, I rejoice to see thee.*

*Fred.* What brought you to Lisbon, Colonel!

*Col. B.* *La fortune de la guerre*, as the French say; I have commanded these three last years in Spain, but my country has thought fit to strike up a peace, and gave us good Protestants leave to hope for Christian burial: so I resolved to take Lisbon in my way home.

*Fred.* If you are not provided of a lodging, Colonel, pray command my house while you stay.

*Col. B.* If I were sure I should not be troublesome, I would accept your offer, Frederick.

*Fred.* So far from trouble, Colonel, I shall take it as a particular favour. What have we here?

*Col. B.* My footman. This is our country dress, you must know; which, for the honour of Scotland, I make all my servants wear.

*Enter GIBBY, in a Highland dress.*

*Gibby.* That I do wi' the best, and like yer honour? They will tak cold, sin they stand in the highway.

*Fred.* Oh, I'll take care of him. What, ho! Vasquez.

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

Put those horses where that honest fellow will shew you, into my stable. Do you hear? and feed them well.

*Vas.* Yes, sir. Sir, by my master's orders, I am, sir, your most obedient, humble servant. Be pleased to lead the way.

*Gibby.* Shless, was yet here, sir, and I shall follow ye: Ise too hungry to feed on compliments.

[Exit with Vasquez.]

*Fred.* Ha, ha! a comical fellow. Well, how do you like our country, Colonel?

*Col. B.* Why, faith, Frederick, a man might pass his time agreeably enough in the shade of a pumery; but to breed such troops of fat, plump, tender, melting, willing, nay, willing girls, too, through a damn'd grate, gives us Britons strong temptations to plunder. Ah, Frederick, your priests are wicked rogues; they immure beauty for their own proper use, and shew it only to the laity to create desire, and inflame accounts, that they may purchase pardons at a dearer rate.

*Fred.* I own venching is something more difficult here than in England, where women's liberties are subservient to their inclinations, and husbands seem of no effect, but to take care of the children which their wives provide.

*Col. B.* And does restraint get the better of inclination with your women here? No, I'll be sworn not, even in fourscore. Don't I know the constitution of the Spanish ladies?

*Fred.* And of all the ladies where you come, Colonel; you were ever a man of gallantry.

*Col. B.* Ah, Frederick, the Kirk half starves us Scotchmen. We are kept so sharp at home, that we feed like cannibals abroad. Hark ye, hast thou never a pretty acquaintance now, that thou wouldst consign over to a friend for half an hour, ha?

*Fred.* Faith, Colonel, I am the worst plump in Christendom; you had better trust to your own flesh, the women will soon find you out, I warrant you.

*Col. B.* Ay, but it is dangerous foraging in an enemy's country; and since I have some hopes of seeing my own again, I had rather purchase my pleasure, than run the hazard of a bullet in my back.

Wilt thou recommend me to a wife, then; one that is willing to exchange her moldores for English liberty; ha, friend?

*Fred.* She must be very handsome, I suppose?

*Col. B.* The handsomer the better; but be sure she has a nose.

*Fred.* Ay, ay, and some gold.

*Col. B.* Oh, very much gold; I shall never be able to swallow the matrimonial pill, if it be not well gilded.

*Fred.* Pho, beauty will make it slide down nimbly.

*Col. B.* At first, perhaps, it may; but the second or third dose will choke me. I confess, Frederick, women are the prettiest playthings in nature: but gold, substantial gold, gives them the air, the mien, the shape; the grace, and beauty of a goddess.

*Fred.* And has not gold the same divinity in their eyes, Colonel?

*Col. B.* Too often.

None marry now for love; no, that's a jest: The self-same bargain serves for wife and beast.

*Fred.* You are always gay, Colonel. Come, shall we take a refreshing glass at my house, and consider what has been said?

*Col. B.* I have two or three compliments too discharge for some friends, and then I shall wait on you with pleasure. Where do you live?

*Fred.* At your corner house with the green rails.

*Col. C.* In the close of the evening I will endeavour to kiss your hand. Adieu.

*Fred.* I shall expect you with impatience. (Exeunt.)

#### SCENE II.—A Room in Don Lopez's house.

*Enter ISABELLA and INIS, her maid.*

*Inis.* For goodness' sake, madam, where are you going in this pet?

*Isa.* Anywhere to avoid matrimony; the thought of a husband is terrible to me.

*Inis.* Ay, of an old husband; but if you may choose for yourself, I fancy matrimony would be no such frightful thing to you.

*Isa.* You are pretty much in the right, Inis; but to be forced into the arms of an idiot, who has neither person to please the eye, sense to charm the ear, nor generosity to supply those defects. Ah, Inis, what pleasant lives women lead in England, where duty wears no fetters but inclination. The custom of our country enshaves us from our very oracles; first to our parents, next to our husbands; and when heaven is so kind to rid us of both these, our brothers still usurp authority, and expect a blind obedience from us: so that, maids, wives, or widows, we are little better than slaves to the tyrant man; therefore, to avoid their power, I resolve to cast myself into a monastery.

*Inis.* That is, you'll cut your own throat to avoid another's doing it for you. Ah, madam, those eyes tell me you have no nun's flesh about you! A monastery, quotha! where you'll wish yourself into the green-sickness in a month.

*Isa.* What care I? there will be no man to plague me.

*Inis.* No, nor, what's much worse, to please you neither. O'd's life, madam, you are the first woman that ever despaired in a Christian country! Were I in your place—

*Isa.* Why, what would your wisdom do if you were?

*Inis.* I'd embark with the first fair wind with all

my jewels, and seek my fortune on t'other side the water; no shore can treat you worse than your own; there's never a father in Christendom should make me marry any man against my will.

*Isa.* I am too great a coward to follow your advice; I must contrive some way to avoid Don Guzman, and yet stay in my own country.

*Enter DON LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* Must you so, mistress? but I shall take care to prevent you. *(Aside.)* Isabella, whither are you going, my child?

*Isa.* To church, sir.

*Inis.* The old rogue has certainly overheard her. *(Aside.)*

*Lop.* Your devotion must needs be very strong or your memory very weak, my dear; why, responders are over for this night. Come, come, you shall have a better errand to church, than to say your prayers there. Don Guzman is arrived in the river, and I expect him ashore to-morrow.

*Isa.* Ha! to-morrow!

*Lop.* He writes me word, that his estate in Holland is worth twelve thousand crowns a year; which, together with what he had before, will make thee the happiest wife in Lisbon.

*Isa.* And the most unhappy woman in the world. Oh, sir, if I have any power in your heart, if the tenderness of a father be not quite extinct, hear me with patience.

*Lop.* No objection against the marriage, and I will hear whatsoever thou hast to say.

*Isa.* That's torturing me on the rack, and forbidding me to groan; upon my knees I claim the privilege of flesh and blood. (Kneels.)

*Lop.* I grant it; thou shalt have an arm full of flesh and blood to-morrow. Flesh and blood, quotha! heaven forbid I should deny thee flesh and blood, my girl.

*Inis.* Here's an old dog for you! *(Aside.)*

*Isa.* Do not mistake, sir; the fatal stroke which separates soul and body, is not more terrible to the thoughts of sinners, than the name of Guzman to my ear.

*Lop.* Pho, pho! you lie, you lie!

*Isa.* My frightened heart beats hard against my breast, as if it sought a passage to your feet, to beg you'd change your purpose.

*Lop.* A very pretty speech this; if it were turned into blank verse, it would serve for a tragedy. Why, thou hast more wit than I thought thou hadst, child. I fancy this was all extempore; I don't believe thou didst ever think one word on't before.

*Inis.* Yes, but she has, my lord; for I have heard her say the same things a thousand times.

*Lop.* How, how? What do you top your second-hand jests upon your father, hussy, who knows better what's good for you than you do yourself? Remember, 'tis your duty to obey.

*Isa.* *(Rises.)* I never disobeyed you before, and wish I had not reason now; but nature has got the better of my duty, and makes me loathe the harsh commands you lay.

*Lop.* Ha, ha! very fine! Ha, ha!

*Isa.* Death itself would be welcome.

*Lop.* Are you sure of that?

*Isa.* I am your daughter, my lord, and can boast as strong a resolution as yourself; I'll die before I'll marry Guzman.

*Lop.* Say you so? I'll try that presently. *(Draws.)* Here, let me see with what dexterity you can breathe a vein now. *(Offers her his sword.)* The point is pretty sharp; 'twill do your business, I warrant you.

*Ints.* Bless me, sir, what do you mean to put a sword into the hands of a desperate woman?

*Lop.* Desperate! ha, ha, ha! you see how desperate she is. What, art thou frightened, little Bell? ha!

*Isa.* I confess I am startled at your morals, sir.

*Lop.* Ay, ay, child, thou had'st better take the man, he'll hurt thee least of the two.

*Isa.* I shall take neither, sir; death has many doors, and when I can live no longer with pleasure I shall find one to let him in at without your aid.

*Lop.* Say'st thou so, my dear Bell? Ods, I'm afraid thou art a little lunatic, Bell. I must take care of thee, child. *(Takes hold of her, and pulls a key out of his pocket.)* I shall make bold to secure, thee, my dear. I'll see if locks and bars can keep thee till Guzman comes. Go, get into your chamber. *(Pushes her in, and locks the door.)*

*There I'll your boasted resolution try—  
And see who'll get the better, you or I.*

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—A Room in Don Pedro's house.

*Enter VIOLANTE, reading a letter, and FLORA following.*

*Flo.* What, must that letter be read again?

*Vio.* Yes, and again, and again, and again, a thousand times again; a letter from a faithful lover can never be read too often: it speaks such kind, such soft, such tender things. *(Kisses it.)*

*Flora.* But always the same language.

*Vio.* It does not charm the less for that.

*Flora.* In my opinion, nothing charms that does not change; and my composition of the four-and-twenty letters, after the first essay, from the same hand, must be dull, except a bank note, or a bill of exchange.

*Vio.* Thy taste is my aversion. *(Reads.)* "My all that's charming, since life's not life, exiled from thee, this night shall bring me to thy arms. Frederick and thee are all I trust. These six weeks' absence have been, in love's account, six hundred years. When it is dark, expect the wonted signal at thy window; till when, adieu. Thine, more than his own, FELIX."

*Flora.* Who would not have said as much to a lady of her beauty, and twenty thousand pounds? *(Aside.)* Were I a man, methinks, I could have said a hundred finer things.

*Vio.* What would you have said?

*Flora.* I would have compared your eyes to the stars, your teeth to ivory, your lips to coral, your neck to alabaster, your shape to—

*Vio.* No more of your bombast; truth is the best eloquence in a lover. What proof remains ungiven of his love? When his father threatened to disinherit him, for refusing Don Antonio's sister, from whence sprung this unhappy quarrel, did it shake his love for me? And now, though strict inquiry runs through every place, with large rewards to apprehend him, does he not venture all for me?

*Flora.* But you know, madam, your father, Don Pedro, designs you for a nun; to be sure, you look very like a nun: and says, your grandfather left you your fortune upon that condition.

*Vio.* Not without my approbation, girl, when I come to one-and-twenty, as I am informed. But, however, I shall run the risk of that. Go, call in Lissardo.

*Flora.* Yes, madam. Now for a thousand verbal questions.

[*Aside and Exit.*]

*Re-enter FLORA, with LISSARDO.*

*Vio.* Well, and how do you do, Lissardo?

*Isa.* Ah, very weary, madam. Faith, thou lookest wondrous pretty, Flora. *(Apart to Flora.)*

*Vio.* How came you?

*Isa.* En chevalier, madam, upon a hackney jade, which, they told me, formerly belonged to an English Colonel. But I should have rather thought she had been bred a good Roman Catholic all her life-time; for she down'd on her knees to every stock and stone we come along by. My chops water for a kiss, they do, Flora. *(Apart to Flora.)*

*Flora.* You'd make one believe you were wondrous fond now. *(Apart to Lissardo.)*

*Vio.* Where did you leave your master?

*Isa.* 'Od, if I had you alone, housewife, I'd shew you how fond I could be! *(Apart to Flora.)*

*Vio.* Where did you leave your master?

*Isa.* At a little farm-house, madam, about five miles off. He'll be at Don Frederick's in the evening. 'Od, I will so revenge myself of those lips of thine. *(Apart to Flora.)*

*Vio.* Is he in health?

*Flora.* O, you counterfeit wondrous well. *(Apart to Lissardo.)*

*Isa.* No, everybody knows I counterfeit very ill. *(Apart to Flora.)*

*Vio.* How say you? Is Felix ill? What's his distemper? Ha!

*Isa.* A ples on't! I hate to be interrupted. *(Aside.)* Love, madam, love. In short, madam, I believe he has thought of nothing but your ladyship ever since he left Lisbon. I am sure he could not, if I may judge of his heart by my own. *(Looks lovingly at Flora.)*

*Vio.* How came you so well acquainted with your master's thoughts, Lissardo?

*Isa.* By an infallible rule, madam, words are the pictures of the mind, you know; now, to prove he thinks of nothing but you, he talks of nothing but you; for example, madam: coming from shooting the other day, with a brace of partridges, "Lissardo," said he, "go bid the cook roast me these Violanteas." I flew into the kitchen, full of thoughts of thee and cried, "Here, cook, roast me these Fiorellas." *(To Flora.)*

*Flora.* Ha, ha! excellent. You mimic your master, then, it seems. *(To Lissardo.)*

*Isa.* I can do everything as well as my master, you little rogue. *(To Flora.)* Another time, madam, the priest came to make him a visit, he called out hastily, "Lissardo," said he, "bring a Violante for my father to sit down on." Then he often mistook my name, madam, and called me Violante; in short, I heard it so often, that it became as familiar to me as my prayers.

*Vio.* You live very merrily, then, it seems.

*Isa.* Oh, exceeding merry, madam. *(Kisses Flora's hand.)*

*Vio.* Ha! exceeding merry? Had you treats and balls?

*Isa.* Oh, yes, yes, madam, several.

*Flora.* You are mad, Lissardo; you don't mind what my lady says to you. *(Apart to Lissardo.)*

*Vio.* Ha! balls? Is he so merry in my absence? *(Aside.)* And did your master dance, Lissardo?

*Isa.* Dance, madam? where, madam?

*Vio.* Why, at those balls you speak of.

*Isa.* Balls! what balls, madam?

*Vio.* Why, sure you are in love, Lissardo; did not you say, but now, you had balls where you have been?

*Isa.* Balls, madam! what balls, madam? Ods-ifs, I ask you pardon, madam. I—I—I had mis-

laid some wash-balls of my master's tother day; and because I could not think where I had laid them, just when he asked for them, he very fairly broke my head, madam; and now it seems I can think of nothing else. Alas! he dance, madam! No, no, poor gentleman, he is as melancholy as an unbraced drum.

*Vio.* Poor Felix! There, wear that ring for your master's sake; and let him know I shall be ready to receive him. *[Exit.]*

*Lis.* I shall, madam. *[Puts on the ring.]* Methinks a diamond ring is a vast addition to the little finger of a gentleman. *[Admires his hand.]*

*Flora.* That ring must be mine. *[Aside.]* Well, Lissardo; what haste you make to pay off arrears, now. Look how the fellow stands!

*Lis.* 'Egad, methinks I have a pretty hand; and very white; and the shape! Faith, I never minded it so much before. In my opinion, it is a very fine shaped hand, and becomes a diamond ring as well as the first grandee's in Portugal.

*Flora.* The man's transported! Is this your love? This your impatience?

*Lis.* *[Takes snuff.]* Now, in my mind, I take snuff with a very jaunty air. Well, I am persuaded I want nothing but a coach and a title to make me a very fine gentleman.

*Flora.* Sweet Mr. Lissardo, *[Curtseys.]* if I may presume to speak to you, without affronting your little finger—

*Lis.* Odeo, madam, I ask your pardon. Is it to me or to the ring, you direct your discourse, madam?

*Flora.* Madam, good lack! How much a diamond ring improves one!

*Lis.* Why, though I say it, I can carry myself as well as anybody. But what wert thou going to say, child?

*Flora.* Why, I was going to say, that I fancy you had best let me keep that ring; it will be a very pretty wedding ring, Lissardo; would it not?

*Lis.* Humph! ah! but—but—but—I believe I shan't marry yet awhile.

*Flora.* You shan't, you say? Very well! I suppose you design that ring for Isis!

*Lis.* No, no; I never bribe an old acquaintance. Perhaps I might let it sparkle in the eyes of a stranger a little, till we come to a right understanding; but, then, like all other mortal things, it would return from whence it came.

*Flora.* Insolent! Is that your manner of dealing?

*Lis.* With all but thee. Kiss me, you little rogue, you. *[Kisses her.]*

*Flora.* Little rogue! Prythee, fellow, don't be so familiar; *[Pushes him away.]* if I mayn't keep your ring, I can keep my kisses.

*Lis.* You can, you say? Spoke with the air of a chambermaid.

*Flora.* Replied with the spirit of a serving-man.

*Lis.* Prythee, Flora, don't let you and I fall out! I am in a merry humour, and shall certainly fall in somewhere.

*Flora.* What care I where you fall in.

*Re-enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Why do you keep Lissardo so long, Flora, when you don't know how soon my father may awake? His afternoon naps are never long.

*Flora.* Had Don Felix been with her, she would not have thought the time long. These ladies consider nobody's wants but their own. *[Aside.]*

*Vio.* Go, go, let him out.

*Flora.* Yes, madam.

*Lis.* I fly, madam. *[Exeunt Lissardo and Flora.]*

*Vio.* The day draws in, and night, the lover's

friend, advances. Night, more welcome than the sun to me, because it brings my love.

*Flora.* *[Within.]* Ah, thieves, thieves! murder, murder!

*Vio.* *[Starts.]* Ah, defend me, heaven! what do I hear? Felix is certainly pursued, and will be taken.

*Re-enter FLORA, running.*

How now! Why dost stare so? Answer me, quickly; what's the matter?

*Flora.* Oh, madam! as I was letting out Lissardo, a gentleman rushed between him and I, struck down my candle, and is bringing a dead person in his arms into our house.

*Vio.* Ha! a dead person! heaven grant it does not prove my Felix.

*Flora.* Here they are, madam.

*Vio.* I'll retire, till you discover the meaning of this accident. *[Exit.]*

*Enter COLONEL BRITON, with ISABELLA in his arms, whom he sets down in a chair, and addresses himself to Flora.*

*Col. B.* Madam, the necessity this lady was under of being conveyed into some house with speed and secrecy, will, I hope, excuse any indecency I might be guilty of, in pressing so rudely into this. I am an entire stranger to her name and circumstances; would I were so to her beauty, too! *[Aside.]* I commit her, madam, to your care, and fly to make her retreat secure; if the street be clear, permit me to return, and learn from her own mouth if I can be further serviceable. Pray, madam, what is the lady of this house called?

*Flora.* Violante, seigneur.

*Col. B.* Are you she, madam?

*Flora.* Only her woman, seigneur.

*Col. B.* Your humble servant, mistress. Pray be careful of the lady.

*[Gives her two moidores, and Exit.]*

*Flora.* Two moidores. Well, he is a generous fellow. This is the only way to make one careful.

*Re-enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* Was you distracted, Flora, to tell my name to a man you never saw? Unthinking wench! Who knows what this may turn to? What is the lady dead? Ah, defend me, heaven! 'tis Isabella, sister to my Felix. What has befallen her? Pray heaven he's safe. Run and fetch some cold water. Stay, stay, Flora; Isabella, friend, speak to me; oh, speak to me, or I shall die with apprehension.

*Isa.* Oh, hold, my dearest father, do not force me, indeed I cannot love him.

*Vio.* How wild she talks!

*Isa.* Ha! Where am I?

*Vio.* With one as sensible of thy pain as thou thyself canst be.

*Isa.* Violante! what kind star preserved and lodged me here?

*Flora.* It was a terrestrial star, called a man, madam; pray Jupiter he prove a lucky one.

*Isa.* Oh! I remember now. Forgive me, dear Violante; my thoughts ran so much upon the danger I escaped, I forgot.

*Vio.* May I not know your story?

*Isa.* Thou art no stranger to one part of it. I have often told thee that my father designed to sacrifice me to Don Guzman, who, it seems, is just returned from Holland, and expected ashore to-morrow, the day that he has set to celebrate our nuptials. Upon my refusing to obey him, he locked me into my chamber, vowing to keep me there till he arrived; and forced me to consent. I know my father to be positive, never to be won from his design; and

having no hope left me to escape the marriage, I leaped from the window into the street.

*Vio.* You have not hurt yourself, I hope?

*Isa.* No; a gentleman passing by, by accident, caught me in his arms: at first, my fright made me apprehend it was my father, till he assured me to the contrary.

*Flora.* He is a very fine gentleman, I promise you, madam; and a well-bred man I warrant him. I never saw a grandee put his hand into his pocket with a better air in my whole life-time; then he opened his purse with such a grace, that nothing but his manner of presenting me with the gold could equal.

*Vio.* There is but one common road to the heart of a servant, and 'tis impossible for a generous person to mistake it. Go, leave us, *Flora.* (*Exit Flora.*) But how came you hither, Isabella?

*Isa.* I know not; I desired the stranger to conduct me to the next monastery; but ere I reached the door, I saw, or fancied that I saw, Lissardo, my brother's man; and the thought that his master might not be far off, flung me into a swoon, which is all that I can remember. Ha! what's here? (*Takes up a letter.*) "*For Colonel Briton. To be left at the post-house in Lisbon.*" This must be dropped by the stranger which brought me hither.

*Vio.* Thou art fallen into the hands of a soldier; take care he does not lay thee under contribution, girl.

*Isa.* I find he is a gentleman; and if he is but unmarried, I would be content to follow him all the world over. But I shall never see him more I fear. (*Sighs and pauses.*)

*Vio.* What makes you sigh, Isabella?

*Isa.* The fear of falling into my father's clutches again.

*Vio.* Can I be serviceable to you?

*Isa.* Yes, if you can conceal me two or three days.

*Vio.* You command my house and secrecy.

*Isa.* I thank you, *Violante.* I wish you would oblige me with Mrs. *Flora*, awhile.

*Vio.* I'll send her to you. I must watch if dad be still asleep, or here will be no room for *Felix*. (*Exit.*)

*Isa.* Well, I don't know what ails me; methinks I wish I could find this stranger out.

*Re-enter FLORA.*

*Flora.* Does your ladyship want me, madam?

*Isa.* Ay, Mrs. *Flora*, I resolved to make you my confidant.

*Flora.* I shall endeavour to discharge my duty, madam.

*Isa.* I doubt it not, and desire you to accept this as a token of my gratitude.

*Flora.* O dear signora, I should have been your humble servant without a fee.

*Isa.* I believe it. But to the purpose; do you think, if you saw the gentleman which brought me hither, you should know him again?

*Flora.* From a thousand, madam: I have an excellent memory where a handsome man is concerned. When he went away, he said he would return again immediately. I admire he comes not.

*Isa.* Here, did you say? You rejoice me; though I'll not see him if he comes. Could you not contrive to give him a letter?

*Flora.* With the air of a duenna.

*Isa.* Not in this house; you must veil and follow him. He must not know it comes from me.

*Flora.* What, do you take me for a novice in love

affairs. Though I have not practised the art since I have been in Donna *Violante's* service, yet I have not lost the theory of a chambermaid. Do you write the letter, and leave the rest to me: here here, here's pen, ink, and paper.

*Isa.* I'll do it in a minute. (*Sits down to write.*)

*Flora.* So! this is a business after my own heart; love always takes care to reward his labourers, and Great Britain seems to be his favourite country. Oh, I long to see the other two moldores with a British air. Methinks there's a grace peculiar to that nation, in making a present.

*Isa.* So, I have done; now if he does but find this house again.

*Flora.* If he should not, I warrant I'll find him, if he's in Lisbon; for I have a strong possession that he has two more moldores as good as ever were told. (*Puts the letter into her bosom.*)

*Re-enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* *Flora*, watch my papa; he's fast asleep in his study; if you find him stir, give me notice. (*Felix taps at the window.*) Hark, I hear *Felix* at the window, admit him instantly, and then to your post. (*Exit Flora.*)

*Isa.* What say you, *Violante*, is my brother come?

*Vio.* It is his signal at the window.

*Isa.* (*Kneels.*) Oh, *Violante*, I conjure thee by all the love thou bear'st to *Felix*, by thy own generous nature, say more, by that unspotted virtue, thou art mistress of, do not discover to my brother I am here.

*Vio.* Contrary to your desire, be assured I never shall. But where's the danger?

*Isa.* Art thou born in Lisbon, and ask that question? He'll think his honour blemished by my disobedience; and would restore me to my father, or kill me; therefore, dear, dear girl—

*Vio.* Depend upon my friendship; nothing shall draw the secret from these lips; not even *Felix*, though at the hazard of his love. I hear him coming; retire into that closet.

*Isa.* Remember, *Violante*, upon thy promise my very life depends. (*Exit.*)

*Vio.* When I betray thee, may I share thy fate!

*Enter FELIX.*

My *Felix*! my everlasting love!

(*Runs into his arms.*)

*Fel.* My life! my soul! *Violante*!

*Vio.* What hazards dost thou run for me? Oh, how shall I requite thee?

*Fel.* If, during this tedious, painful exile, thy thoughts have never wandered from thy *Felix*, thou hast made me more than satisfaction.

*Vio.* Can there be room within this heart for any but thyself? No, if the god of love were lost to all the rest of humankind, thy image would secure him in my breast; I am all truth, all love, all faith, and know no jealous fears.

*Fel.* My heart's the proper sphere where love resides; could he quit that, he would be no where found; and yet, *Violante*, I'm in doubt.

*Vio.* Did I ever give thee cause to doubt, my *Felix*?

*Fel.* True love has many fears, and fears as many eyes as fame; yet sure I think they see no fault in thee. (*Colonel Briton taps at the window.*) What's that? (*Taps again.*)

*Vio.* What? I hear nothing. (*Again.*)

*Fel.* Ha! what means this signal at your window?



*Vio.* Somewhat, perhaps, in passing by, might accidentally hit it; it can be nothing else.

*Col. B. (Within.)* Hist, hist! Donna Violante! Donna Violante!

*Fel.* They use your name by accident, too, do they, madam?

*Re-enter FLORA.*

*Flora.* There is a gentleman at the window, madam, which I fancy to be the same who brought Isabella hither. Shall I admit him? *(Aside to Violante.)*

*Vio.* Admit distraction rather! Thou art the cause of this, unthinking wretch!

*Fel.* What has Mrs. Scout brought you fresh intelligence? Death, I'll know the bottom of this immediately. *(Offers to go.)*

*Flora.* Scout! I scorn your words, seignior.

*Vio.* Nay, nay, nay, you must not leave me. *(Runs and catches hold of him.)*

*Fel.* Oh! 'tis not fair not to answer the gentleman, madam. It is none of his fault that his visit proves unseasonable. Pray let me go; my presence is but a restraint upon you. *(Struggles to get from her.)*

*Flora.* It must be the Colonel; now to deliver my letter to him.

*(Aside and exit. The Colonel taps louder.)*

*Fel.* Hark, he grows impatient at your delay. Why do you hold the man whose absence would oblige you? Pray, let me go, madam. Consider, the gentleman wants you at the window. Confusion! *(Struggles.)*

*Vio.* It is not me he wants.

*Fel.* Death! not you? Is there another of your name in the house? But come on, convince me of the truth of what you say; open the window. If his business does not lie with you, your conversation may be heard. This, and only this, can take off my suspicion. What do you pause? Oh, guilt, guilt! have I caught you? Nay, then, I'll leap the balcony. If I remember, this way leads to it. *(Breaks from her, and goes to the door.)*

*Vio.* Hold, hold, hold, hold! not for the world you enter there. Which way shall I preserve his sister from his knowledge?

*(Aside.)*

*Fel.* What have I touch'd you? Do you fear your lover's life?

*Vio.* I fear for none but you. For goodness' sake, do not speak so loud, my Felix. If my father hears you, I am lost for ever. Felix, Felix! your curiosity shall be satisfied. *(Goes to the window, and throws up the shutters.)* Whoe'er you are, that with such insolence dare use my name, and give the neighbourhood pretence to reflect upon my conduct, I charge you instantly to be gone, or expect the treatment you deserve.

*Col. B.* I ask pardon, madam, and will obey; but, when I left this house to-night—

*Fel.* Good.

*Vio.* You are mistaken in the house, I suppose, sir.

*Fel.* No, no, he's not mistaken; pray, madam, let the gentleman go on.

*Vio.* Pray, be gone, sir, I know of no business you have here.

*Col. B.* I wish I did not know it either; but this house contains my soul, then can you blame my body for hovering about it.

*Fel.* Excellent.

*Vio.* I tell you again you are mistaken; however, for your own satisfaction, call to-morrow.

*Fel.* Matchless impudence! an assignation be-

fore my face. No, he shall not live to meet your wishes.

*(Takes out a pistol, and goes towards the window; she catches hold of him.)*

*Vio.* Ah! *(Shrieks.)* Hold, I conjure you.

*Col. B.* To-morrow's an age, madam. May I not be admitted to-night?

*Vio.* If you be a gentleman, I command your absence. Unfortunate, what will my stars do with me? *(Aside.)*

*Col. B.* I have done—Only this: Be careful of my life, for it is in your keeping.

*(Exit from the window.)*

*Fel.* Pray observe the gentleman's request, madam. *(Walks from her.)*

*Vio.* I am all confusion.

*Fel.* You are all truth, all love, all faith; oh, thou all woman! How have I been deceived. 'Sdeath, could you not have imposed upon me for this one night? Could neither my faithful love, nor the hazard I have run to see you, make me worthy to be cheated on. Oh 'thou—

*Vio.* Can I bear *fa!* from you? *(Weeps.)*

*Fel.* *(Repeats.)* "When I left this house to-night." To-night, the devil! returned so soon!

*Vio.* Oh, Isabella! what hast thou involved me in? *(Aside.)*

*Fel.* *(Repeats.)* "This house contains my soul." Oh, sweet soul!

*Vio.* Yet I resolve to keep the secret. *(Aside.)*

*Fel.* *(Repeats.)* "Be careful of my life, for 'tis in your keeping." Damnation!—How ugly she appears! *(Looks at her.)*

*Vio.* Do not look so sternly on me, but believe me, Felix, I have not injured you, nor am I false.

*Fel.* Not false, not injured me? Oh, Violante, lost and abandoned to thy vice! Not false! Oh, monstrous!

*Vio.* Indeed, I am not. There is a cause which I must not reveal. Oh, think how far honour can oblige your sex; then allow a woman may be bound by the same rule to keep a secret.

*Fel.* Honour! What hast thou to do with honour, thou that canst admit plurality of lovers? A secret! ha, ha, ha! his affairs are wondrous safe, who trusts his secret to a woman's keeping; but you need give yourself no trouble about clearing this point, madam, for you are become so indifferent to me, that your truth and falsehood are the same.

*Vio.* My love!

*Fel.* My torment!

*Re-enter FLORA.*

*Flora.* So I have delivered my letter to the Colonel, and received my fee. Madam, your father bade me see what noise that was. For goodness sake, sir, why do you speak so loud?

*Fel.* I understand my cue, mistress; my absence is necessary, I'll oblige you.

*(Goes. Violante takes hold of him.)*

*Vio.* Oh, let me undeceive you first.

*Fel.* Impossible.

*Vio.* 'Tis very possible, if I durst.

*Fel.* Durst! ha, ha, ha! durst, quotha?

*Vio.* But another time I'll tell thee all.

*Fel.* Nay, now or never.

*Vio.* Now it cannot be.

*Fel.* Then it shall never be. Thou most ungrateful of thy sex, farewell.

*(Breaks from her and exit.)*

*Vio.* Oh, exquisite trial of my friendship! Yet not even this shall draw the secret from me.

*That I'll preserve, let fortune frown or smile;*

*And trust to love, my love to reconcile.*

*[Exit.]*

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Street.

Enter DON LOPEZ.

*Lop.* Was ever man thus plagued? Odaheart! I could swallow my dagger for madness; I know not what to think: sure Frederick had no hand in her escape. She must get out of the window; and she could not do that without a ladder; and who could bring it her but him? Ay, it must be so. This graceless baggage,—but I'll to Frederick immediately; I'll take the almsgirl with me, and search his house; and if I find her, I'll use her, by St. Anthony, I don't know how I'll use her. *[Exit.]*

Enter COLONEL BRITON, with ISABELLA'S letter in his hand; GIBBY following.

*Col. B.* Well, though I could not see my fair incognita, fortune, to make me amends, has flung another intrigue in my way. Oh! how I love these pretty, kind, coming females, that won't give a man the trouble of racking his invention to deceive them. This letter I received from a lady in a veil, some duenna, some necessary implement of Cupid. I suppose the style is frank and easy, I hope like her that writ it. *[Reads.]* "Sir, I have seen your person and like it"—very concise—"and if you'll meet me at four o'clock in the morning upon the Terriero de Passa, half an hour's conversation will let me into your mind." ha, ha, ha! a philosophical wench; this is the first time I ever knew a woman had any business with the mind of a man—"if your intellects answer your outward appearance, the adventure may not displease you. I expect you'll not attempt to see my face, nor offer anything unbecoming the gentleman I take you for." Humpf! the gentleman she takes me for. I hope she takes me to be flesh and blood, and then I'm sure I shall do nothing unbecoming a gentleman. Well, if I must not see her face, it shall go hard if I don't know where she lives. Gibby!

*Gibby.* Here and lik yer honour.

*Col. B.* Follow me at a good distance, do you hear, Gibby?

*Gibby.* In troth dee I, weel enough, sir.

*Col. B.* I am to meet a lady on the Terriero de Passa.

*Gibby.* The deel an mine syn gin I ken her, sir.

*Col. B.* But you will when you come there, sirrah?

*Gibby.* Like enough, sir; I have as sharp an cyn tui a bonny lass as ere a lad in aw Scotland, and what mun I dee wi' her, sir?

*Col. B.* Why, if she and I part, you must watch her home, and bring me word where she lives.

*Gibby.* In troth, sall I, sir, gin the deil tak her not.

*Col. B.* Come along, then; 'tis pretty near the time, I like a woman that rises early to pursue her inclination.

*Thus we improve the pleasures of the day,  
While tasteless mortals sleep their time away.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE II.—Frederick's House.

Enter INIS and LISSARDO.

*Lis.* Your lady run away, and you know not whether, say you?

*Inis.* She never greatly cared for me after finding you and I together; but you are very grave, methinks, Lissardo.

*Lis.* *[Looking on the ring.]* Not at all; I have some thoughts, indeed, of altering my course of living; there is a critical minute in every man's life, which, if he can but lay hold of, he may make his fortune.

*Inis.* Ha! what do I see? a diamond ring! where the deuce had he that ring? *[Aside.]* You have got a very pretty ring there, Lissardo.

*Lis.* Ay, the trifle is pretty enough; but the lady who gave it to me is a bona robe in beauty, I assure you. *[Cocks his hat and strut.]*

*Inis.* I can't bear this—the lady! *[Aside.]* What lady, pray?

*Lis.* O fie! there's a question to ask a gentleman.

*Inis.* A gentleman! Why the fellow's spoilt! Is this your love for me? Ungrateful man, you'll break my heart, so you will. *[Bursts into tears.]*

*Lis.* Poor tender-hearted fool. *[Aside.]*

*Inis.* If I knew who gave you that ring, I'd tear her eyes out, so I would.

*Lis.* So, now the lady wants a little coaxing. *[Aside.]* Why, what dost weep for now, my dear, ha?

*Inis.* I suppose Flora gave you that ring; but I'll—

*Lis.* So, the devil take me if she did! you make me swear now. So, they are all for the ring; but I shall bob 'em. *[Aside.]* I did but joke; the ring is none of mine, it is my master's; I am going to give it to be new set, that's all; therefore prythee dry thy eyes, and kiss me, come.

Enter FLORA, unobserved.

*Inis.* And do you really speak truth now?

*Lis.* Why, do you doubt it?

*Flora.* So, so, very well; I thought there was an intrigue between him and Inis, for all he has sworn it so often. *[Aside.]*

*Inis.* Nor has't you seen Flora since you came to town?

*Flora.* Ha! how dares she mention my name? *[Aside.]*

*Lis.* No, by this kiss, I ha'n't. *[Kisses her.]*

*Flora.* Here's a dissembling varlet. *[Aside.]*

*Inis.* Nor don't you love her at all?

*Lis.* Love the devil! why did I not always tell thee she was my aversion?

*Flora.* Did you so, villain. *[Gives him a box on the ear.]*

*Lis.* Zounds, she's here! I have made a fine piece of work on't. *[Aside.]*

*Inis.* What's that for, ha? *[Goes up to her.]*

*Flora.* I shall tell you by-and-by, Mrs. Frippery, if you don't get about your business.

*Inis.* Who do you call Frippery, Mrs. Trollop? Pray get about your business, if you go to that; I hope you pretend to no right and title here.

*Lis.* What the devil, do they take me for an acre of land, that they quarrel about right and title to me?

[Aside.]

*Flora.* Pray what right have you, mistress, to ask that question?

*Inis.* No matter for that, I can shew a better title to him than you, I believe.

*Flora.* What, has he given thee nine months earnest for a living title? ha, ha!

*Inis.* Don't fling your flaunting jeers at me, Mrs. Boldface, for I won't take 'em. I assure you.

*Lis.* So, now I am as great as the famed Alexander. But my dear Statira and Roxana, don't exert yourselves so much about me; now I fancy if you would agree lovingly together, I might, in a modest way, satisfy both your demands upon me.

*Flora.* You satisfy! No, sirrah, I am not to be satisfied so soon as you think, perhaps.

*Inis.* No, nor I neither. What, do you make no difference between us?

*Flora.* You pitiful fellow, you! What! you fancy, I warrant, that I gave myself the trouble of dogging you out of love to your filthy person; but you are mistaken, sirrah; it was to detect your treachery. How often have you sworn to me that you hated Inis, and only carried fair for the good cheer, she gave you; but that you could never like a woman with crooked legs, you said.

*Inis.* How, how, sirrah, crooked legs! Ods, I could find in my heart—*(Snatches up her petticoat a little.)*

*Lis.* Here's a lying young jade, now. Prythee, my dear, moderate thy passion *(Coarsely.)*

*Inis.* I'd have you to know, sirrah, my legs were never—Your master, I hope, understands legs better than you do, sirrah. *(Passionately.)*

*Lis.* My master, so.

*(Shakes his head and winks.)*

*Flora.* I am glad I have done some mischief, however. *(Aside.)*

*Lis. (To Inis.)* Art thou really so foolish to mind what an enraged woman says? Don't you see she does it on purpose to part you and I? *(Runs to Flora.)* Could not you find the joke without putting yourself in a passion? you silly girl, you. Why I saw you follow us plain enough, and said all this that you might not go back with only your labour for your pains; but you are a revengeful young slut, though, I tell you that; but come, kiss and be friends.

*Flora.* Don't think to coax me, hang your kisses.

*Lis. (Without.)* Lissardo!

*Lis.* Odsheart, here's my master; the devil take both these jades for me, what shall I do with them? *(Aside.)*

*Inis.* Ha! 'tis Don Felix's voice; I would not have him find me here with his footman for the world. *(Aside.)*

*Fel. (Without.)* Why, Lissardo, Lissardo!

*Lis.* Coming, sir. What a plague will you do?

*Flora.* Bless me, which way shall I get out?

*Lis.* Nay, nay, you must 'e'en set your quarrel aside, and be content to be mew'd up in this clothes-press together, or stay where you are, and face it out; there is no help for it.

*Flora.* Put me anywhere, rather than that; come, come, let me in.

*(He opens the press and she goes in.)*

*Inis.* I'll see her hang'd before I'll go into the place where she is. I'll trust fortune with my deliverance. Here used to be a pair of back stairs, I'll try to find them out. *(Exit.)*

*Enter DON FELIX and FREDERICK.*

*Fel.* Was you asleep, sirrah, that you did not hear me call?

*Lis.* I did hear you, and answered you I was coming, sir.

*Fel.* Go, get the horses ready; I'll leave Lisbon to-night, never to see it more.

*Lis.* Heyday, what's the matter now? *(Exit.)*

*Fred.* Pray tell me, Don Felix, what has ruffled your temper thus?

*Fel.* A woman. Oh, friend, who can name woman, and forget inconstancy?

*Fred.* This from a person of mean education were excusable; such low suspicions have their source from vulgar conversation; men of your politer taste never rashly censure. Come, this is some groundless jealousy. Love raises many fears.

*Fel.* No, no; my ears conveyed the truth into my heart, and reason justifies my anger. Oh, my friend, Violante's false, and I have nothing left but thee, in Lisbon, which can make me wish ever to see it more: except revenge upon my rival, of

whom I am ignorant. Oh, that some miracle would reveal him to me, that I might through his heart punish her infidelity.

*Re-enter LISSARDO.*

*Lis.* Oh, sir! here's your father, Don Lopez, coming up.

*Fel.* Does he know that I am here?

*Lis.* I can't tell, sir; he asked for Don Frederick.

*Fred.* Did he see you?

*Lis.* I believe not, sir; for as soon as I saw him, I ran back to give my master notice.

*Fel.* Keep out of his sight, then. *(Exit Lissardo.)* And dear Frederick, permit me to retire into the next room, for I know the old gentleman will be very much displeased at my return without his leave. *(Exit.)*

*Fred.* Quick, quick, be gone; he is here.

*Enter DON LOPEZ, speaking as he enters.*

*Lop.* Mr. Alguazil, wait you without till I call for you. Frederick, an affair brings me here—which—requires privacy—so that if you have anybody within ear-shot, pray order them to retire.

*Fred.* We are private, my lord; speak freely.

*Lop.* Why, then, sir, I must tell you that you had better have pitched upon any man in Portugal to have injured than myself.

*Fred.* I understand you not, my lord.

*Lop.* Though I am old, I have a son—Alas, why name I him? he knows not the dishonour of my house.

*Fred.* Explain yourself, my lord; I am not conscious of any dishonourable action to any man, much less to your lordship.

*Lop.* 'Tis false! you have debauched my daughter.

*Fred.* My lord, I scorn so foul a charge.

*Lop.* You have debauched her duty at least, therefore instantly restore her to me, or, by St. Anthony, I'll make you.

*Fred.* Restore her, my lord! where shall I find her?

*Lop.* I have those that will swear she is here in your house.

*Fred.* You are misinformed, my lord; upon my reputation, I have not seen Donna Isabella since the absence of Don Felix.

*Lop.* Then pray, sir, if I am not too inquisitive, what motive had you for those objections you made against her marriage with Don Guzman yesterday?

*Fred.* The disagreeableness of such a match, I fear'd would give your daughter cause to curse her duty, if she complied with your demands; that was all, my lord.

*Lop.* And so you helped her through the window, to make her disobey.

*Fred.* This is insulting me, my lord, when I assure you, I have neither seen nor know anything of your daughter: if she is gone, the contrivance was her own, and you may thank your rigour for it.

*Lop.* Very well, sir; however, my rigour shall make bold to search your house. Here, call in the alguazil.

*Flora. (Peeps.)* The alguazil! What, in the name of wonder, will become of me?

*Fred.* The alguazil! My lord, you'll repent this.

*Enter Alguazil and Attendants.*

*Lop.* No, sir, 'tis you that will repent it. I charge you, in the king's name, to assist me in finding my daughter. Be sure you leave no part of the house unsearched. Come, follow me. *(Gets towards the door where Felix is; Frederick draws, and plants himself before it.)*

*Fred.* Sir, I must first know by what authority

you pretend to search my house, before you enter here.

*Alg.* How, sir, dare you presume to draw your sword upon the representative of majesty? I am, sir, his majesty's alguazil, and the very quintessence of authority; therefore put up your sword, or I shall order you to be knock'd down; for know, sir, the breath of an alguazil is as dangerous as the breath of a demi-culverin.

*Lop.* She is certainly in that room, by his guarding the door; if he disputes your authority, knock him down, I say.

*Fred.* I shall shew you some sport first. The woman you look for, is not here; but there is something in this room which I'll preserve from your sight at the hazard of my life.

*Lop.* Enter, I say, nothing but my daughter can be there; force his sword from him.

*Enter DON FELIX.*

*Fel.* Villains, stand off! assassinate a man in his own house?

*Lop.* Oh, oh, oh, misericordia! what do I see! my son!

*Alg.* Ha, his son! Here's five hundred pounds good, my brethren, if Antonio dies; and that's in the surgeon's power, and he's in love with my daughter, you know; so seize him.

*Lop.* Hold, hold! Oh that ever I was born!

*Fred.* Did I not tell you you would repent, my lord? What, ho! within there.

*Enter VASQUEZ.*

Arm yourselves, and let not a man in or out but Felix.

*[Exit Vasquez.]*

*Fel.* Generous Frederick!

*Fred.* Look ye, alguazil; when you would betray my friend for filthy lucre, I shall no more regard you as an officer of justice; but as a thief and robber, thus resist you.

*Fel.* Come on, sir; we'll shew you play for the five hundred pounds.

*Re-enter VASQUEZ and Servants.*

*Lop.* Hold, hold, alguazil; I'll give you the five hundred pounds; that is, my bond to pay, upon Antonio's death, and twenty pistoles, however things go, for you and these honest fellows to drink my health.

*Alg.* Say you so, my lord; Why, look ye, my lord, I bear the young gentleman no ill-will, my lord; if I but get the five hundred pounds, my lord; why, look ye, my lord, 'tis the same thing to me whether your son be hang'd or not, my lord.

*Fel.* Scoundrels! *[Exeunt Servants.]*

*Lop.* Ay, well, thou art a good-natured fellow, that is the truth on't; come, then, we'll to the tavern, and sign and seal this minute. Oh, Felix, why wouldst thou serve me thus? But I cannot upbraid thee now, nor have I time to talk. Be careful of thyself, for thou wilt break my heart.

*[Exeunt Lopez, Alguazil, and Attendants, followed by Vasquez.]*

*Fel.* Now, Frederick, though I ought to thank you for your care of me, yet till I am satisfied as to my father's accusation, for I overheard it all, I can't return the acknowledgments I owe you. Know you aught relating to my sister?

*Fred.* I hope my faith and truth are known to you; and here by both I swear, I am ignorant of everything relative to your father's charge.

*Fel.* Enough; I do believe thee. Oh, fortune! where will thy malice end?

*Re-enter VASQUEZ.*

*Vas.* Sir, I bring you joyful news.

*Alg.* What's the matter?

*Vas.* I am told that Don Antonio is out of danger, and now in the palace.

*Fel.* I wish it be true; then I'm at liberty to watch my rival, and pursue my sister. Pr'ythee, Frederick, inform thyself of the truth of this report.

*Fred.* I will this minute; do you hear? let nobody in to Don Felix till my return. *(To Vasquez.)*

*[Exit.]*

*Vas.* I'll observe, sir.

*Flora.* *(Peeps.)* They have almost frightened me out of my wits—I'm sure—Now Felix is alone, I have a good mind to pretend I came with a message from my lady; but how then shall I say I came into the cupboard?

*Re-enter VASQUEZ, who seems to oppose the entrance of somebody.*

*Vas.* I tell you, madam, Don Felix is not here.

*Vio.* *(Within.)* I tell you, sir, he is here, and I will see him.

*Fel.* What noise is that?

*Enter VIOLANTE.*

*Vio.* You are as difficult of access, sir, as a first minister of state.

*Flora.* My stars! my lady here! *(Shuts the press close.)*

*Fel.* If your visit was design'd to Frederick, madam, he is abroad.

*Vio.* No, sir, the visit is to you.

*Fel.* You are very punctual in your ceremonies, madam.

*Vio.* Though I did not come to return your visit, but to take that which your civility ought to have brought me.

*Fel.* If my eyes, my ears, and my understanding lied, then I am in your debt; else not, madam.

*Vio.* I will not charge them with a term so gross, to say they lied, but call it a mistake; nay, call it anything to excuse my Felix. Could I, think ye, could I put off my pride so far, poorly to dissemble a passion which I do not feel, or seek a reconciliation with what I did not love? No law, whilst single, binds us to obey; but your sex are obliged to pay a deference to all womankind.

*Fel.* These are fruitless arguments. 'Tis most certain thou wert dearer to these eyes than all that heaven e'er gave to charm the sense of man; but I would rather tear them out, than suffer them to delude my reason and enslave my peace.

*Vio.* Can you love without esteem? and where is the esteem for her you still suspect? Oh, Felix, there is a delicacy in love, which equals even a religious faith. True love never doubts the object it adores, and accepts there will disbelieve their sight.

*Fel.* Your notions are too refined for mine, madam.

*Re-enter VASQUEZ.*

How now, sirrah, what do you want?

*Vas.* Only my master's cloak out of this press, sir; that's all.

*Fel.* Make haste, then. *(Vasquez opens the press, and sees Flora.)*

*Vas.* Oh! the devil! the devil! *[Exit.]*

*Flora.* Discover'd! Nay, then, legs befriend me. *[Runs out.]*

*Vio.* Ha! a woman conceal'd! Very well, Felix.

*Fel.* A woman in the press!

*Re-enter LISSARDO.*

How the devil came a woman there, sirrah?

*Lis.* What shall I say now? *(Aside.)*

*Vio.* Now, Lissardo, shew your wit, to bring your master off.

*Lis.* Off, madam? Nay, nay, there, there

needs no great wit to, to, to bring him off, madam; for she did, and she did not come as, as, as a, a, a, man may say, directly to, to, to, speak with my master, madam.

*Vio.* I see by your stammering, Lissardo, that your invention is at a very low ebb.

*Fel.* 'Sdeath, rascal! speak without hesitation, and the truth, too, or I shall stick my spado in your guts.

*Vio.* No, no, your master mistakes; he would not have you speak the truth.

*Fel.* Madam, my sincerity wants no excuse.

*Lis.* I am so confounded between one and the other, that I can't think of a lie. *(Aside.)*

*Fel.* Sirrah, fetch me this woman back instantly; I'll know what business she had here.

*Vio.* Not a step; your master shall not be put to the blush; come, a truce, Felix. Do you ask me no more questions about the window, and I'll forgive thi.

*Fel.* I scorn forgiveness where I own no crime: but your soul, conscious of its guilt, would fain lay hold of this occasion to blend your treason with my innocence.

*Vio.* Insolent! Nay, if instead of owning your fault, you endeavour to insult my patience, I must tell you, sir, you don't behave yourself like that man of honour you would be taken for; you ground your quarrel with me upon your own inconsistency; 'tis plain you are false yourself, and would make me the aggressor. It was not for nothing the fellow opposed my entrance. This last usage has given me back my liberty; and now my father's will shall be obeyed without the least reluctance; and so your servant. *(Exit.)*

*Fel.* Oh, stubborn, stubborn heart, what wilt thou do? Her father's will shall be obeyed; hal that carries her to a cloister, and cuts off all my hopes at once; by heaven she shall not, must not leave me. No, she is not false, at least my love now represents her true, because I fear to lose her. Ha, villain, art thou here? *(Turns upon Lissardo.)* Tell me this moment who this woman was, and for what intent she was here concealed, or—

*Lis.* Ay, good sir, forgive me, and I'll tell you the whole truth. *(Kneels.)*

*Fel.* Out with it then.

*Lis.* It, it was Mrs. Flora, sir, Donna Violante's woman. You must know, sir, we have had a sneaking kindness for one another a great while. She was not willing you should know it; so, when she heard your voice, she ran into the clothes-press. I would have told you this at first, but I was afraid of her lady's knowing it; this is the truth, as I hope for a whole skin, sir.

*Fel.* If it be not, I'll not leave you a whole bone in it, sirrah. Fly! and observe if Violante goes directly home.

*Lis.* Yes, sir, yes.

*Fel.* Fly, you dog, fly! *(Exit Lissardo.)* I must convince her of my faith. Oh! how irresolute is a lover's heart! How absolute is a woman's power!

*In vain we strive their tyranny to quail;  
In vain we struggle, for we must submit.*

### SCENE III.—The Terriero de Pansa.

Enter COLONEL BRITON, and ISABELLA veiled; GIBBY at a distance.

*Col. B.* Then you say, it is impossible for me to wait upon you home, madam?

*Lis.* I say, it is inconsistent with my circum-

stances, colonel, and that way impossible for me to admit of it.

*Col. B.* Consent to go with me, then. I lodge at one Don Frederick's, a merchant, just by here; he is a very honest fellow, and I dare confide in his secrecy.

*Lis.* Ha! does he lodge there? Pray heaven I am not discovered. *(Aside.)*

*Col. B.* What say you, my charmer? shall we breakfast together? I have some of the best tea in the universe.

*Lis.* Pooh! tea! Is that the best treat you can give a lady at your lodgings, Colonel?

*Col. B.* Well hinted. *(Aside.)* No, no; I have other things at thy service, child.

*Lis.* What are these things, pray?

*Col. B.* My heart, soul, and body, into the bargain.

*Lis.* Has the last no incumbrance upon it? Can you make a clear title, Colonel?

*Col. B.* All freehold, child; and I'll afford thee a very good bargain. *(Embraces her.)*

*Gibby.* O my saul, they mak muckle words about it. Ise sair weary with standing; Ise e'en take a sleep. *(Aside. Lies down.)*

*Lis.* If I take a lease, it must be for life, Colonel.

*Col. B.* Thou shalt have me as long, or as little time as thou wilt, my dear. Come, let's to my lodging, and we'll sign and seal this minute.

*Lis.* Oh! not so fast, Colonel; there are many things to be adjusted, before the lawyer and the parson comes.

*Col. B.* The lawyer and the parson? No, no, you little rogue; we can finish our affairs without the help of the law, or the gospel.

*Lis.* Indeed, but we can't, Colonel.

*Col. B.* Indeed! Why, hast thou, then, trepanned me out of my warm bed this morning for nothing? Why, this is shewing a man, half-famished, a well-furnished larder, then clapping a padlock on the door, till you starve him quite.

*Lis.* If you can find in your heart to say grace, Colonel, you shall keep the key.

*Col. B.* I love to see my meat before I give thanks, madam; therefore, uncover thy face, child, and I'll tell thee more of my mind. If I like you—

*Lis.* I dare not risk my reputation upon your ifs, Colonel, and so adieu. *(Going.)*

*Col. B.* Nay, nay, nay; we must not part.

*Lis.* As you ever hope to see me more, suspend your curiosity now; one step further loses me for ever. Shew yourself a man of honour, and you shall find me a woman of honour.

*Col. B.* Well, for once I'll trust to a blind bargain, madam. *(Kisses her hand. Exit Isabella.)* But I shall be too cunning for your ladyship! If Gibby observes my orders. Methinks these intrigues, which relate to the mind, are very insipid; the conversation of bodies is much more diverting. Ha! what do I see? my rascal asleep! Sirrah, did not I charge you to watch the lady? and is it thus you observe my orders, you dog?

*(Kicks Gibby, who shrugs, rubs his eyes, and yawns.)*

*Gibby.* That's true, and like yer honour; but I thought when yence you had her in yer ane honde, ye might a ordered her yel sel well enugh without me, an ye ken, an like yer honour.

*Col. B.* Sirrah! hold your impertinent tongue, and make haste after her. If you don't bring me some account of her, never dare to see my face again. *(Exit.)*

*Gibby.* Ay, this is bonny wark, indeed! to run three hundred mile to this wicked town, and, before I can well fill my weam, to be sent a whore-hunting after this black she-devil! What gate sail I gang to speer for this wutch now? Ah, for a ruling elder, or the kirk's treasurer, or his mon; I'd gar my master mak twa o'this. But I am sure there's na sic honest people here, or there wud na be sa mickle sculldudrie.

*Enter a Soldier, passing along.*

Good mon, did ye see a woman, a lady, ony gate here awe e'n now?

*Sol.* Yes, a great many. What kind of a woman is it ye enquire after?

*Gibby.* Geud troth, she's na kenspekle; she's aw in a cloud.

*Sol.* What it's some Highland monster, which you brought over with you, I suppose. I see no such, not I. Kenspekle, quotha!

*Gibby.* Huly, huly, mon! the deel pike out yer een, and then ye'll see the bater, ye Portuguese tike.

*Sol.* What says the fellow? (*Turns to Gibby.*)

*Gibby.* Say? I say I am a better fellow than e'er stude upon yer shanks; and gin I heer mair o'yer din, deel o'my saul, sir, Ise crack your croon.

*Sol.* Get you gone, you Scotch rascal, and thank your heathen dialect, which I don't understand, that you ha'n't your bones broke.

*Gibby.* Ay, an ye dinna understand a Scotsman's tongue, Ise see gin ye understand a Scotsman's gripe. Wha's the better mon now, sir? (*Lays hold of him, strikes up his heels, and gets astride over him.*)

*VIOLANTE crosses the stage, Gibby jumps from the Soldier, and runs up to Violante.*

I vow, madam, but I am glad that ye an I are foregather'd. (*Exit Soldier.*)

*Vio.* What would the fellow have?

*Gibby.* Nothing away, madam, no worth your heart; what a muckle deal o' mischief had you like to bring upon poor Gibby!

*Vio.* The man's drunk.

*Gibby.* In troth am I not. And gin I had no found ye, madam, the laird knows when I should; for my master bad me ne'er gang hame without tidings of ye, madam.

*Vio.* Sirrah, get about your business, or I'll have your bones drubbed.

*Gibby.* Geud faith, my maister has e'en done that t'yer bonds, madam.

*Vio.* Who is your master, sir?

*Gibby.* Mony a anespeers the gate they ken right weel. It is no sa lang sen ye parted w' him. I wish he ken ye hafe as weel as ye ken him.

*Vio.* Poh! the creature's mad, or mistakes me for somebody else; and I should be as mad as he, to talk to him any longer.

*[Exit into Don Pedro's House.]*

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Lis.* So; she's gone home, I see. What did that Scotch fellow want with her? I'll try to find it out; perhaps I may discover something that may make my master friends with me again.

*Gibby.* Are ye gone, madam? A deel scoops in yer company; for I'm as weese as I was. But I'll bide and see wha's house it is, gin I can meet with ony civil body to speer at. (*Turns and sees Lissardo.*) My lad, wot ye wha lives there?

*Lis.* Don Pedro de Mendoza.

*Gibby.* And did you see a lady gang in but now?

*Lis.* Yes, I did.

*Gibby.* And d'ye ken her tee?

*Lis.* It was Donna Violante, his daughter. What

the devil makes him so inquisitive? Here is something in it, that's certain. (*Aside.*) 'Tis a cold morning, brother; what think you of a dram?

*Gibby.* In troth, very weel, sir.

*Lis.* You seem an honest fellow; pr'ythee, let's drink to our better acquaintance.

*Gibby.* W'! aw my heart, sir; gong your gate to the next house, and Ise follow ye.

*Lis.* Come along, then.

*Gibby.* Don Pedro de Mendoza; Donna Violante, his daughter; that's as right as my leg. now. Ise need na mare; I'll tak a drink, and then to my maister.

*I'll bring him news will mak his heart full blee;  
Gin he rewards it not, deel pimp for me.*

*[Exit.]*

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.—Violante's Lodgings.

*Enter ISABELLA, in a gay temper, and VIOLANTE, out of humour.*

*Isa.* My dear, I have been seeking you this half hour, to tell you the most lucky adventure.

*Vio.* And you have pitched upon the most unlucky hour for it, that you could possibly have found in the whole four-and-twenty.

*Isa.* Hang unlucky hours; I won't think of them; I hope all my misfortunes are past.

*Vio.* And mine all to come.

*Isa.* I have seen the man I like.

*Vio.* And I have seen the man that I could wish to hate.

*Isa.* And you must assist me in discovering whether he can like me or not.

*Vio.* You have assisted me in such a discovery already I thank ye.

*Isa.* What say you, my dear?

*Vio.* I say, I am very unlucky at discoveries, Isabella; I have too lately made one pernicious to my ease; your brother is false.

*Isa.* Impossible!

*Vio.* Most true.

*Isa.* Some villain has traduced him to you.

*Vio.* No, Isabella, I love too well to trust the eyes of others; I never credit the ill-judging world, or form suspicions upon vulgar censures; no; I had ocular proof of his ingratitude.

*Isa.* Then I am most unhappy. My brother was the only pledge of faith betwixt us; if he has for feited your favour, I have no title to your friendship.

*Vio.* You wrong my friendship, Isabella; your own merit entitles you to everything within my power.

*Isa.* Generous maid! But may I not know what grounds you have to think my brother false?

*Vio.* Another time. But, tell me, Isabella, how can I serve you?

*Isa.* Thus, then:—The gentleman that brought me hither, I have seen and talked with upon the Terriero de Passa this morning! and I find him a man of sense, generosity, and good-humour: in short, he is every thing that I could like for a husband; and I have despatched Mrs. Flora to bring him hither. I hope you'll forgive the liberty I have taken.

*Vio.* Hither! To what purpose?

*Isa.* To the great universal purpose, matrimony.

*Vio.* Matrimony! Why, do you design to ask him?

*Isa.* No, Violante; you must do that for me.

*Vio.* I thank you for the favour you design me, but desire to be excused: I manage my own affairs too ill, to be trusted with those of other people. I

can't, for my life, admire your conduct, to encourage a person altogether unknown to you. 'Twas very imprudent to meet him this morning; but much more so to send for him hither, knowing what inconvenience you have already drawn upon me.

*Isa.* I am not insensible how far my misfortunes have embarrassed you; and, if you please, will sacrifice my quiet to your own.

*Vio.* Unkindly urged! Have I not preferred your happiness to everything that is dear to me?

*Isa.* I know thou hast; then do not deny me this last request, when a few hours, perhaps, may render my condition able to clear thy fame, and bring my brother to thy feet for pardon.

*Vio.* I wish you don't repent of this intrigue. I suppose he knows you are the same woman that he brought in here last night.

*Isa.* Not a syllable of that: I met him veiled; and, to prevent his knowing the house, I ordered Mrs. Flora to bring him by the back-door into the garden.

*Vio.* The very way which Felix comes; if they should meet, there would be fine work. Indeed, my dear, I can't approve of your design.

*Enter FLORA.*

*Flora.* Madam, the Colonel waits your pleasure.

*Vio.* How durst you go upon such a message, mistress, without acquainting me?

*Flora.* So; I am huffed for everything.

*Isa.* 'Tis too late to dispute that, now, dear Violante; I acknowledge the rashness of the action, but consider the necessity of my deliverance.

*Vio.* That, indeed, is a weighty consideration: well, what am I to do?

*Isa.* In the next room I'll give you instructions. In the meantime, Mrs. Flora, shew the Colonel into this.

*(Exit Mrs. Flora, Isabella, and Violante.)*

*Re-enter FLORA, with COLONEL BRITON.*

*Flora.* The lady will wait on you presently, sir.

*Col. B.* Very well. This is a very fruitful soil: I have not been here quite four-and-twenty hours, and I have three intrigues upon my hands already; but I hate the chase, without partaking of the game.

*Re-enter VIOLANTE, veiled.*

*Ha!* a fine-sized woman; pray, heaven, she prove handsome. *(Aside.)* I am come to obey your ladyship's commands.

*Vio.* Are you sure of that, Colonel?

*Col. B.* If you be not very unreasonable, indeed, madam. A man is but a man.

*(Takes her hand and kisses it.)*

*Vio.* Nay, we have no time for compliments, Colonel.

*Col. B.* I understand you, madam. *Montrez moi votre chambre.* *(Takes her in his arms.)*

*Vio.* Nay, nay, hold, Colonel! my bed-chamber is not to be entered, without a certain purchase.

*Col. B.* Purchase! Humph! this is some kept mistress, I suppose, who industriously lets out her leisure hours. *(Aside.)* Look you, madam, you must consider we soldiers are not overstocked with money; but we make ample satisfaction in love: we have a world of courage upon our hands now, you know. Then, prythesee use a conscience, and I'll try if my pocket can come up to your price.

*Vio.* Nay, don't give yourself the trouble of drawing your purse, Colonel; my design is levelled at your person, if that be at your own disposal.

*Col. B.* Ay, that is; faith, madam, and I'll settle it as firmly upon thee—

*Vio.* As law can do it?

*Col. B.* Hang law in love affairs; thou shalt have right and title to it out of pure inclination. A matrimonial hint again. *(Aside.)*

*Vio.* Then you have an aversion to matrimony, Colonel? Did you ever see a woman, in all your travels, that you could like for a wife?

*Col. B.* A very odd question. *(Aside.)* Do you really expect that I should speak truth, now?

*Vio.* I do, if you expect to be dealt with, Colonel.

*Col. B.* Why, then, yes.

*Vio.* Is she in your country, or this?

*Col. B.* This is a very pretty kind of a catechism!—*(Aside.)* In this town, I believe, madam.

*Vio.* Her name is—

*Col. B.* Ay, how is she call'd, madam?

*Vio.* Nay, I ask you that, sir.

*Col. B.* Oh, oh! why, she is called—Pray, madam, how is it you spell your name?

*Vio.* Oh, Colonel! I am not the happy woman, nor do I wish it.

*Col. B.* No! I am sorry for that. What the devil does she mean by all these questions? *(Aside.)*

*Vio.* Come, Colonel, for once be sincere; perhaps you may not repent it.

*Col. B.* This is like to be but a silly adventure; here's so much sincerity required. *(Aside.)* Faith, madam, I have an inclination to sincerity; but I'm afraid you'll call my manners in question.

*Vio.* Not at all; I prefer truth before compliment, in this affair.

*Col. B.* Why, then, to be plain with you, madam, a lady last night wounded my heart by a fall from a window, whose person I could be content to take, as my father took my mother, till death do us part; but whom she is, or how distinguished, whether maid, wife, or widow, I can't inform you. Perhaps you are she?

*Vio.* Not to keep you in suspense, I am not she, but I can give you an account of her. That lady is a maid of condition, has ten thousand pounds; and, if you are a single man, her person and fortune are at your service.

*Col. B.* I accept the offer with the highest transports; but say, my charming angel, art thou not she? *(Offers to embrace her.)*

*Vio.* Once again, Colonel, I tell you I am not she; but at six this evening you shall find her on Terrier de Passa, with a white handkerchief in her hand. Get a priest ready, and you know the rest.

*Col. B.* I shall infallibly observe your directions, madam.

*Re-enter FLORA, hastily, and whispers Violante, who starts, and seems surprised.*

*Vio.* Ha! Felix crossing the garden, say you? what shall I do now?

*Col. B.* You seem surprised, madam.

*Vio.* Oh, Colonel! my father is coming hither; and if he finds you here I am ruined.

*Col. B.* Odalife, madam! thrust me anywhere. Can't I go out this way?

*Vio.* No, no, no; he comes that way. How shall I prevent their meeting? Here, here; step into my bed-chamber.

*Col. B.* Oh, the best place in the world, madam.

*Vio.* And be still, as you value her you love. Don't stir till you've notice, as ever you hope to have her in your arms.

*Col. B.* On that condition, I'll not breathe. *(Exit.)*

*Enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* I wonder where this dog of a servant is all this while; But she is at home, I find. How coldly she regards me? *(Aside.)* You look, Vio-

lante, as if the sight of me were troublesome to you.

*Vio.* Can I do otherwise, when you have the assurance to approach me, after what I saw to-day?

*Fel.* Assurance! rather call it good-nature, after what I heard last night. But such regard to honour have I in love to you, I cannot bear to be suspected, nor suffer you to entertain false notions of my truth, without endeavouring to convince you of my innocence; so much good-nature have I more than you, Violante. Pray, give me leave to ask your woman one question; my man assures me she was the person you saw at my lodgings.

*Flora.* I confess it, madam, and ask your pardon.

*Vio.* Impudent baggage! not to undeceive me sooner: What business could you have there?

*Fel.* Lissardo and she, it seems, imitate you and I.

*Flora.* I love to follow the example of my betters, madam.

*Fel.* I hope I am justified—

*Vio.* Since we are to part, Felix, there needs no justification.

*Fel.* Methinks you talk of parting as a thing indifferent to you. Can you forget how I have loved?

*Vio.* I wish I could forget my own passion, I should with less concern remember yours. But, for Mrs. Flora—

*Fel.* You must forgive her. Must, did I say? I fear I have no power to impose, though the injury was done to me.

*Vio.* 'Tis harder to pardon an injury done to what we love than to ourselves; but, at your request, Felix, I do forgive her. Go, watch my father, Flora, lest he should awake, and surprise us.

*Flora.* Yes, madam. *[Exit.]*

*Fel.* Dost thou, then, love me Violante?

*Vio.* What need of repetition from my tongue, when every look confesses what you ask?

*Fel.* Oh! let no man judge of love but those who feel it! what wondrous magic lies in one kind look! One tender word destroys a lover's rage, and melts his fiercest passion into soft complaint. Oh! the widow, Violante; wouldst thou but clear that one suspicion!

*Vio.* Pr'ythee, no more of that, my Felix; a little time shall bring thee perfect satisfaction.

*Fel.* Well, Violante, on condition you think no more of a monastery, I'll wait with patience for this mighty secret.

*Vio.* Ah, Felix! love generally gets the better of religion in us women. Resolutions made in the heat of passion ever dissolve upon reconciliation.

*Re-enter FLORA, hastily.*

*Flora.* Oh, madam, madam, madam! my lord, your father, has been in the house, and locked the back door, and comes muttering to himself this way.

*Vio.* Then we are caught. Now, Felix, we are undone.

*Fel.* Heaven forbid! This is most unlucky! Let me step into your bed-chamber, he won't look under the bed; there I may conceal myself. *(Runs to the door, and pushes it open a little.)*

*Vio.* No, no, Felix, that's no safe place; my father often goes thither; and, should you cough, or sneeze, we are lost.

*Fel.* Either my eyes deceived me, or I saw a man within. I'll watch him close.

*(Aside.)*

*Flora.* Oh, invention, invention! I have it, madam. Here, here, sir: off with your sword, and I'll fetch you out a disguise. *[Exit.]*

*Fel.* She shall deal with the devil, if she conveys him out without my knowledge. *(Aside.)*

*Vio.* Bless me! how I tremble!

*Re-enter FLORA, with a riding-hood.*

*Flora.* Here, sir, put on this. Be sure you don't speak a word.

*Fel.* Not for the Indies. *(Puts on the hood.)*

*Ped.* *(Within.)* Why, how came the garden-door open?

*Enter DON PEDRO.*

Ha! how now? Who have we here?

*Flora.* 'Tis my mother, and please you, sir. *(She and Felix curtsy.)*

*Ped.* Your mother! By St Andrew, she's a strapper! why, you are a dwarf to her. How many children have you, good woman?

*Vio.* Oh, if he speaks we are lost! *(Aside.)*

*Flora.* Oh! dear seignior, she cannot hear you; she has been deaf these twenty years.

*Ped.* Alas, poor woman! Why, you muffle her up as if she was blind, too; turn up her hood.

*Vio.* Undone for ever! St Antony forbid. *(Aside.)*

Oh, sir! she has the dreadfulest unlucky eyes—Pray don't look upon them; I made her keep her hood shut on purpose. Oh, oh, oh, oh!

*Ped.* Eyes! Why, what's the matter with her eyes?

*Flora.* My poor mother, sir, is much afflicted with the colic; and, about two months ago, she had it grievously in her stomach, and was over-persuaded to take a dram of filthy English Geneva, which immediately flew up into her head, and caused such a defuxion in her eyes, that she could never since bear the day-light.

*Ped.* Say you so? Poor woman! Well, make her sit down, Violante, and give her a glass of wine.

*Vio.* Let her daughter give her a glass below, sir; for my part, she has frighten'd me so, I shan't be myself these two hours. I am sure her eyes are evil eyes.

*Ped.* Well, well, do so. Evil eyes! there are no evil eyes, child.

*Flora.* Come along, mother. *(Speaks aloud.)*

*Ped.* Good bye, good woman.

*[Exit Fel and Flora.]*

*Vio.* I'm glad he's gone. *(Aside.)*

*Ped.* Hast thou heard the news, Violante?

*Vio.* What news, sir?

*Ped.* Why, Vasquez tells me, that Don Lopez's daughter, Isabella, is run away from her father. Well, I'm glad my daughter has no inclination to mankind, that my house is plagued with no suitors. *(Aside.)*

*Vio.* This is the first word I ever heard of it: I pity her frailty.

*Ped.* Well said, Violante. Next week I intend thy happiness shall begin.

*Re-enter FLORA.*

*Vio.* I don't intend to stay so long, thank you, papa. *(Aside.)*

*Ped.* My lady abbess writes word she longs to see thee, and has provided everything in order to thy reception. Thou wilt lead a happy life, my girl, fifty times before that of matrimony; where an extravagant compound might make a beggar of thee, or an ill-natured surly dog break thy heart.

*Flora.* Break her heart! She had as good have her bones broke as to be a nun; I am sure I had rather, of the two. *(Aside.)* You are wondrous kind, sir; but, if I had such a father, I know what I would do.

*Ped.* Why, what would you do, girl? ha?

*Flora.* I would tell him I had as good a right and



title to the law of nature, and the end of the creation, as he had.

*Fel.* You would, mistress! who the devil doubts it? A good assurance is a chambermaid's coat of arms; and lying and contriving, the supporters. Your inclinations are on tiptoe, it seems. If I were your father, housewife, I'd have a penance enjoined you, so strict, that you should not be able to turn you in your bed for a month. You are enough to spoil your lady, housewife, if she had not abundance of devotion.

*Vio.* Fie, Flora! are you not ashamed to talk thus to my father? You said, yesterday, you would be glad to go with me into the monastery.

*Flora.* Did I? I told a great lie, then.

*Fel.* She go with thee! No, no; she's enough to debauch the whole convent. Well, child, remember what I said to thee: next week—

*Vio.* Ay, and what I am to do this, too. (*Aside.*) I am all obedience, sir; I care not how soon I change my condition.

*Fel.* Well said, Violante. Well, child, I am going into the country for two or three days, to settle some affairs with thy uncle; and when we return, we'll provide for thy happiness, child. Good bye, Violante; take care of thyself.

[*Exeunt Don Pedro and Violante.*]

*Flora.* So; now for the Colonel. Hist, hist! Colonel!

*Re-enter COLONEL BRITON.*

*Col. B.* Is the coast clear?

*Flora.* Yes, if you can climb; for you must get over the wash-house, and jump from the garden-wall into the street.

*Col. B.* Nay, nay, I don't value my neck, if my inoeguita answers but the lady's promise.

[*Exeunt Colonel Briton and Flora.*]

*Re-enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* I have lain *perdue* under the stairs, till I watched the old man out. (*Violante opens the door.*) 'Sdeath, I am prevented. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter VIOLENTE.*

*Vio.* Now to set my prisoner at liberty. (*Goes to the door where the Colonel was hid.*) Sir, sir, you may appear.

*Re-enter FELIX, following her.*

*Fel.* May he so, madam? I had cause for my suspicion, I find. Treacherous woman!

*Vio.* Ha! Felix here! Nay, then all's discovered. (*Aside.*)

*Fel.* (*Draps.*) Villain, whoever thou art, come out, I charge thee! and take the reward of thy adulterous errand.

*Vio.* What shall I say? Nothing but the secret, which I have sworn to keep, can reconcile this quarrel. (*Aside.*)

*Fel.* A coward! Say, then, I'll fetch you out. Think not to hide thyself: no; by St. Anthony! an altar should not protect thee. [*Exit.*]

*Vio.* Defend me, heaven! What shall I do? I must discover Isabella, or here will be murder. (*Aside.*)

*Re-enter FLORA.*

*Flora.* I have helped the Colonel off clear, madam.

*Vio.* Sayest thou so, my girl? Then I am armed. [*Exit.*]

*Re-enter FELIX.*

*Fel.* Where has the devil, in compliance to your sex, conveyed him from my resentment?

*Vio.* Him! whom do you mean, my dear, inquisitive spark? Ha, ha, ha! will you never leave these jealous whims?

*Fel.* Will you never cease to impose upon me?

*Vio.* You impose upon yourself, my dear Do

you think I did not see you? Yes, I did; and resolved to put this trick upon you.

*Fel.* Trick!

*Vio.* Yes, trick. I knew you'd take the hint, and soon relapse into your wonted error. How easily your jealousy is fired! I shall have a blessed life with you.

*Fel.* Was there nothing in it, then, but only to try me?

*Vio.* Won't you believe your eyes?

*Fel.* My eyes! no, nor my ears, nor any of my senses; for they have all deceived me. Well, I am convinced that faith is as necessary in love as in religion; for the moment a man lets a woman know her conquest, he resigns his senses, and sees nothing but what she'd have him.

*Vio.* And as soon as that man finds his love returned, she becomes as errant a slave as if she had already said after the priest.

*Fel.* The priest, Violante, would dissipate those fears which cause these quarrels: when wilt thou make me happy?

*Vio.* To-morrow I will tell thee: my father is gone for two or three days to my uncle's: we have time enough to finish our affairs. But, prythee, leave me now, lest some accident should bring my father.

*Fel.* To-morrow, then.

Fly swift, ye hours, and bring to-morrow on!

But must I leave you now, my Violante?

*Vio.* You must, my Felix. We soon shall meet to part no more.

*Fel.* Oh, rapturous sounds! Charming woman! Thy words and looks have fill'd my heart With joy, and left no room for jealousy. Do thou, like me, each doubt and fear remove, And all to come be confidence and love. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Frederick's House.*

*Enter FELIX and FREDERICK.*

*Fel.* This hour has been propitious! I am reconciled to Violante, and you assure me Antonio is out of danger.

*Fred.* Your satisfaction is doubly mine.

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Fel.* What haste you made, sirrah, to bring me word if Violante went home.

*Lis.* I can give you very good reasons for my stay, sir. Yes, sir; she went home.

*Fred.* Oh! your master knows that, for he has been there himself, Lissardo.

*Lis.* Sir, may I beg the favour of your ear?

*Fel.* What have you to say?

(*Whispers, and Felix seems uneasy.*)

*Fred.* Ha! Felix changes colour at Lissardo's news. What can it be?

*Fel.* A Scotch footman, that belongs to Colonel Briton, an acquaintance of Frederick's, say you? The devil! If she be false, by heaven! I'll trape her. (*Whispers Lis., and sends him off.*) Prythee, Frederick, do you know one Colonel Briton, a Scotchman?

*Fred.* Yes, why do you ask me?

*Fel.* Nay, no great matter: but my man tells me that he has had some little difference with a servant of his, that's all.

*Fred.* He is a good, harmless, innocent fellow; I am sorry for it. The Colonel lodges in my house; I knew him formerly in England, and met him here by accident last night, and gave him an invitation home. He is a gentleman of good estate, besides his commission; of excellent principles, and strict honour. I assure you.

*Fel.* Is he a man of intrigue?

*Fred.* Like other men, I suppose. Here he comes.

*Enter COLONEL BRITON.*

Colonel, I began to think I had lost you.

*Col. B.* And not without some reason, if you knew all.

*Fel.* There's no danger of a fine gentleman's being lost in this town, sir.

*Col. B.* That compliment don't belong to me, sir; but, I assure you, I have been very near being run away with.

*Fred.* Who attempted it?

*Col. B.* Faith! I know not; only, that she is a charming woman; I mean, as much as I saw of her.

*Fel.* My heart swells with apprehension. *(Aside.)* Some accidental rencontre?

*Fred.* A tavern, I suppose, adjusted the matter.

*Col. B.* A tavern? No, no, sir, she is above that rank, I assure you; this nymph sleeps in a velvet bed, and lodgings every way agreeable.

*Fel.* How? a velvet bed! *(Aside.)* I thought you said but now, sir, you knew her not.

*Col. B.* No more I don't, sir?

*Fel.* How came you, then, so well acquainted with her bed?

*Fred.* Ay, ay! come, come, unfold.

*Col. B.* Why, then, you must know, gentlemen, that I was conveyed to her lodgings, by one of Cupid's emissaries, called a chambermaid, in a chair, through fifty blind alleys, who, by the help of a key, let me into a garden.

*Fel.* 'Sdeath! a garden! This must be Violante's garden. *(Aside.)*

*Col. B.* From thence conducted me into a spacious room, told me her lady would wait on me presently; so, without unveiling, modestly withdrew.

*Fel.* D—n her modesty! this was Flora. *(Aside.)*

*Fred.* Well, how then, Colonel?

*Col. B.* Then, sir, immediately from another door issued forth a lady, armed at both eyes, from whence such showers of darts fell around me, that had I not been covered with the shield of another beauty, I had infallibly fallen a martyr to her charms; for, you must know, I just saw her eyes—eyes, did I say? No, no, hold, I saw but one eye; though, I suppose, it had a fellow equally as killing.

*Fel.* But how came you to see her bed, sir? 'Sdeath! this expectation gives a thousand racks. *(Aside.)*

*Col. B.* Why, upon her maid's giving notice her father was coming, she thrust me into the bed-chamber.

*Fel.* Upon her father's coming?

*Col. B.* Ay, so she said; but, putting my ear to the key-hole of the door, I found it was another lover.

*Fel.* Confound the jilt! 'Twas she without dispute. *(Aside.)*

*Fred.* Ah, poor Colonel! Ha, ha, ha!

*Col. B.* I discovered they had had a quarrel, but whether they were reconciled or not, I can't tell; for the second alarm brought the father in good earnest, and had like to have made the gentleman and I acquainted; but she found some other stratagem to convey him out.

*Fel.* Contagion seize her, and make her body ugly as her soul! There is nothing left to doubt of now. 'Tis plain 'twas she. *(Fred. and Col. laugh.)*

Sure he knows me, and takes this method to insult me. 'Sdeath! I cannot bear it. *(Aside.)*

*Fred.* So when she had dispatched her old lover, she paid you a visit in her bed-chamber; ha, Colonel?

*Col. B.* No, plague take the impertinent puppy, he spoiled my diversion; I saw her no more.

*Fel.* Very fine; Give me patience, heaven, or I shall burst with rage. *(Aside.)*

*Fred.* That was hard.

*Col. B.* Nay, what was worse—but, sir, dear sir, do hearken to this. *(To Felix.)* The nymph that introduced me, conveyed me out again over the top of a high wall, where I ran the danger of having my neck broke, for the father, it seems, had locked the door by which I entered.

*Fel.* That way I missed him. D—n her invention. *(Aside.)* Pray, Colonel. *(Col. and Felix laugh.)*—ha, ha, ha! it's very pleasant, ha, ha!—was this the same lady you met upon the Terriero de Passa this morning?

*Col. B.* Faith! I can't tell, sir; I had a design to know who that lady was, but my dog of a footman, whom I had ordered to watch her home, fell fast asleep. I gave him a good beating for his neglect, and I have never seen the rascal since.

*Fred.* Here he comes.

*Enter GIBBY.*

*Col. B.* Where have you been, sirrah?

*Gibby.* Truth! Ise been seeking ye, and lik yer honour, these two hours and mair. I bring thee glad teedings, sir.

*Col. B.* What have you found the lady?

*Gibby.* Geud faith, ha! I sir; and she's called Donna Violante, and her parent Don Pedro de Mendoza: and, gin ye will gang wi' me, and lik yer honour, Ise make ye ken the hoose right weel.

*Fel.* Oh, torture, torture! *(Aside.)*

*Col. B.* Ha! Violante! That the lady's name of the house where my incognita is: sure, it could not be her; at least, it was not the same house, I am confident. *(Aside.)*

*Fred.* Violante? 'Tis false; I would not have you credit him, Colonel.

*Gibby.* The deel burst my bladder, sir, gin I lee

*Fel.* Sirrah, I say you do lie, and I'll make you eat it, you dog; *(kicks him.)* and if your master will justify you—

*Col. B.* Not I, faith, sir! I answer for nobody's lies but my own. If you please, kick him again.

*Gibby.* But gin he does, Ise na tak it, sir, gin he was a thousand Spaniards! *(Walks about in a passion.)*

*Col. B.* I owed you a beating, sirrah, and I am obliged to this gentleman for taking the trouble off my hands; therefore, say no more, d'ye hear, sir? *(Apart to Gibby.)*

*Gibby.* I roth de I, sir, and feel tee.

*Fred.* This must be a mistake, Colonel; for I know Violante perfectly well, and I am certain she would not meet you upon the Terriero de Passa.

*Col. B.* Don't be too positive, Frederick. Now I have some reasons to believe it was that very lady.

*Fel.* You'll very much oblige me, sir, if you'd let me know these reasons.

*Col. B.* Sir!

*Fel.* Sir, I say I have a right to inquire into these reasons you speak of.

*Col. B.* Ha, ha! really, sir, I cannot conceive how you, or any man, can have a right to inquire into my thoughts.

*Fel.* Sir, I have a right to everything that relates to

Violante. And he that traduces her fame, and refuses to give his reason for it, is a villain. (*Draws.*)

Col. B. What the devil have I been doing? Now blisters on my tongue by dozens! (*Aside.*)

Fred. Prythee, Felix, don't quarrel till you know for what: this is all a mistake, I'm positive.

Col. B. Look you, sir, that I dare draw my sword, I think will admit of no dispute. But though fighting's my trade, I am not in love with it, and think it more honourable to decline this business than pursue it. This may be a mistake; however, I'll give you my honour never to have any affair, directly or indirectly, with Violante, provided she is your Violante; but if there should happen to be another of that name, I hope you will not engross all the Violantes in the kingdom.

Fel. Your vanity has given me sufficient reason to believe I'm not mistaken. I'll not be imposed upon, sir.

Col. B. Nor I be bullied, sir.

Fel. Bullied! 'Sdeath! such another word, and I'll nail thee to the wall.

Col. B. Are you sure of that, Spaniard? (*Draws.*) Gibby. (*Draws.*) Say na mair mon. O' my saul, here's twa to twa. Dinna fear, sir, Gibby stands by ye for the honour of Scotland. (*Vapours about.*)

Fred. (*Interposes.*) By St. Anthony! you sha'n't fight on bare suspicion: be certain of the injury, and then—

Fel. That I will this moment; and, then, sir, I hope you are to be found.

Col. B. Whenever you please, sir. [*Exit Felix.*]

Gibby. 'Sdeath! sir, there no'er was a Scotsman yet that sham'd to shew his face. (*Struts about.*)

Fred. So, quarrels spring up like mushrooms, in a minute. Violante and he were but just reconciled, and you have furnished him with fresh matter of falling out again; and I am certain, Colonel, Gibby is in the wrong.

Gibby. Gin I be, sir, the mon that tauld me leed; and gin he did, the deel be my landlord, hell my winter-quarters, and a rope my winding-sheet, gin I dee not lick him as long as I can hand a stick in my hand, now see ye.

Col. B. I am sorry for what I have said, for the lady's sake! but who could divine that she was his mistress? Prythee, who is this warm spark?

Fred. He is the son of one of our grantees, named Don Lopez de Pimentell, a very honest gentleman; but something passionate in what relates to his love. He is an only son, which may, perhaps, be one reason for indulging his passion.

Col. B. When parents have but one child, they either make a madman or a fool of him.

Fred. He is not the only child; he has a sister; but I think, through the severity of her father, who would have married her against her inclination, she has made her escape; and, notwithstanding he has offered five hundred pounds, he can get no tidings of her.

Col. B. Ha, how long has she been missing?

Fred. Nay, but since last night, it seems.

Col. B. Last night! The very time! (*Aside.*) How went she?

Fred. Nobody can tell; they conjecture, through the window.

Col. B. I'm transported! This must be the lady I caught. (*Aside.*) What sort of a woman is she?

Fred. Middle-sized, a lovely brown, a fine pouting lip, eyes that roll and languish, and seem to speak the exquisite pleasure her arms could give

Col. B. Oh! I am fired with the description! 'Tis the very she. (*Aside.*) What's her name?

Fred. Isabella. You are transported, Colonel.

Col. B. I have a natural tendency in me to the flesh, thou know'st; and who can bear of charms so exquisite, and yet remain unmoved? Oh, how I long for the appointed hour! I'll to the Terriero de Passa, and wait my happiness; if she fails to meet me, I'll once more attempt to find her at Violante's, in spite of her brother's jealousy. (*Aside.*) Dear Frederick, I beg your pardon, but I had forgot I was to meet a gentleman upon business at five; I'll endeavour to dispatch, and wait on you again as soon as possible.

Fred. Your humble servant, Colonel. [*Exit.*]

Col. B. Gibby, I have no business with you at present.

Gibby. That's weel. Now will I gang and seek this loon, and gar him gang wi' me to Don Pedro's hoose. Gin he'll no gang of himself, I se gar him gang by the lag, sir. Godswarbit! Gibby hates a lee. [*Exit.*]

#### SCENE II.—Violante's Lodgings.

Enter VIOLANTE and ISABELLA.

Isa. The hour draws on, Violante, and now my heart begins to fail me; but I resolve to venture, for all that.

Vio. What, does your courage sink, Isabella?

Isa. Only the force of resolution a little retreated; but I'll rally it again, for all that.

Enter FLORA.

Flora. Don Felix is coming up, madam.

Isa. My brother! Which way shall I get out? Dispatch him as soon as you can, dear Violante.

[*Exit into the closet.*]

Vio. I will.

Enter FELIX, in a surly humour.

Felix, what brings you back so soon? Did I not say to-morrow?

Fel. My passion chokes me; I cannot speak! Oh! I shall burst! (*Aside. Throws himself into a chair.*)

Vio. Bless me! are you not well, my Felix?

Fel. Yes—no—I don't know what I am.

Vio. Hey-day! What's the matter now? Another jealous whim!

Fel. With what an air she carries it! I sweat at her impudence. (*Aside.*)

Vio. If I were in your place, Felix, I'd choose to stay at home when these fits of spleen are upon me, and not trouble such persons as are not obliged to bear with them. (*Here he affects to be careless of her.*)

Fel. I am very sensible, madam, of what you mean: I disturb you, no doubt; but were I in a better humour, I should not incommode you less; I am but too well convinced you could easily dispense with my visit.

Vio. When you behave yourself as you ought to do, no company so welcome: but when you reserve me for your ill-nature, I waive your merit, and consider what's due to myself. And I must be so free to tell you, Felix, that these humours of yours will abate, if not absolutely destroy, the very principle of love.

Fel. (*Rises.*) And I must be so free to tell you, madam, that since you have made such ill returns to the respect that I have paid you, all you do shall be indifferent to me for the future; and you shall find me abandon your empire with so little difficulty, that I'll convince the world your chains are not so hard to break, as your vanity would tempt you to believe. I cannot brook the provocation you give.

Vio. This is not to be borne. Insolent! You abandon! You! whom I have so often forbade ever to see me more! Have you not fallen at my feet? Implored my favour and forgiveness? Did you not trembling wait, and wish, and sigh, and swear yourself into my heart? Ungrateful man! if my chains are so easily broken, as you pretend, then you are the silliest coxcomb living, you did not break them long ago; and I must think him capable of brooking anything, on whom such usage could make no impression.

Fel. I always believed, madam, my weakness was the greatest addition to your power; you would be less imperious, had my inclination been less forward to oblige you. You have, indeed, forbidden me your sight, but your vanity, even then, assured you I would return, and I was fool enough to feed that vanity. Your eyes, with all their boasted charms, have acquired the greatest glory in conquering me. And the brightest passage of your life is, wounding this heart with such arms as pierce but few persons of my rank. *(Walks about in a great passion.)*

Vio. Matchless arrogance! True, sir, I should have kept measures better with you, if the conquest had been worth preserving; but we easily hazard what gives us no pain to lose. As for my eyes, you are mistaken if you think they have vanquished none but you; there are men, above your boasted rank, who have confessed their power, when their misfortune in pleasing you made them obtain such a disgraceful victory.

Fel. Yes, madam, I am no stranger to your victories.

Vio. And what you call the brightest passage of my life, is not the least glorious part of yours.

Fel. Ha, ha! don't put yourself in a passion, madam, for I assure you, after this day, I shall give you no trouble. You may meet your sparks on the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, without the least regard to me: for when I quit your chamber, the world shan't bring me back.

Vio. I am so well pleased with your resolution, I don't care how soon you take your leave. But what you mean by the Terriero de Passa, at four in the morning, I can't guess.

Fel. No, no, no; not you. You were not upon the Terriero de Passa, at four this morning?

Vio. No, I was not; but if I were, I hope I may walk where I please, and at what hour I please, without asking your leave.

Fel. Oh, doubtless, madam! and you might meet Colonel Briton there, and afterwards send your emissary to fetch him to your house; and, upon your father's coming in, thrust him into your bed-chamber—without asking my leave. 'Tis no business of mine, if you are exposed among all the footmen in town; nay, if they ballad you, and cry you about at a halfpenny a-piece—they may, without my leave.

Vio. Audacious! Don't provoke me, don't; my reputation is not to be sported with *(going up to him)* at this rate. No, sir, it is not. *(Bursts into tears)* Inhuman Felix! O, Isabella! what a train of ills thou hast brought on me! *(Aside.)*

Fel. Ha! I cannot bear to see her weep. A woman's tears are far more fatal than our swords. *(Aside.)* Oh, Violante!—'Sdeath! What a dog am I! Now have I no power to stir.—Dost thou not know such a person as Colonel Briton? Pr'ythee tell me, didst not thou meet him at four this morning, upon the Terriero de Passa?

Vio. Were it not to clear my fame, I would not answer thee, thou black ingrate! But I cannot

bear to be reproached with what I even blush to think of, much less to act. 'By heaven! I have not seen the Terriero de Passa this day.

Fel. Did not a Scotch footman attack you in the street, neither, Violante?

Vio. Yes; but he mistook me for another, or he was drunk, I know not which.

Fel. And do you not know this Scotch colonel?

Vio. Pray ask me no more questions; this night shall clear my reputation, and leave you without excuse for your base suspicions. More than this I shall not satisfy you; therefore, pray leave me.

Fel. Didst thou ever love me, Violante?

Vio. I'll answer nothing. You were in haste to be gone just now; I should be very well pleased to be alone, sir. *(She sits down, and turns aside.)*

Fel. I shall not long interrupt your contemplation. Stubborn to the last. *(Aside.)*

Vio. Did ever woman involve herself as I have done. *(Aside.)*

Fel. Now would I give one of my eyes to be friends with her; for something whispers to my soul she is not guilty. *(Aside. He pauses; then pulls a chair, and sits by her at a little distance, looking at her some time without speaking, then draws a little nearer to her.)* Give me your hand at parting, however, Violante, won't you? *(He lays his hand upon her knee several times.)* Won't you, won't you—won't you?

Vio. *(Half regarding him.)* Won't I do what?

Fel. You know what I would have, Violante. Oh, my heart!

Vio. *(Smiles.)* I thought my chains were easily broke. *(Lays her hand in his.)*

Fel. *(Draws his chair close to her, and kisses her hand in a rapture.)* Too well thou knowest thy strength. Oh, my charming angel! my heart is all thy own! Forgive my hasty passion, 'tis the transport of a love sincere. Oh! Violante, Violante!

Fel. *(Within.)* Bid Sancho get a new wheel to the chariot presently.

Vio. Bless me, my father returned! What shall we do now, Felix? We are ruined past redemption.

Fel. No, no, no, my love; I can leap from the closet-window. *(Runs to the door where Isabella is, who closes it, and bolts herself in.)* Confusion! somebody bolts the door within-side. I'll see who you have concealed here, if I die for't. Oh! Violante, hast thou again sacrificed me to my rival? *(Draws.)*

Vio. By heaven! thou hast no rival in my heart: let that suffice. Nay, sure, you will not let my father find you here. Distraction!

Fel. Indeed but I shall, except you command this door to be opened, and that way conceal me from his sight. *(He struggles with her to come at the door.)*

Vio. Hear me, Felix: though I were sure the refusing what you ask would separate us for ever, by all that's powerful you shall not enter here. Either you do love me, or you do not. Convince me by your obedience.

Fel. That's not the matter in debate: I will know who is in this closet, let the consequence be what it will. Nay, nay, nay, you strive in vain; I will go in.

Vio. You shall not go in.

Enter DON PEDRO.

Fel. Hey-day! What's here to do? "I will go in," and "you shan't go in," and "I will go in." Why, who are you, sir?

Fel. 'Sdeath! What shall I say now? *(Aside.)*

*Ped.* Don Felix, pray what's your business in my house? Ha, sir!

*Vio.* Oh, sir! what miracle returned you home so soon? Some angel 'twas that brought my father back to succour the distressed. This ruffian, here, I cannot call him a gentleman, has committed such an uncommon rudeness, as the most profligate wretch would be ashamed to own. As I was at my devotions in my closet—

*Fel.* Devotions!

*Vio.* I heard a loud knocking at my door, mixed with a woman's voice, which seemed to imply she was in danger. I flew to the door with the utmost speed, where a lady, veiled, rushed in upon me, who, falling on her knees, begged my protection from a gentleman, who, she said, pursued her. I took compassion on her tears, and locked her in this closet; but, in the surprise, having left open the door, this very person whom you see, with his sword drawn, ran in, protesting, if I refused to give her up to his revenge, he'd force the door.

*Fel.* What, in the name of goodness, does she mean to do? hang me?

*(Aside.)*

*Vio.* I strove with him till I was out of breath, and had you not come in as you did, he must have entered. But he's in drink, I suppose, or he could not have been guilty of such an indecorum.

*(Signs to Felix.)*

*Ped.* I'm amazed!

*Fel.* The devil never failed a woman at a pinch: what a tale has she formed in a minute! In drink, quotha! a good hint: I'll lay hold on't to bring myself off.

*(Aside.)*

*Ped.* Fie, Don Felix! No sooner rid of one broil, but you are commencing another. To assault a lady with a naked sword derogates much from the character of a gentleman, I assure you.

*Fel.* *(Counterfeits drunkenness.)* Who? I assault a lady? Upon honour, the lady assaulted me, sir; and would have seized this body politic upon the king's highway. Let her come out, and deny it if she can. Pray, sir, command the door to be opened, and let her prove me a liar, if she knows how.

*Ped.* Ay, ay! who doubts it, sir? Open the door, Violante, and let the lady come out. Come, I warrant thee he sha'n't hurt her.

*Fel.* No, no, I won't hurt the dear creature. Now, which way will she come off?

*(Aside.)*

*Vio.* *(Unlocks the door.)* Come forth, madam; none shall dare to touch your veil. I'll convey you out with safety, or lose my life. I hope she understands me.

*(Aside.)*

*Re-enter ISABELLA, veiled, who crosses the Stage.*

*Isa.* Excellent girl!

*[Exit.]*

*Fel.* The devil! a woman! I'll see if she be really so.

*(Aside.)*

*Vio.* Get clear of my father, and follow me to the Terriero de Passa, when all mistakes shall be rectified. *(Apart to Felix, and exit; Felix offers to follow her.)*

*Ped.* *(Draws his sword.)* Not a step, sir, till the lady be past your recovery; I never suffer the laws of hospitality to be violated in my house, sir. Come, sir, you and I will take a pipe and bottle together.

*Fel.* D—n your pipe, and d—n your bottle. I hate drinking and smoking: and how will you help yourself, old Whiskers?

*Ped.* As to smoking or drinking, you have your liberty; but you shall stay, sir.

*Fel.* But I won't stay; for I don't like your company: besides, I have the best reason in the world for my not staying.

*Ped.* Ay! what's that?

*Fel.* Why, I am going to be married; and so good bye.

*Ped.* To be married; it can't be! Why you are drunk, Felix!

*Fel.* Drunk! Ay, to be sure! You don't think I'd go to be married if I was sober. But drunk or sober, I am going to be married, for all that; and if you won't believe me, to convince you, I'll shew you the contract, old gentleman.

*Ped.* Ay, do! come, let's see this contract, then.

*Fel.* Yes, yes: I'll shew you the contract; I'll shew you the contract. Here, sir; here's the contract.

*(Draws a pistol.)*

*Ped.* *(Starts.)* Well, well, I'm convinced; go, go — pray go and be married, sir.

*Fel.* Yes, yes, I'll go; I'll go and be married; but sha'n't we take a bottle first?

*Ped.* No, no; pray, dear sir, go and be married.

*Fel.* Very well, very well; *(going)* but I insist upon your taking one glass, though.

*Ped.* No, not now; some other time. Consider, the lady waits.

*Fel.* What a cross old fool! First he will, and then he won't; and then he will, and then he won't. *[Exit.]*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv.* Here's Don Lopez de Pimental, to wait on you, seignior.

*Ped.* What the devil does he want? He is not going to be married, too. Bring him up; *[Exit Serv.]* he's in pursuit of his son, I suppose.

*Enter DON LOPEZ.*

*Lop.* I am glad to find you at home, Don Pedro; I was told that you was seen upon the road to— this afternoon.

*Ped.* That might be, my lord; I had the misfortune to break the wheel of my chariot, which obliged me to return. What is your pleasure with me, my lord?

*Lop.* I am informed that my daughter is in your house.

*Ped.* That's more than I know, my lord; but here was your son, just now, as drunk as an emperor.

*Lop.* My son drunk! I never saw him in drink in my life. Where is he, pray, sir?

*Ped.* Gone to be married.

*Lop.* Married! To whom? I don't know that he courted anybody.

*Ped.* Nay, I know nothing of that; but I'm sure he shewed me the contract. Within there!

*Enter a Servant.*

*Bid my daughter come hither; she'll tell you another story, my lord.*

*Serv.* She's gone out in a chair, sir.

*Ped.* Out in a chair! What do you mean, sir.

*Serv.* As I say, sir; and Donna Isabella went in another, just before her.

*Lop.* Isabella!

*Serv.* And Don Felix followed in another! I overheard them all bid the chairs go to the Terriero de Passa.

*Ped.* Ha! What business has my daughter there? I am confounded, and know not what to think. Within there!

*Lop.* My heart misgives me pleguilly. Call me an alguazil, I'll pursue them straight. *[Exeunt]*

SCENE III.—The Street before Don Pedro's House

*Enter LISSARDO.*

*Lis.* I wish I could see Flora: methinks I have an hankering kindness after the sight. We must be reconciled.

## Enter GIBBY.

*Gibby.* Aw my saul, sir, but Ise blythe to find thee here now.

*Lis.* Ha, brother; give me thy hand, boy.

*Gibby.* Na so fast, se ye me. Brether me ne brethers; I scorn a lee as muckle as a thief, se ye now; and ye must gang intil this house with me, and justfy to Donna Violante's face, that she was the lady that gang'd in here this morn, see ye me, or the deel ha my saul, sir, but ye and I shall be two folke.

*Lis.* Justify it to Donna Violante's face, quotha! for what? Sure, you don't know what you say.

*Gibby.* Troth, de I, sir, as weel as ye de; therefore, come along, and make no mair words about it.

*Lis.* Why, what the devil do you mean? Don't you consider you are in Portugal? Is the fellow mad?

*Gibby.* Fellow! Ise none of yer fellow, sir; and gin the place were hell, I'd gar ye de me justice. *(Lisardo going.)* Nay, the deel a feet ye gang. *(Lays hold of him, and knocks at the door.)*

*Lis.* Ha! Don Pedro himself; I wish I were fairly off. *(Aside.)*

## Enter DON PEDRO.

*Ped.* How now? What makes you knock so loud?

*Gibby.* Gin this be Don Pedro's house, sir, I would speak with Donna Violante, his daughter.

*Ped.* Ha! What is it you want with my daughter, pray?

*Gibby.* An she be your daughter, and lik yer honour, command her to come out, and answer for herself, and either justify or disprove what this cheeld told me this morn.

*Lis.* So, here will be a fine piece of work. *(Aside.)*

*Ped.* Why, what did he tell you, ha?

*Gibby.* By my sol, sir, Ise tell you aw the truth; my master got a pratty lady upon the how-de-call't Passa, here, at five this morn, and he gar me watch her heam: and, in truth, I lodged her here; and meeting this ill-favoured thief, see ye me, I speered who she was, and he told me her name was Donna Violante, Don Pedro de Mendoza's daughter.

*Ped.* Ha! My daughter with a man abroad at five in the morning! Death, hell, and furies! By St. Anthony, I'm undone.

*Gibby.* Wounds, sir! ye put her saint intil bonny company.

*Ped.* Who is your master, you dog you?

*Gibby.* You dog you! 'Sbleed, sir! don't call names. I won't tell you who my master is, se ye me now.

*Ped.* And who are you, rascal, that know my daughter so well? Ha! *(To Lisardo, and holding up his cane.)*

*Lis.* What shall I say to make him give this Scotch dog a good beating? *(Aside.)* I know your daughter, seignior? Not I; I never saw your daughter in all my life.

*Gibby.* *(Knocks him down with his fist.)* Deel ha my saul, sar, gin ye get no your carich for that lee now.

*Ped.* What, ho! Where are all my servants?

Enter COLONEL BRITON, FELIX, ISABELLA, and VIOLENTE.

Bease the house in pursuit of my daughter.

*Col. B.* Hey-day! What's here to do?

*Gibby.* This is the loon-like tik, an lik yer honour, that sent me hame with a lee this morn.

*Fel.* This is a day of jubilee, Lisardo; no quarrelling with him this day.

*Lis.* A plague take his fists! Egad! these Britons are but a word and a blow.

## Enter DON LOPEZ.

*Lop.* So, have I found you, daughter? Then you have not banged yourself yet, I see.

*Col. B.* But she is married, my lord.

*Lop.* Married! Zounds! To whom?

*Col. B.* Even to your humble servant, my lord. If you please to give us your blessing. *(Kneels.)*

*Lop.* Why, harkye, mistress, are you really married. *(To Isabella.)*

*Isa.* Really so, my lord.

*Lop.* And who are you, sir? *(To Colonel Briton.)*

*Col. B.* An honest North Briton, by birth, and a colonel, by commission, my lord.

*Lop.* An heretic! the devil! *(Holds up his hands.)*

*Ped.* She has played you a slippery trick, indeed, my lord. Well, my girl, thou hast been to see thy friend married. Next week thou shalt have a better husband, my dear. *(To Violante.)*

*Fel.* Next week is a little too soon, sir; I hope to live longer than that.

*Ped.* What do you mean, sir? You have not made a rib of my daughter too, have you?

*Vio.* Indeed, but he has, sir, I know not how; but he took me in an unguarded minute; when my thoughts were not over-strong for a nunnery, father.

*Lop.* Your daughter has played you a slippery trick too, seignior.

*Ped.* But your son shall never be the better for it, my lord; her twenty thousand pounds were left on certain conditions, and I'll not part with a shilling.

*Lop.* But we have a certain thing called law, shall make you do justice, sir.

*Ped.* Well, we'll try that: my lord, much good may it do you with your daughter-in-law.

*Lop.* I wish you much joy of your rib.

*[Exeunt Pedro and Lopez.]*

## Enter FREDERICK.

*Fel.* Frederick, welcome! I sent for thee to be partaker of my happiness; and pray give me leave to introduce you to the cause of it.

*Ped.* Your messenger has told me all, and I sincerely share in all your happiness.

*Col. B.* To the right-about, Frederick: wish thy friend joy.

*Ped.* I do, with all my soul; and, madam, I congratulate your deliverance. *(To Isabella.)* Your suspicions are cleared now, I hope, Felix?

*Fel.* They are; and I heartily ask the Colonel pardon, and wish him happy with my sister; for love has taught me to know, that every man's happiness consists in choosing for himself.

*Lis.* After that rule, I fix here. *(To Flora.)*

*Flora.* That's your mistake; I prefer my lady's service, and turn you over to her that pleaded right and title to you to-day.

*Lis.* Choose, proud fool; I shan't ask you twice.

*Gibby.* What say ye now, lass; will ye go yer hand to poor Gibby? *(To Isa.)*

*Isa.* That I may not leave my lady, I take you at your word. And though our wooing has been short, I'll, by her example, love you dearly.

*Fel.* Now, my Violante, I shall proclaim thy virtues to the world.

*Let us no more thy sex's conduct blame,  
Since thou'rt a proof to thy eternal fame,  
That man has no advantage but the name.*

*[Exeunt.]*

# THE CASTLE OF SORRENTO.

A MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—BY HENRY HEARTWELL.



*Blinval.*—"WHAT DO YOU WANT?"—*Act II, scene 2.*

## Persons Represented.

COUNT MURVILLE.  
GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO.  
BLINVAL.

GERMAIN.  
OFFICER.  
CORPORAL.

FOOTMAN.  
MRS. BELMONT.  
ROSINA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*On the right hand, one of the towers of the Castle of Sorrento; a ditch and parapet-wall dividing it from a large house placed on the left, with a latticed window over the door opening to a balcony. In the tower, a grated window about the height of the balcony. A picturesque view of the country in the distance, mountainous, and with vineyards.*

ROSINA appears at the latticed window.

### SONG.—ROSINA.

*Evening's shadows now appear,  
All is hush'd and calm around—  
Hark! his well-known voice I hear;  
Let me fly to catch the sound.*

*No; 'tis past, and silence reigns;  
Pensive, still, I mourn his fate:  
In his tower he still remains;  
Here, alas! in vain I wait.*

*Evening's shadows now appear,  
All is hush'd and calm around—  
Hark! again his voice I hear;  
Yes, I've caught the well-known sound.*

BLINVAL, in a red hussar-jacket, his hair dishevelled, and his whole appearance neglected, appears at the grated window of the prison.

### DUET.—BLINVAL and ROSINA.

*Blin. Hark! again that heavenly voice.  
Ros. Yes, 'tis he; why throbs my heart?  
By turns I sigh, by turns rejoice;  
I'm fix'd, though reason says depart.*

Blin. *Oh! what joy, what bliss I feel!*  
 Ros. *Ah! could my prayers your anguish heal?*

Blin. *Sweet, heavenly maid, my griefs are past,  
 My prison now a palace seems;  
 Speak, will the pleasing vision last?  
 Or are my raptures fleeting dreams?*

Ros. *Ah! could Rosina's prayers avail,  
 How soon those heavy bars should fall!  
 Ah! could Rosina's tears prevail,  
 How swift you'd pass the hated wall!*

Blin. *Ye gods, I'm bless'd; what rapture's mine!  
 Forgive that late I dar'd repine.*

Ros. *Companion's tear—*  
 . . . *The joys I feel,—*

Ros. *Bedeans my cheek.*

Blin. *No words reveal.*

Ros. *Alas! poor youth,—*

Blin. *How bless'd my lot!—*

Ros. *How hard your fate!*

Blin. *My grief's forgot,  
 I'm bless'd beyond what mortals know,  
 Though fate has mark'd the world my foe;  
 That cherishing glance, that heavenly smile,  
 Would ev'ry human care beguile.*

Ros. *Alas! how hard the prisoner's lot;  
 Forsaken, by the world forgot.*

Blin. *What joys I feel!*

Ros. *How hard his lot!—*

Blin. *I'm bless'd indeed.*

Ros. *By all forgot.*

Blin. *My griefs are past.*

Ros. *Compassion's tear—*

Blin. *Transporting sounds!*

Ros. *Your woes shall cheer.  
 Ah! would my fervent prayers ascend,  
 Your painful sufferings soon should end.*

Blin. *The prayers of virtue swift ascend,  
 I feel my sufferings soon must end.*

(*Blinval retires.*)

Ros. Heigho! he sings no more. No, he is gone, and I am still left in incertitude. It's very wicked of the Governor to keep so sweet a man cooped up in that huge, ugly tower.

*Enter GERMAIN, with a portmanteau and hat-box.*

Ger. (*Knocks and calls at the door of the house.*)  
 Hallo, ho, ho! Within there, ho!

Ros. What can that be?  
 Ger. Are you all dead? Rub down my back, and let me have a spanking supper, for I'm considerably sharp set.

Ros. Pray, where do you suppose yourself, that you're so much at home? This is no inn.

Ger. (*Looking up, and taking off his hat.*) Bumpers and Burgundy! there's a rogue's eye! (*Aside.*) Inn! Oh, no; Lord love your pretty face! the Widow Belmont would be quite shocked if I went to an inn.

Ros. Indeed! And who are you?

Ger. One of king Cupid's corps diplomatique; ambassador of love; courier of Hymen; the faithful follower, though I precede my master, of Count Murville, captain in the death's head Hussars, &c. &c. Germain, at your service. (*Bowing.*)

Ros. Oh! from our cousin Murville. Well, I'll inform mamma. Provoking puppy!—at this moment—he has chosen this time. [*Aside, and exit.*]

Ger. She might as well have asked me to walk in. Mighty pleasant, no doubt, this *à fresco*, to those who relish it; but for a gentleman who does Count Murville, captain in the death's head Hussars, &c. &c., the honour to adjust his moustachios, and to adorn his head, why, it's d—d scurvy treatment. Hip, hallo! house! within there! (*Knocks at the door.*)

*Enter Footman, from the house.*

Foot. Hallo! Who thunders so loudly?

Ger. Why, me, to be sure.

Foot. You! and who the devil are you?

Ger. Is that your respect to a valet-de-chambre? Here, take my baggage, and know your distance.

[*Snatches up the portmanteau and hat-box, places them on the footman's shoulders, pushes him in, and follows.*]

## SCENE II.—A Drawing-room at the Widow Belmont's.

*Enter the Footman and GERMAIN.*

Foot. My mistress is at the Governor's, and you must wait. She will speak with you here. (*Going.*)

Ger. But, sir, respected sir, (*bowing*) if you are pleased to take your own sweet company away, can't you send me an omelet and a salad, with a few of your half-emptied flasks? You understand? and I don't think, without offence, I should lament your absence.

Foot. Oh, sir, your most obedient. But I am never purveyor, except where I'm a guest: you understand? [*Exit.*]

Ger. Well, now, as I'm a Christian sinner, that fellow deserves the galley. I wish my master would appear. Somehow, I'm never respected but for his sake. What can detain him at Naples? Oh, I have it: the imprisonment of his young friend Blinval; that fire-eating, mad rattlecap, who had nearly sabred his own colonel. What a cursed scrape! Death by the articles of war. But he performed such prodigies in the last battle, and saved Count Murville's life, so he'll move heaven, earth, and the minister for his release. Oh! now I recollect, he is in this district, close prisoner in the old castle of Sorrento: if I could speak to him—No, no, poor devil, he is trapped like a rat, and can only be peeped at through his gratings.

*Enter BLINVAL, in the red Hussar's jacket, without a sword.*

Blin. (*Looking about, but not perceiving Germain.*) This apartment excels the last; am I awake, or is it all a dream?

Ger. (*Not seeing him.*) He is as wild as a young Tartar, as obstinate as a young devil, but as sound-hearted as a young Englishman. Oh! a fine fellow that Blinval.

Blin. (*Turning quickly round.*) Blinval! who calls me?

Ger. (*Starting.*) Eh! what? No, sure—yes, but it is; it is our mad lieutenant. (*Runs and leaps on his neck.*)

Blin. Germain! not hanged yet, but don't



strangle me, man. I'm here, you see, in spite of our old rusty colonel, safe, sound, and hearty, boy.

*Ger.* But by what miracle? I thought you snug in one of the four towers of that d—d castle.

*Blin.* So thinks the governor, heaven help him, at this hour. But tell me, whose is this house?

*Ger.* The Widow Belmont's.

*Blin.* Has she a daughter?

*Ger.* Rosina; a great beauty; fresh, blooming, and sixteen.

*Blin.* Huzz! Then I shall bless the day I heard the rusty hinges of Sorrento creak.

*Ger.* And were I in your place, I should curse it most furiously. But what with hunger, thirst, and curiosity, I'm in a desperate case; pity me, sir, I have a craving appetite for your adventures.

*Blin.* Shut up in the south tower, I one day saw the daughter of this house at a latticed balcony; woodhazes and jessamines were round the wall, but they weren't half so fresh as the sweet little creature who eclipsed them.

*Ger.* Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! I'm likely to be famished still, if we're to creep through the wood-bines.

*Blin.* To the point, then: she kept her eyes long fixed on me; I tried to move her by croaking in my d—d hoarse voice, some melancholy ditties about captivity and so on. Every day, fresh attentions, fresh songs. This very evening my gaoler called me from a charming interview. I thrust him out, and, in a moment of passion, dashed an old wardrobe in a dark corner of my room to atoms. A folded paper caught my eye, I seized it eagerly; it was directed—

*Ger.* How?

*Blin.* "To the unfortunate who succeeds me."

*Ger.* And the contents?

*Blin.* A legacy from a poor devil of a predecessor: he had been shut up in the same part of the tower for ten years; but love had softened the hardships of his captivity. In short, the paper marked a secret avenue leading to the next house. I descended, crept through a subterraneous passage, climbed a cork-screw staircase, reached a small door, and, upon pressing back a spring, jumped into that bedroom.

*Ger.* And the entrance—

*Blin.* Is concealed by that looking-glass. But tell me now, what brings your rogue's face to Sorrento?

*Ger.* Marriage. Your friend Murville is cousin to the Widow; they have been long involved in a law-suit, and were compelled to correspond: the first letters were cold, the second more civil, the third touched on arrangements, and in the last they settled it, to wind up all in the old-fashioned way, by a marriage.

*Blin.* Excellent! When will they solemnize?

*Ger.* The day's not fixed, for they have never met.

*Blin.* Not seen each other! Then I'm established in the house.

*Ger.* Eh! how do you make that out?

*Blin.* Dolt, dunderhead! I shall pass for Murville; the Widow Belmont will receive, caress, feed, lodge, and—

*Ger.* Marry you?

*Blin.* No, no; but I'll obtain an interview with my Rosina; speak to her frequently, and breathe my vows of love and constancy in a purer air.

*Ger.* In the meantime, they'll visit the south tower, find the bird flown, and send him back to

whistle his soft notes in a foul air and a close cage.

*Blin.* They visit me but twice a day; and till tomorrow's noon I'm safe.

*Ger.* Granted; but will that negligée suit the lover?

*Blin.* Oh! let me see. *(Pauses.)* I have been stopped by a banditti.

*Ger.* Ha, ha, ha! You're never at a loss; always a tale at your tongue's end. But my scruples—

*Blin.* Have, like all other things, their price. *(Shaking a purse.)* Fifty louis for their repose.

*Ger.* They're hushed. *(Taking the purse.)*

*Blin.* But if I appear in this identical dress, I shall be known instantly by Rosina, and it would not be prudent to discover myself, even to her, too soon.

*Ger.* What say you to my master's riding-coat and military hat?

*Blin.* The very thing; run and fetch them; quick, quick. *(Germain runs out and returns with them immediately.)*

*Ger.* *(Helping Blinval on with his hat and coat.)* So. And here comes the Widow, too, most opportune.

*Blin.* Attention, then, and to our posts. Remember, I have been robbed.

*Enter MRS. BELMONT.*

*Mrs. B.* *(To Germain.)* Is it you, sir, who wish to speak with me?

*Ger.* Yes, madam, it was I who galloped on joyfully to announce Count Murville, but—oh, heavens!

*Mrs. B.* You alarm me. What has befallen him?

*Ger.* Oh! bitter news! Speak, sir, yourself, for I want words, and—impudence.

*(Aside.)*

*Mrs. B.* What, is it you, cousin?

*Blin.* As you perceive, and in no better plight. *(Looking at his dress.)*

*Mrs. B.* What has happened?

*Blin.* Friendship, love, and anxiety, all urged me to hasten here; unfortunately, a banditti—

*Mrs. B.* Robbers?

*Blin.* Stopped me some leagues from this.

*Ger.* Five minutes later, and I had shared his fate. Oh, terrible!

*Mrs. B.* Robbers!

**TRIO.—BLINVAL, GERMAIN, and MRS. BELMONT.**

*Blin.* Affection induced me all dangers to brave,  
I mounted my horse in the dead of the night.

*Ger.* This love had nigh shown him the way to his grave;

*When you hear his escape, you'll be seiz'd with  
affright.*

*Mrs. B.* Such a hazard was wrong.

*Ger.* But his reasons were strong.

*Blin.* From the forest they rush'd full a score, at  
the least—

*Ger.* How he drags, how he lies!

*(Aside.)*

*Blin.* Taken thus by surprise—

*Mrs. B.* Alas! all my fears, my alarms are increas'd.

Blin. *With my back to a tree,  
At one thrust dispatch'd three;  
Seventeen with drawn swords remain'd cir-  
cling me round—*

Ger. *Seventeen with drawn swords remain'd cir-  
cling him round.*

Mrs. B. *Alas! could no aid, could no succour be  
found?  
Such a risk, such a state!  
Faith! his perils were great.*

Ger. *The blood of six others soon reddend'd my  
sword—*

Ger. *What a bounce, what a lie! (Aside.)  
Not a creature came by—*

Mrs. B. *Alas! sure, such numbers at last over-  
power'd.*

Blin. *With ten wounds gaping wide,  
And six thrusts in the side;  
I fought till my blood in a torrent was  
pour'd.*

Ger. *He foug... till his blood in a torrent was  
pour'd.*

Blin. *Then faintly I sank, by such odds over-  
power'd.*

Mrs. B. *Alas! what a state by such odds over-  
power'd!*

Blin. Stretched on the ground for dead, the  
cowards rifled me, but fled on the approach of tra-  
vellers, who, coming up, gave me every assistance  
in their power.

Mrs. B. Good heavens! I fear you must have  
suffered much from the wounds you received.  
Have you kept your chamber long?

Blin. Hum! I have been a good while confined;  
haven't I, Germain?

Ger. That you have; I can prove it.

Blin. But, excepting a weakness, no inconvenience  
follows.

Mrs. B. He is younger than I conceived, well  
made, and elegant. (Aside.) My last letter must  
have convinced you I was desirous to have all  
points explained.

Blin. Oh! we'll explain ourselves off hand. Ger-  
main, endeavour to get me some decent clothes; I  
ashamed to see myself; I have the appear-  
ance—

Ger. Of a mountebank, precisely.

[Exit.

Mrs. B. Now we're alone, we can discourse on  
business.

Blin. Certainly; but at this moment, I'm so con-  
fused; the blows those rascals dealt, have made me  
so light-headed, so absent—

Mrs. B. Only one thing: it will be right to send a  
settlement to an attorney's.

Blin. Why, yes, it certainly will be quite right  
and necessary.

Mrs. B. You consent, then, to keep the farm?

Blin. The farm! Oh! decided. Yes, yes, we'll  
keep the farm.

Mrs. B. But we must recollect my daughter: she  
has just claims.

Blin. The greatest possible. She is so beau-  
tiful! such a soft, tender air! so interesting, so  
charming!

Mrs. B. Really! How can you tell all this? Have  
you seen her?

Blin. Seen her! Yes, I—Oh! no; but I speak  
from report which is loud in her praise; so, oblige  
me, and drop the suit.

Mrs. B. Why, you forget—you drop the suit.

Blin. Do I? True, true: but my head's so con-  
fused, I can think only of our approaching happi-  
ness.

Mrs. B. But I expected, I confess, a man of middle  
age, and you appear quite young.

Blin. True; I have ever been thought young, and  
surely, cousin, that's no misfortune.

Mrs. B. No; but as reason and friendship form  
the basis of our union, though tempted to regard  
it as a defect, I am willing to hope we shall be  
both happy. I shall now leave you to give direc-  
tions for your comfort and accommodation.

Enter GERMAIN.

Germain, that room will be your master's.

(Pointing.)

Blin. (Aside.) By all that's fortunate, the secret  
door.

Mrs. B. I'll prepare my daughter to receive you  
immediately; but recollect, a father-in-law should  
be grave and sedate. Adieu!

[Exit.

Blin. Allons, Germain! the day's our own. Vic-  
tory, my boy! I'm grown so grave and steady,  
they'll not suspect I could invent this trick.

Ger. Steady, with a vengeance! Ah! if you're  
other than Blinval, I shall look out for the world's  
end.

Blin. But I'm determined to reform.

Ger. Which way?

Blin. By marrying.

Ger. Why, faith! if anything can tame a man, I  
believe that may.

Blin. My stars all shine propitious! and every  
time my presence is required, I'll lock my door,  
glide to my prison, and whip back, no one the  
wiser.

Ger. But my master in the meantime appears;  
off goes my livery, and I'm cooped up in your  
agreeable south tower, for having touched upon  
the secret spring.

Blin. I shall rejoice in such good company. But  
see, the sun peeps forth; fog, mists, and vapours  
fly; here comes Rosina.

Ger. Then you'll dispense with me; so I'll escape  
to the more foggy regions, where savoury fumes  
exhale from the stew-pans, and the jolly butler dis-  
tributes his rich gifts from the Widow's cellar.

[Exit.

Enter ROSINA.

Ros. (Aside.) This, then, is my step-father; and  
I must be respectful, and so forth: so says mamma.  
Heigho!

Blin. (Aside.) She'll be astonished when she  
perceives the prisoner.

(Going towards her.)

Ros. (Starting.) Oh, heavens! Can I believe my  
eyes? His very features!

Blin. What startles you, my little cousin? have I  
already the misfortune to displease?

Ros. No, sir; no, certainly not that; but I was  
struck with the resemblance to a friend; yes, sir,  
an absent friend, too little known, and alas! too  
unfortunate. Pardon me, sir, but my tongue falters,  
my heart throbs, and my face burns. I must beg  
to retire.

(Going.)

*Blin.* Don't leave me, coz. *(Taking her hand.)* Why withdraw your hand? You would not be so coy to my resemblance.

*Ros.* Oh! yes, I should, because I ought to be so.

*Blin.* But I shall be your father-in-law soon.

*Ros.* True; but you are so like this friend, I should think still of him.

*Blin.* You tremble. Happy Blinval!

*(Aside.)*

*Ros.* Yes, and my heart beats quick, just as it does when I see him.

*Blin.* And mine just as it does when I see you—I mean your mother. She is like you.

*Ros.* My mother! Ah! you are as young as your likeness.

*Blin.* Looks are deceitful. But, Rosina, you must love me, if not for my own sake, for the sake of my likeness.

*Ros.* Ah! but I don't love him; he is unfortunate, and I feel interested in his fate, that's all.

*Blin.* You pity him! I'll avow myself at once, and—*(Aside.)* Dearest Rosina, I—I—*(A footstep is heard.)* Oh! here's this teasing, amorous Widow; she haunts me.

*(Aside, and walking about.)*

Enter MRS. BELMONT, with an unfolded note.

*Mrs. B.* We shall have an addition to our party Constan, you'll not object to an old friend of mine, whom I prepare you to esteem.

*Blin.* A friend of yours? I shall be happy to see him. I wish him at the devil with all my heart.

*(Aside.)*

*Mrs. B.* An honest, plain, rough Irishman. The laws of his country forbade him, as a catholic, serving in the armies of his own monarch, whom he adores as the father of a great, free, and happy people.

*Blin.* We have many brave Irish with our troops, all much esteemed: but who is your friend?

*Mrs. B.* A singular character; eccentric, and, at times, warm to a degree. His employment gives him an appearance of harsh authority, while, in reality, he is mild and humane. After this sketch, you will allow for a rough diamond. He wishes to be introduced to a soldier of your merit, and being within five minutes walk, comes without form—the Governor of the castle.

*Blin.* *(Starting.)* Eh! who? the Governor? *(Walks about agitated.)* All my unlucky planets must have joined. *(Aside.)*

*Mrs. B.* Run, haste, Rosina, give directions that the supper suit our guests. *(Rosina, with her eyes fixed on Blinval, does not attend.)* Why ain't you gone?

*Ros.* Oh! the resemblance is astonishing.

*(Aside and exit.)*

*Mrs. B.* How kind of our good friend, the very first hour you arrive.

*Blin.* *(Still walking about.)* Oh, kind! Yes, yes—kind! *(aside)*—kind to a degree; but I'm so dreadfully fatigued after fighting with the robbers, that I feel oppressed with sleep.

*Mrs. B.* Well, we'll sup early, then.

*Blin.* But can't we sup alone? On the footing we stand, a third is the devil.

*Mrs. B.* *(Smiling.)* We will have opportunities—enough of being *tête-à-tête*.

*Blin.* We have so much to say; the farm, the settlements, the attorney, the suit—

*Mrs. B.* But your head is so confused. However, there is no help, for he is already on the stairs.

*Gov.* *(Without.)* Easy, friend, easy; 'sblood! you'll have arm and all; there, hang up my roque-laure, and let the sergeant wait.

*Blin.* *(Aside.)* Now impudence stand my ally. There's no alternative. *(Turns on one side, drapes up the collar of his coat round his face, pulls his hat over his eyes, and stands with his arms folded.)*

Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO.

*Gov.* *(Speaking as he enters.)* If they ask for me here, tell 'em, remember, I'm just gone there, honey. Well, here and I'm come, quicker than my billet which got here first. 'Faith! and the captain will rejoice to be made known to an old veteran who has had some hard knocks to secure him a snug retreat, and a good flask of lachryma christi to fight his battles over. Be introducing us, Widow; I must tell him about my last campaign.

*Mrs. B.* Cousin; our friend, the Governor, cousin. Count Murville! the Governor of the castle.

*Blin.* *(Still with his back to them.)* Three thousand, and the enemy thought five, with the advantage of a wood, but his right flank left in the air.

*Gov.* Eh? what? By Saint Patrick, the most extraordinary fellow! how long will he keep in the air? Hallo! Count Murville, here's our old O'Rourke O'Donnel, Governor of Sorrento, and—whaw! *(Whistling.)* 'Sblood! he's as deaf as my invalid sergeant of artillery. Och! and you'll have a nice husband.

*Blin.* *(Aside.)* Paha! 'tis absurd, and I'll e'en brave the storm.

*Mrs. B.* Cousin, cousin! our friend, the Governor. How provoking!

*Blin.* Eh! who? Oh! I beg pardon; I was absorbed in a dull calculation.

*Gov.* *(Advancing.)* No excuses, jewel, to our old O'Donnel. *(Starts back on seeing his face.)* Och! what?—devil burn me!—yet, how could he get from the south tower? the strongest part of the whole castle, sure! Och! it's impossible! haven't I had the keys all under locks in my own room?

*Blin.* *(All this time looks the Governor full in the face, and turns occasionally, with affected surprise, to Mrs. Belmont.)* I'm fortunate in attracting your notice. Prythee, widow, what can this mean?

*Gov.* That Count Murville! Huhaboo! Botheration! 'Faith! it's a young wild devil of the death's heads, I have now among enough there, between four walls, not a stone's throw from us. *(Strutting up to him.)* Sir, let me tell you, sir, that while O'Rourke O'Donnel governs the castle, he will govern and keep his prisoners safe, though they do break out.

*Blin.* Ha, ha, ha! Widow, is your friend often thus? What upon earth have I to say to your prisoner? Here I'm Count Murville.

*Gov.* No, sir—'sblood! here you are—sounds! here you are not Count Murville. Widow, he is as like one of my prisoners as two drops of whisky.

*Mrs. B.* And this prisoner—

*Gov.* Is a wild rogue that found the world not wide enough for his mad pranks; and has the happiness of exercising them at his liberty, in a nice room, five yards by ten, in the south tower.

*Blin.* Ha, ha, ha! And you supposed he'd leaped your barrier, swam the wet ditch, and given your whiskered sentries sleeping draughts.

*Gov.* Och! he's as safe as bolts, walls, bars and chains can keep him. Sure, I know that, though he stands here just now.

*Mrs. B.* Ah! poor young man! you treat him too harshly.

*Gov.* Faith! my orders are positive. But I soften as much as possible. Humanity has a command over me strict as the king's, and I obey both masters with pleasure. But this Blinval!

*Blin.* Blinval! We served in the same corps, and were never asunder; he is as like me as if we'd been twins.

*Gov.* Twins! Zounds! he's yourself. Well, well, as it's explained, you can't be he, and you're well off; he's in a pretty mess.

*Blin.* I'm as much grieved and suffer as much as if I were in his place, we were such friends.

*Gov.* Were you so? 'Faith! I have a mind—but you must take your oath—No, no, I won't be satisfied with that; you must give me your honour.

*Blin.* What do you mean?

*Gov.* (To *Mrs. B.*) I can't be satisfied till I see them both in one spot, standing there, cheek by jowl, like two double cherries. He shall sup here.

*Blin.* Who?

*Gov.* Blinval.

*Blin.* Sup here! Blinval!

*Mrs. B.* It will be very kind.

*Blin.* You must not think of it. If it were known—his confinement's so strict—

*Gov.* 'Faith! and I run some risk; but to oblige a friend—Och! be easy, he shall sup here.

*Blin.* There will be bloodshed, then; we have quarrelled most furiously.

*Gov.* Quarrelled! Ah! that's the best news I have heard. It's the sure road to be as thick as mustard. You shall be friends.

*Blin.* I can never see him.

*Gov.* You shall be friends.

*Blin.* We two can't meet.

*Gov.* Och! be easy; I am the best hand in Italy at an accommodation. Didn't I make up the quarrel at Balmuderry, when honest Pat Holloway had put Captain Noraghan's nose clean out of joint.

*Blin.* And how had he done that?

*Gov.* 'Faith! he had squeezed it tight, between his finger and thumb a little.

#### SONG.—GOVERNOR.

*Arrah! what a big nose had the bold Captain Noraghan!*

*Pat Holloway he pull'd it till he made him to roar again.*

*Whack fal de diddle! Shoot him through the middle.*

*Whack fal de diddle! Well-a-day!*

*Whack fal de diddle! Captain, through the middle.*

*Och! shoot Paddy Holloway.*

*But they chose me their seconds, and I gave my word to both.*

*For second man to two men, is one man that's third to both.*

*Whack fal de diddle! &c.*

*We met by a duck pond; cries bold Captain Noraghan,*

*"Pat Holloway I'll shoot you, you never shall snore again."*

*Whack fal de diddle! &c.*

*The Captain miss'd Pat, for it was not a lucky shot, Pat Holloway fired next, and a very fine duck he shot.*

*Whack fal de diddle! &c.*

*Then I's epp'd in be ween 'em; 'twas full time to take it up;*

*For a duel now is one shot a-piece, and then make it up.*

*Whack fal de diddle! Shoot him through the middle.*

*Whack fal de diddle! Well-a-day!*

*Whack fal de riddle! Shake each other's daddle, And fast friends they walk'd away.*

[Exit.

*Blin.* (Aside.) I've no alternative; back to my prison.

*Mrs. B.* How happy this will make poor Blinval! Come, you must oblige me and be reconciled; it is my first request, and I insist on your compliance.

*Blin.* Insist, madam! My injured honour brooks no interference. Seek not to thwart me; some dreadful consequences might ensue, some consequences you cannot foresee. Insist, madam! I wish you a good night. (Rushes into the bed-chamber and locks the door.)

*Mrs. B.* What madness and rudeness! I thought in Murville to have found mildness and sensibility. Oh! man, man! tax us not with deceit, when in your own proud sex there's such a proof of the wide difference between professions and actions.

#### Enter ROSINA.

*Ros.* Alone, madam! where is your company?

*Mrs. B.* Oh! Count Murville has retired to his apartment for the night.

*Ros.* He is unwell, then; poor young man!

*Mrs. B.* No, no; he is quite well; but he chose to retire.

*Ros.* Sure, that's a little ungallant. Then our nice supper's of no use.

*Mrs. B.* His place will be supplied. The Governor conceives there's a resemblance between Murville and one of his prisoners, and is gone for the captive.

*Ros.* What, the gay prisoner in the tower? Oh! there's a great resemblance; so striking! there's no mistaking it.

*Mrs. B.* Indeed! Pray, Rosina, how came you to remark it.

*Ros.* (Embarrassed.) I heard it. Ah! dear madam, I'll tell you all: every evening I've seen the prisoner from the staircase balcony. I have sat there whole hours to hear him sing. He bewails his captivity. Complains that all the world forsakes him, except me. Could I hear this and not be sorry for his fate?

*Mrs. B.* Rosina, your simplicity affects me; to pity him in his distress is amiable; but to love him would be imprudent. Be cautious; then, Rosina; nor sully with a fault one of the heart's best virtues—compassion for the unfortunate.

## SONG.—MRS. BELMONT.

*From pity's power (thou need'st not fly;  
The tear she sheds adorns the eye;  
And when down beauty's cheek it flows,  
More bright its radiant crimson glows.*

*But there's a sigh, and there's a tear,  
That bids youth's roses disappear;  
Beware lest thine their influence prove,  
Beware lest pity turn to love.*

*That tear is love's, and love's that sigh;  
They fade the cheek, they dim the eye.  
Ah! let not, then, thy artless bloom  
In sighs and tears so dire consume.*

*Then, if thy heart tumultuous beat  
Whene'er thine eyes upon captive's meet,  
Away, nor more such danger prove,  
For soon thy pity would be love.*

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*Blinval's Room in the Prison. A large stone seen rolled from one corner of a trap-door, and open opposite to it; the ordinary prison door closed and secured by iron plates, large nails, &c. The tables and chairs in confusion, a bureau overturned and broken.*

Enter BLINVAL by the trap-door. He hurries in, rolls the stone back, and puts the tables and chairs in their places.

Blin. There, then, I'm safe. Now Mr. Governor, one instant to derange this mad head, and I'm at your service. (*Pulls his hair out of form, and gives as much disorder as he can to his appearance. A clanking heard of a chain.*) Hark! Oh! my old back, I must have had a few dips in the Shannon, too, not to outwit your excellence.

(*Walks about in a melancholy manner with his arms crossed.*)

Enter the GOVERNOR of SORRENTO.

Gov. Och! and you're there. Well, then, I'm an old blockhead, and that's all. You may go back. (*To the Guard outside.*) Ah! what, my little Kill Colonel! Well, but what makes you so dismal? Don't be faint-hearted, boy; joy sometimes penetrates even the walls of a prison.

Blin. Joy! You are too generous, too much a man of honour, to add the pangs of rallery to my distress. Am I released?

Gov. Faith! and who told it you? Fair and softly; only six months, and tired so soon! That's no great compliment I must confess.

Blin. Faha! why, then, am I thus teased.

(*Dashes down one of the chairs in a passion.*)

Gov. And is there any other part of the king's furniture you would like to destroy? Pray, make as free as with your own.

Blin. I beg pardon; you've been very kind to me, Governor; you've been very kind.

Gov. Och! my dear boy, not a word more, I would attend you to the scaffold with the greatest pleasure imaginable; only don't break the furni-

ture, that's all. But I've some pleasure in reserve; there's an old friend hard by, though you've quarrelled, and you shall sup with him to-night; I am determined you shall be reconciled; and, though Murville—

Blin. (*With affected surprise.*) Murville! I esteem him more than I can express; but I cannot forget having cheated him out of a fine girl. It was my fault; we are so alike, I easily passed in his place.

Gov. Like! 'Slife! but you had the same father, How it happened that's not my business, but you're brothers, or I'm not governor. Come, shall we march?

Blin. Willingly; and if you bring us together, you will have worked a miracle.

Gov. Hubaboo! honey, leave all to me. Faith! I'll not rest till you are face to face.

Blin. Then your rest's gone in this world, take my word.

Gov. Allons, donc. Nous verrons. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Mrs. Belmont's.*

Enter MRS. BELMONT and ROSINA, GERMAIN following.

Mrs. B. Acquaint your master, Count Murville, and from me, that the sooner he attends to his affairs elsewhere, the better. It must be equally unpleasant to us both while he remains.

Ger. Dear, dear! was there ever such an unlucky son of Adam? (*Aside.*)—Most honoured madam, my master would break my head if I were so impertinent; and you yourself—Lovers' quarrels are, you know, madam—(*goes to the bed-room, and tries the door.*)—Lord! it's no use; I could as soon get at—even the prisoner in the south tower.

Mrs. B. Well, when the Governor comes, we shall see.

Ger. (*Alarmed.*) The—the—the what, ma'am? Mrs. B. Certainly. What can that be to you?

Ger. Oh! nothing, ma'am! nothing to me.—(*Aside.*) Here's a cursed scrape—But I have such a kind of a sort of a dread of a prison ever since an old hag of a gipsy told me I should live to be hanged.—(*Aside.*) And, if I could make him hear—And, madam, the very name (*loud*) of a Governor makes my teeth chatter, madam.

Mrs. B. Well, well, you may retire. Desire my people to take care of you; and, when your master chooses to appear, you shall be called.

Ger. Truly, most benevolent lady, I most punctually obey your orders. What, ho! Gaspard, Diego, Janfron! here, you must take care of me. (*Gets near the bed-room door, and calls loudly.*) The Governor's coming. Some more champagne—

(*As he goes out he meets Blinval and the Governor of Sorrento entering; Blinval in his hussar jacket. Germain start back, and Blinval catches his arm, and threatens him.*)

Blin. (*Speaking as he enters.*) Ah! my head's giddy with confinement. I feel oppressed with the pure air.

Ros. It is the prisoner.

Mrs. B. The resemblance is striking.

Ger. (*Aside.*) The resemblance! then all is safe,

(*Advancing to Blinval.*) Ah! sir, I am glad to see you.

Gov. (*Putting him back.*) And who the devil told you to be glad? Arrah! stand back, or I'll—stand back, I say! Ladies, I bring you a recluse, who, for some time has virtuously renounced the fickle vanities and false allurements of this life; and, like most penitents, per force.

Blin. Past troubles are but as dreams, and this blessed moment (*Looking at Rosina.*) cheaply purchased by ages of captivity.

Gov. But where's Murville? Surely, he's not obstinate still.

Blin. I was in hopes a difference in our youth—Gov. 'Slife! and my government. Scarcely an hour passes without such disputes at a mess dinner; 'faith, and they're commoner than toasts, ay, and pass off as quickly.

Mrs. B. He refuses all overtures. (*The Governor and Mrs. B. talk apart.*)

Blin. I lament it; but my misfortunes and my acknowledgments must, in the end, prevail.

Ros. (*Aside.*) Charming young man! What a good heart. (*To Blinval, first in a faltering voice, then more firmly.*) I really tremble when I reflect, sir, how you have suffered in that ugly tower.

Blin. My captivity would have been insupportable, but I was soothed by such an agreeable object.

Ros. (*Aside.*) Heigho! I hope that agreeable object presented itself from my balcony.

Gov. (*Advancing with Mrs. B.*) Shut up! But it shan't be; I am determined to see whether they be the same person, as they stand separately face to face.

Mrs. B. (*Smiling.*) Your prisoner appears younger.

Ros. He has a softer voice.

Gov. 'Faith! and I see no difference. But I'll not stir, till he comes out; and, if he won't capitulate, by your leave, Widow, we must proceed to storm.

#### QUARTETTO.—MRS. BELMONT, BLINVAL, and ROSINA.

Gov. Knock, knock, knock!  
Knock at his door. Knock, thunder away!  
(*They all knock loudly at the door.*)

Blin. The Governor commands, his voice obey.  
I doubt him much, but soon you'll see  
He'll ne'er come face to face with me;  
Yet on the watch he's forc'd to keep.  
While Blinval wakes—he'll never sleep.  
Gov. A headstrong devil, won't he stir?

(*Knocking.*)  
High time, I swear, this strife to close;  
Prep from your covert, surely—  
The Governor must interpose.

(*Knocking.*)  
Ros. & Our joint endeavours must prevail,  
Mrs. B. When we request, he can't refuse;  
Their empty's of no avail;  
They must be friends, they can't but choose.

Blin. Be silent, Friends, his voice I hear.  
All. He answers—listen, listen—so.  
Be silent! draw, with caution, near.  
Be silent—

Blin. *Hark! He answers—No.*  
Ros. *He doesn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.*  
Blin. *Be satisfied, he answers—No.*  
Ros. *Did you hear him?*

(*To Belmont.*)

Mrs. B. *No. Did you hear him?*  
Gov. *No. Did you hear him?*  
Blin. *No.*  
Ros. *He didn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.*  
Blin. *Be satisfied, he answers—No.*  
Mrs. B. }  
Gov. } *He didn't stir—I'm sure 'tis so.*  
Ros. }  
Blin. } *Be satisfied, he answers—No.*

(*Exeunt.*)

#### ACT II

SCENE II.—An Apartment at Mrs. Belmont's. A table spread with wines and a dessert.

The GOVERNOR, MRS. BELMONT, ROSINA, and BLINVAL, in his own character, seated at supper.

Gov. 'Faith, and upon my honour, but it's the most extraordinary thing I ever saw, either in England, Ireland, or all Italy. Such an obstinate mule! Oh! if I had him for a few weeks in the castle!

Blin. Things more unlikely have happened.  
Gov. Well, let me catch him there, and he shall be in charity with all mankind before I let him loose. There's nothing on the whole earth so bad as obstinacy! I'm resolved never to quit this spot till he comes from that room. If I give up this point, it will be for the first time since I was christened by my surname O'Flagherty.

Blin. He will no more come from that room than I shall—who sit here.

Gov. Then, by your leave. Widow, here I'm posted. He shall come out, by the god of war!

*Enter the Corporal of the Guard.*

Now, what the devil brings your impudence into this house?

Corp. Governor, a stranger's arrived, and brings orders about the prisoner, Blinval.

Gov. Ah! this looks serious. (*They all rise.*) 'Faith, my young gentleman, I am concerned; but you must make up your mind to the worst; and, for the present, back to the south tower.

Ros. I'm distressed at this gross accident.  
Blin. Indeed! then I'm happy. Blinval is not indifferent. (*Aside.*)

Gov. Come, come, this is all very pleasant; but we've no time to lose. You must give up the ladies for the corporal.

Mrs. B. Through the Indulgence of the Governor we shall soon meet.

Gov. Oh! I'll be as indulgent as you please. Corporal, conduct the prisoner to the guard-room, and bid your officer lodge him safe in the south tower, and post a sentry at his door. I'll follow presently.

(*Exeunt Blinval and Corporal.*)

It's a bad business, I'm afraid. Drawn on his Colonel! breach of subordination. Charge upon charge! These young fellows are so hot-brained, they think a dash of bravery comprises all military duties; it's the least part. Who obeys best, best commands, too; that is the soldier's creed. But this Murville—I'm resolved to keep up the blockade: here I'm posted.

*Ros.* Heigho!

*Gov.* 'Sblood! my fair violet, what makes you say "heigho!" Oh! if I could but knock off thirty of these hard years, 'faith, I'd soon change your note.

*Mrs. B. (Smiling.)* You'd have no chance.

*Gov.* No chance! 'Slife! but an honest Irish heart is worth the conquest. *(Rosina shakes her head, and sighs.)* Again! Widow, the little blind urchin has been at work. Come, child, confess what happy name would have been wafted on that deep-drawn sigh: make me your confidant, and you'll find me a good ally.

*Mrs. B.* Rosina, child, the Governor is an old friend; your confidence will be well placed.

*(During the end of this dialogue, the bed-room door opens, and Blinval with the great coat on, disguised as Murville, peeps through, stealing in quietly, and unperceived by any of the party.)*

*Gov.* And has this lover of yours my little dear, no name?

*Blin.* Oh! yes, yes, yes; he has a name, and I know it. *(They all turn round towards Blinval.)*

*Gov.* Och! are you there at last, Mr. Murville? Come, if you please; you shall just step with me to the castle, where you shall shake hands with my prisoner; and let me see you both in the same person, and together, and then I will believe you are not him. *(Blinval creeps back to the bed-chamber, and nearly gains the door, when the Governor, perceiving his intention, catches his arm, and brings him back.)* No, honey, no! no, not quite so young. You must come fairly, or I shall call the guard.

*Blin. (Struggling.)* Sir, do you know, I am—

*Gov. (Holding him.)* Och! now be easy, friend, it is to know whether you are my prisoner or yourself; and to make you both come together, while you are separate, that I oblige you with my company to the south tower. So, now be easy, or I must call the guard. Come, come—och! to be sure, now, and you're not friends.

*Blin.* Well, sir—*(Aside.)* Zounds! what shall I hit on, now?—Well, sir, I'll attend you; I'll follow—follow you presently.

*Gov.* Follow! 'faith, in my country, friends always link themselves so doatingly—so, if you please, I must desire your arm. *(Keeps hold of Blinval, and drags him off.)*

*Mrs. B. (Having been previously talking apart with Rosina.)* Rosina, I must now have some serious talk with you. Follow me to my dressing-room, and look for the indulgence of a fond mother, if I experience the candour and truth of a dutiful child. *(Exit.)*

*Ros.* Ah! my heart beats so quick! If I could steel for an instant to my balcony, and catch one good, fair view. But my mamma needn't mind poor Blinval, he will soon be removed. These despatches make me tremble. Oh! if I could but steal him fairly from that ugly tower, they should never see him again.

## SONG.—ROSINA.

*Together, then, we'd fondly stray,  
O'er meadows green, thro' woodland deep,  
Rejoicing view the lambskins play,  
And in the gurgling streamlet peep:  
No cankering cares our sleep molest,  
No frowning gales our path;  
Above the world, supremely blest,  
His throne Rosina's heart.*

*From haunts of surly men we'd fly;  
My pris'n'er safe I'd guard;  
Secure from envy's prying eye,  
And love our bright reward.  
For him I'd cull Pomona's store,  
Nor from his side depart;  
Thus blest, could Blinval ask for more?  
His throne Rosina's heart.*

*(Exit.)*

SCENE II.—*Blinval's Apartment in the prison. The stone is so removed as just to admit of the possibility of his passing. A lamp burning on the table. The camp bed, near the secret avenue. Curtains drawn close and opposite to the common entrance.*

*Gov. (Without.)* Well, well! I shall be satisfied in a moment. Sentry, your prisoner's safe?

*Sentry. (Without.)* All's well!

*Gov.* Safe, you say; all's well? Corporal, post your guard on the stairs, and let nobody pass. *(The keys are heard turning, the bars removing, and the chains falling.)*

*Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO holding BLINVAL, who is wrapped in his surtout.*

*Gov.* Come, come—'faith! and you've been more tractable than I had hoped—But what makes you tremble? *(Blinval appears mothering a laugh.)* Oh! he's a mighty, pretty, well-behaved, civil spoken fellow, and will make you any apology you please.

*(Looking round.)* Hallo! Why, 'sblood and oaths! where has he hidden himself? Zounds! is it possible? Oh! no, no, no; he must be gone to bed. Stand here a moment, Count, while I wake him. *(Goes towards the bed. Blinval watches his opportunity; and, at the instant the Governor has reached the bed, whips off the great coat, throws it into the opening behind the stone, which he moves back to its right place, concealing the trap-door, and slips behind the bed, and into it.)*—Ay, ay, poor devil! he has just laid down to take a comfortable bit of a nap. Blinval, Blinval! 'Faith, he sleeps like a top! Who'd think a man could sleep so sound in misfortune? Blinval! *(Throwing open the curtains.)*

*Blin. (Putting his head from the bed.)* What do you want?

*Gov.* Och! and you're there! Well, and why did you not speak out, when you first saw my voice in your sleep?

*Blin. (Coming forward.)* What can this mean? Governor, let me tell you, your behaviour, to a man in distress, is inexcusable. Why am I thus tormented, sir? Leave me this instant, I insist!

*Gov.* Leave you! Faith and be easy, boy? Haven't I brought Murville? You shall be friends—*(Turning to the spot where he had left Blinval.)* Why, zounds! how! that other fellow is off!—There, I see him! Hallo! Sentry, sergeant, corporal! bring him back here.

*Enter Corporal.*

Why did you let that fellow pass, and not shoot him for forcing you? You a soldier! I'll have you all at the halberts, or I am not Governor, by St. Patrick!

*Corporal.* Governor, no one passed us.

*Gov. (Raising his cane.)* Ah! and get out with your d—d lies! Didn't I see him here, through my own eyes? And didn't I see the tail of his brown coat, as he skipped through the door? Make yourself scarce, or I shall break my cane over your d—d thick head. *(Advances on the Corporal, who runs off.)* Well, well, you shall meet yet; I'll not be treated so by any Count in the kingdom! I'll after him this instant; ay, and he shall give me the satisfaction of a gentleman, when he has made friends with you, which shall be here, here, and before you're shot. *[Exit.]*

*Blin. Governor! Governor! (Following him.)* Huzza! I'm safe again. Love is like hunger, and will break through stone walls.

*[Watches the Governor fairly out. When the prison door closes, listens a moment, then runs to the movable stone, pulls it away, and exit through the trap-door.]*

### SCENE III.—A Grove leading to the castle.

*Enter GERMAIN, stealing along in silence, and alarm.*

*Ger.* Oh, dear! oh, dear! All must out now, and the reward of my labour will be bestowed with interest. Germain, thou art a fool; and a court-martial would decide it, and I'll prove it. "Gentlemen, the prisoner was a free man; and, for fifty Louis, he abetted, assisted, connived at, and advised Lieutenant Blinval, of the death's-head hussars, then and there prisoner in the castle—*(Starting, and looking round.)*—to represent the Count Murville"—Oh, lord! oh, lord! Talk of the devil, and he's at your elbow. *[Exit.]*

SCENE IV.—*The outside of the Castle; an antique building, with four towers, enclosed by a wet ditch. A draw-bridge up; cannon mounted, &c. A view across the Bay of Naples, Mount Vesuvius in the distance. The scene is by moonlight, and the reflection throws upon the water. A Sentinel placed upon the ramparts.*

*Enter COUNT MURVILLE in the same uniform as Blinval's, the dress jacket of an hussar officer, and the cloak on the shoulder. He views the castle with attention, and then comes forward.*

*Mur.* Here, then, I am at last: and with the pardon I have despaired of obtaining. His warm temper hurried Blinval into an act, which, though excusable, in a young man, is death to a soldier. I can, in my turn, now give life. Yes, to the generous feelings of a monarch I am indebted for success, when interest and court favour failed. Blinval, how rich the gift! First, I'll embrace my friend; see him at liberty; then fly to my cousin, and seek that settled happiness her character bids me expect.

*Enter GERMAIN.*

*Ger (Aside, stealing forward.)* Not quite so fast, or I'm ruined.—*(To Murville.)* Sir, you're welcome. I have obeyed all your orders; nay, sir, exceeded them, in my impatience to oblige—*(aside.)* myself: no lie there.

*Mur.* Germain, I have no doubt of your fidelity. I am expected, then?

*Ger.* No, sir, not yet; and if you could delay your visit for a short time, all things would be better arranged; at present, sir, the apartment, which has been occupied, is not ready; and and—in short, sir, you are not expected yet.

*Mur.* This appears strange. However, I have more serious business at present. Attend me here; I shall despatch you with a message in a few moments.

*Ger. (Aside.)* Serious business! Dear, dear! that's so lucky! If I can keep him at an inn all night, there will be time for invention.

*Mur. (Pulling out his watch.)* This loitering Governor! Could I impart to him my feeling and anxiety, he would be swift, indeed; but the scenes that he is accustomed to, deaden his sensibility.—*(The drawbridge is lowered.)* Hark! the bridge lowers; then there are some hopes.

*Ger. (Aside.)* Hopes! Oh! that I could but creep into a snail's house to escape. He'll have discovered all, and I shall live to see the gipsy's prophecy fulfilled—I shall be hanged!

*Enter the GOVERNOR OF SORRENTO from the Castle, followed by the Lieutenant and an Officer; when they are on the bridge, the Governor directs the Officer to return to the castle; the bridge is again raised, and the Governor and the Lieutenant come forward to Murville.*

*Mur.* I presume, sir, the Governor?

*Gov.* Faith, sir, you have guessed right. I am O'Rourke O'Flagherty of the kingdom, and, as you say, governor of the castle. You have despatches from Naples.

*Mur.* For the release of one of your state prisoners: I have the packet in my hand.

*Gov.* Welcome, sir, to Sorrento. I am seldom so pleased as when I wish my old acquaintances a good journey; though they are never grateful enough to wish to pay me a second visit.

*Mur.* I'm impatient to afford you that enjoyment. Here are my orders; inspect them. Here's the king's seal; they are correct. *(Delivering despatches.)*

*Gov. (Reading.)* "Blinval!"—Och! I am rejoiced—But we lose time. Lower the bridge!—Come, sir; a man's liberty must not be trifled with.

*Ger. (Who has been skulking about with signs of fear.—Aside.)* Oh! then, all's safe.—*(Runs up to the bridge.)* Hallo! within! Are you all deaf! Lower the bridge.

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

*The GOVERNOR, MURVILLE, and GERMAIN.*

*Lower the bridge, what ho! attend.*

*Lower the bridge—*

*Off. Who's there?*

*Gov. & } A friend.*

*Ger. }*

*(The bridge is lowered again.)*



Gov. *The strictest discipline, you see,  
Within Sorrento's castle reigns:  
My rule is—regularity,  
And I'm rewarded for my pains.  
(When the bridge is down, a guard comes  
from the castle, leaving a sentinel at the  
other side of the bridge, and returns again  
into the castle.)*

Off. *Advance! The countersign!  
(The Governor makes signs to Murelle and  
Germain to remain still.)*

Gov. *Rochelle! (Going to the Officer.)*

Off. *Correct! Pass friends, and all is well.*

Gov. *Lieutenant, hasten, Blinval's free.*

*(Giving the keys to the Lieutenant.)*

Mur. & } *Fly! soothe his anxious mind to peace.*

Gov. } *Roar like a lion—liberty!*

Mur. & } *Fly, quick, and hasten his release!*

Gov. } *Tell him a friend, whose life he sav'd,  
Has joyous tidings to impart.*

Gov. *Tell him he's been so well behav'd,  
He's my permission to depart.*

*[Exit the Lieutenant over the bridge into the  
castle, ordering the Officer from the ram-  
parts to follow him.]*

Gov. *Och! honey sweet, what joys we feel—*

Mur. *Transporting moment! yes, I feel—*

Ger. *I'm glad he's free, but still I feel—*

Gov. *When gratitude the bosom warms.*

Mur. *A generous act the bosom warms.*

Ger. *Some symptoms strong of fierce alarms.*

Gov. *Its glowing ardour you reveal.*

Mur. *Ah! could my tongue my joys reveal—*

Ger. *Ah! could my tongue my fears reveal—*

Gov. *Humanity, how bright thy charms!*

Mur. & } *'Twould soon destroy those fancied*

Ger. } *charms.*

*Enter the Officer from the castle.*

Off. *Escap'd, escap'd! the pris'ner's fled!*  
*[Exit Germain, hastily.]*

*The southern tower we've search'd in vain.*

Gov. *Oh, heaven! am I alive or dead?*

Mur. *Some mystery—*

Gov. *Some trick, 'tis plain!*

*To arms, to arms! Post sentries round!*

*(An alarm, flourish of drums, &c.)*

Off. *Each avenue, each opening guard!*

Gov. *Alive or dead, I'll have him found.*

*His slippery tricks I'll soon reward.*

*Enter Soldiers from the castle.*

*To arms, to arms! the pris'ner's fled!*

*He must be found, alive or dead!*

*[All the Soldiers go off; but one party re-  
turns, bringing in Germain.]*

Cho. *As now we search'd the castle round,*

*This fellow lurking near we found:*

*His guilty looks declare that he*

*Has help'd to set our pris'ner free.*

Ger. *I nothing know—in truth, 'tis so!*

*If he got free,*

*What's that to me?*

*I'm innocent, so let me go.*

Cho. *March! The dungeon straight prepares!*

*He, for life, shall languish there.*

*Treachery was his intent;*

*Now he meets his punishment.*

Ger. *Oh! dear, good Mr. Governor, don't cram  
me into that abominable black castle, and I'll con-  
fess all.*

Gov. *Confess! Oh, oh! Then you begin to  
sneak, do you?*

Mur. *Scoundrel! And have you been accessory  
to his escape?*

Ger. *Why, lord, sir, he had escaped before I had  
any hand in the business.*

Mur. *Explain.*

Ger. *Why, you must know, then, that there's a  
secret communication between his prison and the  
Widow Belmont's. He has been burrowing under-  
ground, and playing at bo-peep between the two  
buildings like a rabbit in a warren.*

Gov. *Has he so? 'Faith, then, I'll have my  
ferrets after him, and they'll soon bring him out.  
Corporal, take a guard, and go to the Widow Bel-  
mont's, and recover the prisoner.—(Exit Corporal  
with Guards.)* So, then, this singular gentleman  
has been cutting himself in half, and has been a  
double man after all. Then it was him I saw at  
the Widow's, and not Count Murville.

Mur. *You certainly never saw Count Murville  
there; for I am he, and never yet entered her  
doors; but his reason for personating me I am at a  
loss to guess.*

Ger. *Love was his reason, sir. Love, you know,  
sir, will change a man into anything; and if Miss  
Rosina be not as much inclined to the prisoner as  
the prisoner is to her, I know nothing of the tender  
passion.*

Gov. *Och! then, the little blind boy, Master  
Cupid, has been at work with them.*

*Enter MRS. BELMONT and ROSINA*

Mrs. B. *Governor, what is all this? The confu-  
sion in my house—your guard—the—*

Gov. *Be easy, Widow, be easy! Here comes one  
that will clear up all.*

*Enter BLINVAL, guarded.*

So, Mr. Proteus! 'Faith, and you're trapped!  
What, then, you put the governor, and all his  
chains, bolts, bars, and sentries, at defiance. Eh!  
here you have this pickle, your cousin; but give  
me leave, I must make known the real Murville.  
*(Presents him to M. Belmont.)* And that whip-  
start is my refusal of the south tower. Pretty  
sweet innocent! see how damure he seems.

Ros. *(Advancing.)* Blinval! Oh! I'm so glad!

Mur. *My dear Blinval! give me your hand, and  
let me give you joy of the pardon which I have ob-  
tained for you, and just delivered to the Gover-  
nor.*

Blin. *My pardon! Huzza! My dear friend! I  
will, then, confess that—*

Mur. *You may spare yourself that trouble, for  
Germain has told us all. Cousin, my friend Blin-  
val has had the ingenuity to find a secret communi-  
cation from his prison to that apartment; and, I be-  
lieve your fair daughter made him explore it. The  
state is benefited by the discovery; but he deserves  
to be made prisoner for life. Will you consent?  
Rosina has forged them, and he is, I dare be sworn,  
ready to hug his chains.*

Mrs. B. *I have had proofs of my daughter's at-  
tachment, and if she'll venture on such a prison-  
breaker—She's her own mistress. (Blinval goes up  
to Rosina, who retires bashfully to Mrs. Belmont.)* Nay,  
my child, you have my consent. Look up his heart;  
and, like the Governor, temper your away with  
gentleness.

## FINALE.

**Edm.** *From Sorrento's prison free,  
Prisoner here for life, I'll be!  
Let not foes our bliss annoy,  
Smile, good friends, and wish us joy.*

**Chorus.** *Let not foes our bliss annoy, &c.*

**Edm.** *Cupid's captives, void of pain,  
Willing wear the marriage chain;  
Hymen's fetters pleasing prove,  
When the links are for'd by love.*

**Chorus.** *Let not foes, &c.*

**Gov.** *Here has been a sin to do  
One has all this while been two:  
When the parson's work is done,  
Two will certainly be one.*

**Chorus.** *When the parson's work is done,  
Two will certainly be one.*

*From Sorrento's prison free,  
Prisoner here for life he'll be:  
Let not foes our bliss annoy,  
Smile, good friends, and wish us joy.*

[Exeunt.]

# ISABELLA ; OR, THE FATAL MARRIAGE.

A TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY T. SOUTHERN.



*Biron.*—"OH ! COME AGAIN, THY BIRON SUMMONS THEE TO LIFE AND LOVE."—*Act iv, scene 2.*

## Persons Represented.

COUNT BALDWIN.  
BIRON.  
BIRON'S SON.  
CARLOS.

VILLEROY.  
SAMPSON.  
MAURICE.  
EGMONT

BELFORD.  
SANCHE.  
JUAN.  
BRAVOES.

OFFICERS.  
ISABELLA.  
LADIES.  
NURSE.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.—*A Street.*

*Enter VILLEROY and CARLOS.*

*Car.* This constancy of yours will establish an immortal reputation among the women.

*Vil.* If it would establish me with Isabella—

*Car.* Follow her, follow her : Troy town was won at last.

*Vil.* I have followed her these seven years, and now but live in hopes.

*Car.* But live in hopes ! Why, hope is the ready road, the lover's baiting-place ; and, for ought you

know, but one stage short of the possession of your mistress,

*Vil.* But my hopes, I fear, are more of my own making than hers ; and proceed rather from my wishes, than any encouragement she has given me.

*Car.* That I can tell : the sex is very various ; there are no certain measures to be prescribed or followed, in making our approaches to the women. All that we have to do, I think, is to attempt them in the weakest part. Press them but hard, and they will all fall under the necessity of a surrender at last. That favour comes at once ; and, sometimes, when we least expect it.

*Vil.* I shall be glad to find it so. I'm going to visit her.

*Car.* What interest a brother-in-law can have with her, depend upon.

*Vil.* I know your interest, and I thank you.

*Car.* You are prevented; see, the mourner comes:

She weeps, as seven years were seven hours;  
So fresh, unfading is the memory  
Of my poor brother's, Biron's, death;  
I leave you to your opportunity.

[*Exit Vil.*]

Though I have taken care to root her from my house,

I would transplant her into Villeroi's.  
There is an evil fate that waits upon her,  
To which I wish him wedded—only him:  
His upstart family, with haughty brow,  
(Though Villeroi and myself are seeming friends)  
Looks down upon our house; his sister, too,  
Whose hand I ask'd, and was with scorn re-  
fus'd,

Lives in my breast, and fires me to revenge.  
They bend this way.

Perhaps, at last, she seeks my father's doors!  
They shall be shut, and he prepared to give  
The beggar and her brat a cold reception.  
That boy's an adder in my path: they come;  
I'll stand apart, and watch their motions.

[*Exit.*]

Enter VILLEROY and ISABELLA, with her Child.

*Isa.* Why do you follow me? you know I am  
A bankrupt every way; too far engaged  
Ever to make return: I own you have been  
More than a brother to me, my friend:  
And, at a time when friends are found no more,  
A friend to my misfortunes.

*Vil.* I must be  
Always your friend.

*Isa.* I have known, and found you  
Truly my friend: and would I could be yours;  
But the unfortunate cannot be friends:  
Pray, begone,  
Take warning, and be happy.

*Vil.* Happiness!

There's none for me without you.  
What serve the goods of fortune for? To raise  
My hopes, that you, at last, will share them with  
me.

*Isa.* I must not hear you.

*Vil.* Thus, at this awful distance, I have served  
A seven years' bondage. Do I call it bondage,  
When I can never wish to be redeem'd?  
No, let me rather linger out a life  
Of expectation, that you may be mine,  
Than be restored to the indifference  
Of seeing you, without this pleasing pain:  
I've lost myself, and never would be found,  
But in these arms.

*Isa.* Oh, I have heard all this!—  
But must no more—the charmer is no more:  
My buried husband rises in the face  
Of my dear boy, and chides me for my sin.  
Canst thou forgive me, child?

*Vil.* What can I say?

The arguments that make against my hopes  
Prevail upon my heart, and fix me more;  
When yet a virgin, free, and undispos'd,  
I loved, but saw you only with mine eyes;  
I could not reach the beauties of your soul:

I have since lived in contemplation;  
And long experience of your growing goodness:  
What then was passion, is my judgment now,  
Through all the several changes of your life,  
Confirm'd and settled in adoring you.

*Isa.* Nay, then, I must begone. If you are my friend,

If you regard my little interest,  
No more of this.

I'm going to my father; he needs not an ex-  
cuse

To use me ill: pray leave me to the trial.

*Vil.* I'm only born to be what you would have  
me,

The creature of your power, and must obey,  
In every thing obey you. I am going;  
But all good fortune go along with you.

*Isa.* I shall need all your wishes. (*Knocks.*)

Look'd! and fast!

Where is the charity that used to stand  
In our forefathers' hospitable days  
At great men's doors,  
Like the good angel of the family,  
With open arms taking the needy in,  
To feed and clothe, to comfort and relieve them?  
Now even their gates are shut against their poor.  
(*She knocks again.*)

Enter SAMPSON.

*Samp.* Well, what's to do now, I trow? You  
knock as loud as if you were invited: and that's  
more than I heard of; but I can tell you, you may  
look twice about for a welcome in a great man's  
family, before you find it, unless you bring it along  
with you.

*Isa.* I hope I bring my welcome along with me:  
Is your lord at home?

*Samp.* My lord at home?

*Isa.* Count Baldwin lives here still?

*Samp.* Ay, ay; Count Baldwin does live here;  
and I am his porter; but what's that to the purpose,  
good woman, of my lord's being at home?

*Isa.* Why, don't you know me, friend?

*Samp.* Not I, not I, mistress; I may have seen  
you before, or so! but men of employment must  
forget their acquaintance; especially such as we  
are never to be the better for. (*Going to shut the  
door.*)

Enter Nurse.

*Nurse.* Handsomer words would become you,  
and mend your manners, Sampson: do you know  
who you prate to?

*Isa.* I am glad you know me, nurse.

*Nurse.* Marry, heaven forbid! madam, that I  
should ever forget you, or my little jewel: pray  
go in. (*Isabella goes in with her child.*) Now, my  
blessing go along with you, wherever you go, or  
whatever you are about. Fie! Sampson, how  
couldst thou be such a Saracen? A Turk would  
have been a better Christian, than to have done so  
barbarously by so good a lady.

*Samp.* Why, look you, nurse, I know you of old:  
by your good will, you would have a finger in  
everybody's pie; but mark the end on't! if I am  
called to account about it, I know what I have to  
say.

*Nurse.* Marry, come up here! say your pleasure,  
and spare not. Refuse his eldest son's widow and  
poor child the comfort of seeing him? She does  
not trouble him so often.

*Samp.* Not that I am against it, nurse, but we are

but servants, you know: we must have no likings, but our lord's, and must do as we are ordered. But what is the business, nurse? You have been in the family before I came into the world: what's the reason, pray, that this daughter-in-law, who has so good a report in everybody's mouth, is so little set by by my lord?

*Nurse.* Why, I tell you, Sampson, more or less; I'll tell the truth, that's my way, you know, without adding or diminishing.

*Samp.* Ay, marry, nurse!

*Nurse.* My lord's eldest son, Biron by name, the son of his bosom, and the son that he would have loved best, if he had as many as king Pyramus of Troy: this Biron, as I was saying, was a lovely sweet gentleman; and, indeed, nobody could blame his father for loving him; he was a son for the king of Spain, heaven bless him! for I was his nurse. But now I come to the point, Sampson; this Biron, without asking the advice of his friends, hand over head, as young men will have their vagaries, not having the fear of his father before his eyes, as I may say, wilfully marries this Isabella.

*Samp.* How, wilfully! he should have had her consent, methinks.

*Nurse.* No, wilfully marries her; and, which was worse, after she had settled all her fortune upon a nunnery, which she broke out of to run away with him. They say they had the church's forgiveness, but I had rather it had been his father's.

*Samp.* Why, in good truth, I think our young master was not in the wrong, but in marrying without a portion.

*Nurse.* That was the quarrel, I believe, Sampson; upon this, my old lord would never see him; disinherited him: took his younger brother, Carlos, into favour, whom he never cared for before; and, at last, forced Biron to go to the siege of Candy, where he was killed.

*Samp.* Alack-a-day, poor gentleman!

*Nurse.* For which my old lord hates her, as if she had been the cause of his going there.

*Samp.* Alas, poor lady! she has suffered for it; she has lived a great while a widow.

*Nurse.* A great while, indeed, for a young woman, Sampson.

*Samp.* Gad so! here they come: I won't venture to be seen. (*They retire.*)

*Enter* COUNT BALDWIN, followed by ISABELLA, and her child.

*C. Bald.* Whoever of your friends directed you, Misguided and abused you—there's your way: What could you expect from me?

*Isa.* Oh! I have nothing to expect on earth!

But misery is very apt to talk:

I thought I might be heard.

*C. Bald.* What can you say?

Is there in eloquence, can there be in words

A recompensing pow'r, a remedy,

A reparation of the injuries,

The great calamities, that you have brought

On me and mine? You have destroyed those hopes

I fondly raised, through my declining life,

To rest my age upon; and most undone me.

*Isa.* I have undone myself too.

*C. Bald.* Speak it again;

Say still you are undone; and I will hear you,

With pleasure hear you.

*Isa.* Would my ruin please you?

*C. Bald.* Beyond all other pleasures.

*Isa.* Then you are pleased, for I am most undone.

*C. Bald.* I pray'd but for revenge, and heav'n has heard,

And sent it to my wishes: these grey hairs Would have gone down in sorrow to the grave, Which you have dug for me, without the thought, The thought of leaving you more wretched here.

*Isa.* Indeed I am most wretched.

I lost with Biron all the joys of life:

But now its last supporting means are gone.

All the kind helps that heaven in pity raised,

In charitable pity to our wants,

At last have left us: now bereft of all,

But this last trial of a cruel father,

To save us both from sinking, Oh, my child!

Kneel with me, kneel at nature in his heart:

Let the resemblance of a once-loved son

Speak in this little one, who never wrong'd you,

And plead the fatherless and widow's cause.

Oh, if you ever hope to be forgiven,

As you will need to be forgiven too,

Forget our faults, that heaven may pardon yours.

*C. Bald.* How dare you mention heav'n? Call to mind

Your perjured vows; your plighted, broken faith

To heav'n, and all things holy; were you not

Devoted, wedded to a life recluse,

The sacred habit on, profess'd and sworn,

A votary for ever? Can you think

The sacrilegious wretch, that robs the shrine, Is thunder-proof?

*Isa.* There, there began my woes.

Oh, had I never seen my Biron's face,

Had he not tempted me, I had not fall'n,

But still continued innocent and free

Of a bad world, which only he had pow'r

To reconcile, and make me try again.

*C. Bald.* Your own inconstancy

Reconciled you to the world:

He had no hand to bring you back again,

But what you gave him. Oirce, you prevail'd

Upon his honest mind: and what he did

Was first inspired by you.

*Isa.* Not for myself, for I am past the hopes

Of being heard, but for this innocent;

And then I never will disturb you more.

*C. Bald.* I almost pity the unhappy child:

But being yours—

*Isa.* Look on him as your son's;

And let his part in him answer for mine.

Oh, save, defend him, save him from the wrongs,

That fall upon the poor!

*C. Bald.* It touches me,

And I will save him. But to keep him safe,

Never comes near him more.

*Isa.* What! take him from me?

No, we must never part; 'tis the last hold

Of comfort I have left; and when he falls

All goes along with him: Oh! could you be

The tyrant to divorce life from my life?

I live but in my child.

No, let me pray in vain, and beg my bread

From door to door, to feed his dally wants,

Rather than always lose him.

*C. Bald.* Then have your child, and feed him with your prayers. Away!

*Isa.* Then heaven have mercy on me!

[Exit, with Child.]

*C. Bald.* You rascal slave, what do I keep you for? How came this woman in?

*Samp.* Why, indeed, my lord, I did as good as tell her before, my thoughts upon the matter.

*C. Bald.* Did you so, sir? Now, then, tell her mine: tell her I sent you to her. There's one more to provide for. Begone, go all together. Take any road but this to beg or starve in, but never, never see me more.

[*He drives them off before him.*]

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter VILLEROY and CARLOS, meeting.*

*Vil.* My friend, I fear to ask—but Isabella—the lovely widow's tears, her orphan's cries, Thy father must feel for them? No; I read, I read their cold reception in thine eyes. Thou pitiest them, though Baldwin—but I spare him

For Carlos's sake; thou art no son of his. There needs not this to endear thee more to me.

[*Embrace.*]

*Car.* My Villeroiy, the fatherless, the widow, Are terms not understood within these gates. You must forgive him, sir; he thinks this woman is Bron's fate, that hurried him to death: I must not think on't, lest my friendship stagger. My friend's, my sister's mutual advantage, Have reconciled my bosom to its task.

*Vil.* Advantage! think not I intend to raise An interest from Isabella's wrongs. Your father may have interested ends In her undoing; but my heart has none; Her happiness must be my interest, And that I would restore.

*Car.* Why, so I mean. These hardships, that my father lays upon her. I'm sorry for, and wish I could prevent; But he will have his way. Since there's no hope From her prosperity, her change of fortune May alter the condition of her thoughts, And make for you.

*Vil.* She is above her fortune.

*Car.* Try her again. Women commonly love According to the circumstances they are in.

*Vil.* Commonly women may. No, though I live but in the hopes of her, And languish for th' enjoyment of those hopes; I'd rather pine in a consuming want Of what I wish, than have the blessing mine, From any reason but consenting love. Oh! let me never have it to remember, I could betray her coldly to comply: When a clear, gen'rous choice bestows her on me,

I know to value the unequal'd gift: I would not have it, but to value it.

*Car.* Take your own way; remember, what I offer'd

Came from a friend.

*Vil.* I understand it so.

I'll serve her for herself, without the thought Of a reward.

[*Exit.*]

*Car.* Agree that point between you. If you marry her any way, you do my business. I know him: what his generous soul intends Ripens my plots. I'll first to Isabella. I must keep up appearances with her too.

[*Exit.*]

SCENE II.—*A House.*

ISABELLA and Nurse discovered. *Isabella's son at play.*

*Isa.* Sooner or later, all things pass away, And are no more. The beggar and the king, With equal steps, tread forward to their end; The reconciling grave Swallows distinction first, that made us foes; Then all alike lie down in peace together. When will that hour of peace arrive for me? In heav'n I shall find it. Not in heaven, If my old tyrant father can dispose Of things above. But there his interest May be as poor as mine, and want a friend As much as I do here. [*Weeping.*]

*Nurse.* Good madam, be comforted.

*Isa.* Do I deserve to be this outcast wretch, Abandon'd thus, and lost? But 'tis my lot, The will of heav'n, and I must not complain: I will not for myself; let me bear all The violence of your wrath; but spare my child; Let not my sins be visited on him. They are; they must; a general ruin falls On everything about me: thou art lost, Poor nurse, by being near me.

*Nurse.* I can work, or beg, to do you service.

*Isa.* Could I forget

What I have been, I might the better bear What I am destined to. Wild, hurrying thoughts Start every way from my distracted soul, To find out hope, and only meet despair. What answer have I?

*Enter SAMPSON.*

*Samp.* Why, truly, very little to the purpose: like a Jew as he is, he says you have had more already than the jewels are worth; he wishes you would rather think of redeeming them, than expect any more money upon them. [*Exit.*]

*Isa.* So: poverty at home, and debts abroad! My present fortune bad: my hopes yet worse! What will become of me?

This ring is all I have left of value now; 'Twas given me by my husband; his first gift Upon our marriage: I've always kept it With my best care, the treasure next my life; And now but part with it to support life, Which only can be dearer. Take it, nurse, 'Twill stop the cries of hunger for a time; Take care of it; Manage it as the last remaining friend That would relieve us. [*Exit Nurse.*] Heav'n can only tell

Where we shall find another. My dear boy! The labour of his birth was lighter to me Than of my fondness now; my fears for him Are more, than in that hour of hovering death, They could be for myself. He minds me not; His little sports have taken up his thoughts. Oh, may they never feel the pangs of mine! Thinking will make me mad; why must I titer When no thought brings me comfort?

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Oh, madam! you are utterly ruined and undone; your creditors of all kinds are come in upon you; they have mustered up a regiment of rogues, that are come to plunder your house, and seize upon all you have in the world; they are below. What will you do, madam?

*Isa.* Do! nothing! no, for I am born to suffer.

Enter CARLOS.

Car. Oh, sister! can I call you by that name,  
And be the son of this inhuman man,  
Inveterate to your ruin?  
Do not think I am akin to his barbarity.  
I must abhor my father's usage of you.  
Can you think

Of any way that I may serve you in?  
But what enrages most my sense of grief,  
My sorrow for your wrongs, is, that my father,  
Foreknowing well the storm that was to fall,  
Has order'd me not to appear for you.

Isa. I thank your pity; my poor husband fell  
For disobeying him; do not you stay  
To venture his displeasure too for me.

Car. You must resolve on something. [Exit.

Isa. Let my fate

Determine for me: I shall be prepared;  
The worst that can befall me is to die.  
Hark, they are coming: let the torrent roar:  
It can but overwhelm me in its fall;  
And life and death are now alike to me.

[Exeunt, the Nurse leading the Child.

SCENE III.—Ante-chamber in Isabella's house.

CARLOS and VILLEROY, with Officers.

Vil. No farther violence—  
The debt in all is but four thousand crowns;  
Were it ten times the sum, I think you know  
My fortune very well can answer it.  
You have my word for this: I'll see you paid.

Off. That's as much as we can desire; so we  
have the money, no matter whence it comes.

Vil. To-morrow you shall have it.

Car. Thus far all's well.

And now my sister comes to crown the work.

[Aside.]

Isa. [Within.] Where are those rav'n'g blood-  
hounds, that pursue  
In a full cry, gaping to swallow me?

Enter ISABELLA, Nurse, and Child.

I meet your rage, and come to be devour'd:  
Say, which way are you to dispose of me;  
To dungeons, darkness, death!

Car. Have patience.

Isa. Patience!

Off. You'll excuse us, we are but in our office.  
Debts must be paid.

Isa. My death will pay you all. [Distractedly.]

Off. While there is law to be had, people will  
have their own.

Vil. 'Tis very fit they should; but pray be gone.  
To-morrow, certainly— [Exeunt Officers.]

Isa. What of to-morrow?

Must I be reserved for fresh afflictions?

Vil. For long happiness of life, I hope.

Isa. There is no hope for me.

The load grows light when we resolve to bear:  
I'm ready for my trial.

Car. Pray, be calm.

And know your friends.

Isa. My friends? Have I a friend?

Car. A faithful friend; in your extremest need,  
Villeroi came in to save you,

Isa. Save me! How?

Car. By satisfying all your creditors,

Isa. Which way? for what?

Vil. Let me be understood,

And then condemn me: you have given me leave  
To be your friend; and in that only name  
I now appear before you. I could wish  
There had been no occasion for a friend,  
Because I know you hate to be obliged;  
And still more loath to be obliged by me.

Isa. 'Twas that I would avoid. [Aside.]

Vil. I'm most unhappy that my services  
Can be suspected to design upon you;  
I have no further ends than to redeem you  
From fortune's wrongs; to shew myself, at last,  
What I have long profess'd to be, your friend:  
Allow me that; and to convince you more,  
That I intend only your interest,  
Forgive what I have done, and in amends  
(If that can make you any, that can please you)  
I'll tear myself for ever from my hopes,  
Stifle this flaming passion in my soul,  
And mention my unlucky love no more.

Isa. This generosity will ruin me. [Aside.]

Vil. Nay, if the blessing of looking on you  
Disturbs your peace, I will do all I can  
To keep away, and never see you more. [Going.]

Car. You must not go.

Vil. Could Isabella speak

Those few short words, I should be rooted here,  
And never move but upon her commands.

Car. Speak to him, sister; do not throw away  
A fortune that invites you to be happy.  
In your extremity he begs your love;  
And has deserved it nobly. Think upon  
Your lost condition, helpless and alone.

Though now you have a friend, the time must  
come

That you will want one; him you may secure  
To be a friend, a father, husband to you.

Isa. A husband?

Car. You have discharged your duty to the dead  
And to the living: 'tis a willfulness  
Not to give way to your necessities,  
That force you to this marriage.

Nurse. What must become of this poor inno-  
cence? [To the Child.]

Car. He wants a father to protect his youth,  
And rear him up to virtue: you must bear  
The future blame, and answer to the world,  
When you refuse the easy, honest means  
Of taking care of him.

Isa. Do not think I need

Your reasons to confirm my gratitude.

I have a soul that's truly sensible  
Of your great worth, and busy to contrive,  
If possible, to make you a return. [To Villeroi.]

Vil. Oh, easily possible!

Isa. It cannot be your way: my pleasures are  
Buried, and cold in my dead husband's grave;  
And I should wrong the truth, myself, and you,  
To say that I can ever love again.

I owe this declaration to myself;  
But as a proof that I owe all to you,  
If, after what I have said, you can resolve  
To think me worth your love—Where am I  
going?

You cannot think it; 'tis impossible.

Vil. Impossible!

Isa. You should not ask me now, nor should I  
grant;

I am so much obliged, that to consent  
Would want a name to recommend the gift:  
'Twould shew me poor, indebted, and compell'd,  
Designing, mercenary: and I know  
You would not wish to think I could be bought.

*Vil.* Be bought! where is the price that can pretend

To bargain for you? Not in fortune's power.  
The joys of heaven, and love, must be bestow'd;  
They are not to be sold, and cannot be deserv'd.

*Isa.* Some other time I'll hear you on this subject.

*Vil.* Nay, then there is no time so fit for me.

(Following her.)

Since you consent to hear me, hear me now;

That you may grant: you are above

(Takes her hand.)

The little forms which circumscribe your sex;  
We differ but in time, let that be mine.

*Isa.* You think fit

To get the better of me, and you shall;  
Since you will have it so—I will be yours.

*Vil.* I take you at your word.

*Isa.* I give you all,

My hand: and would I had a heart to give:

But if it ever can return again,

'Tis wholly yours.

*Vil.* Oh, ecstasy of joy!

Leave that to me. If all my services,

If all that man can fondly say or do,

Can beget love, love shall be born again.

Oh, Carlos! now my friend, and brother too:

And, nurse, I have eternal thanks for thee.

(*Exeunt Nurse and Child.*)

This night you must be mine,

Let me command in this, and all my life

Shall be devoted to you.

*Isa.* On your word,

Never to press me to put off these weeds,

Which best become my melancholy thoughts,

You shall command me.

*Vil.* Witness, heaven and earth,

Against my soul, when I do any thing

To give you disquiet.

*Car.* I long to wish you joy,

*Vil.* You'll be a witness of my happiness?

*Car.* For once I'll be my sister's father,

And give her to you.

*Vil.* Next my Isabella,

Be near my heart: I am for ever yours.

(*Exeunt.*)

### ACT III.

#### SCENE I.—*Count Baldwin's House.*

*Enter* COUNT BALDWIN and CARLOS.

*C. Bald.* Married to Villeroy, say'st thou?

*Car.* Yes, my lord.

Last night the priest perform'd his holy office.

And made them one.

*C. Bald.* Misfortune join them!

And may her violated vows pull down

A lasting curse, a constancy of sorrow

On both their heads.

*Car.* Soon he'll hate her;

Though warm and violent in his raptures now,

When full enjoyment palls his sicken'd sense,

And reason with satiety returns,

Her cold constrain'd acceptance of his hand

Will gall his pride, which (though of late o'er-

power'd

By stronger passions) will, as they grow weak,  
Rise in full force, and pour its vengeance on  
her,

*C. Bald.* Now, Carlos, take example to thy  
aid;

Let Biron's disobedience, and the curse  
He took into his bosom, prove a warning.  
A monitor to thee, to keep thy duty  
Firm and unshaken.

*Car.* May those rankling wounds,  
Which Biron's disobedience gave my father,  
Be heal'd by me!

*C. Bald.* With tears I thank thee, Carlos;  
And may'st thou ever feel those inward joys,  
Thy duty gives thy father; but, my son,  
We must not let resentment choke our justice;

'Tis fit that Villeroy know he has no claim  
From me, in right of Isabella. Biron,  
(Whose name brings tears) when wedded to this

woman,

By me abandon'd, sunk the little fortune

His uncle left, in vanity and fondness:

I am possess'd of those your brother's papers,

Which now are Villeroy's, and, should aught re-

main,

In justice it is his; from me to him

You shall convey them—follow me, and take  
them. (*Exit Count Baldwin.*)

*Car.* Yes, I will take them; but ere I part with  
them,

I will be sure my interest will not suffer

By these his high, refined, fantastic notions

Of equity and right. What a paradox

Is man! My father here, who boasts his honour,

And even but now was warm in praise of justice,

Can steel his heart against the widow's tears,

An infant's wants: the widow and the infant

Of Biron: of his son, his favourite son.

'Tis ever thus, weak minds who court opinion,

And dead to virtuous feeling, hide their wants

In pompous affectation. Now to Villeroy—

Ere this his friends, for he is much belov'd,

Crowd to his house, and with their nuptial songs

Awake the wedded pair: I'll join the throng,

And in my face, at least, bear joy and friendship.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*A Ball Room in Villeroy's House. A  
Band of Music, with MAURICE, and other friends  
of Villeroy.*

*Enter a Servant.*

*Maur.* Where's your master, my good friend?

*Serv.* Within, sir,

Preparing for the welcome of his friends.

*Maur.* Acquaint him we are here: yet stay,  
(*Exit Servant.*)

The voice of music gently shall surprise him,

And breathe our salutations to his ear.

Strike up a strain to Villeroy's happiness,

To Isabella's.—But he's here already.

*Enter VILLEROY.*

*Vil.* My friends,

Welcome all.

What means this preparation?

(*Seeing the Music.*)

*Maur.* A slight token

Of our best wishes for your growing happiness.

You must permit our friendship—

*Vil.* You oblige me—

*Maur.* But your lovely bride,

That wonder of her sex, she must appear,

And add new brightness to this happy morning.



Vil. She is not yet prepared; and let her will,  
My worthiest friend, determine her behaviour;  
To win, and not to force her disposition,  
Has been my seven years' task. She will anon  
Speak welcome to you all. The music stays.  
(*Valeriy and his friends seat themselves.*)

## EPITHALAMIUM.

Woman.

*Let all, let all be gay,  
Begin the rapturous lay,  
Let mirth, let mirth and joy,  
Each happy hour employ  
Of this fair bridal day.*

Man.

*Ye love-wing'd hours, your flight,  
Your downy flight prepare,  
Bring every soft delight  
To soothe the brave and fair.  
Hail, happy pair, thus in each other bless'd;  
Be ever free from care, of e'ry joy pos-  
sess'd!*

Vil. I thank you for this proof of your affection:  
I am so much transported with the thoughts  
Of what I am, I know not what I do.  
My Isabella!—but, possessing her,  
Who would not lose himself?  
Where's Carlos now?

Maur. I am but half myself without him.

Maur. This is wonderful! married, and yet in raptures.

Vil. Oh, when you all get wives, and such as mine,  
(If such another woman can be found)  
You will rave, too, dote on the dear content,  
And prattle in their praise out of all bounds.  
I cannot speak my bliss! 'Tis in my head,  
'Tis in my heart, and takes up all my soul;  
The labour of my fancy.

*Enter ISABELLA and Child.*

My Isabella! Oh, the joy of my heart,  
That I have leave at last to call you mine;  
But let me look upon you, view you well.  
This is a welcome gallantry indeed!  
I durst not ask, but it was kind to grant,  
Just at this time: Dispensing with your dress  
Upon this second day to greet our friend.

Isa. Black might be ominous;  
I would not bring ill luck along with me.

Vil. Oh! if your melancholy thoughts could change

With shifting of your dress—Time has done cures

Incredible this way, and may again.

Isa. I could have wish'd, if you had thought it fit  
Our marriage had not been so public.

Vil. Do not you grudge me my excess of love;  
That was a cause it could not be conceal'd:  
Besides, 'twould injure the opinion  
I have of my good fortune, having you;  
And lessen it in other people's thoughts.

*Enter CARLOS.*

My Carlos, too, who came in to the support  
Of our bad fortune, has an honest right,  
In better times, to share the good with us.

Car. I come to claim that right, to share your joy;

To wish you joy; and find it in myself;  
For a friend's happiness reflects a warmth,

A kindly comfort, into every heart  
That is not envious.

Vil. He must be a friend indeed,  
Who is not envious of a happiness  
So absolute as mine: there's the cause;  
Thank her for what I am, and what must be:  
(*Music flourish.*)

I see you mean a second entertainment.  
My dearest Isabella, you must hear  
The raptures of my friends;—from thee they  
spring;  
Thy virtues have diffused themselves around,  
And made them all as happy as myself.  
Isa. I feel their favours with a grateful heart,  
And willingly comply.

## DUET.

*Take the gifts the gods intend ye;  
Gratefully meet the proffer'd joy;  
Truth and honour shall attend ye;  
Charms that ne'er can change or cloy.  
Oh, the raptures of possessing,  
Taking beauty to thy arms!  
Oh, the joy, the lasting blessing,  
When with virtue beauty charms!  
Purer flames shall gently warm ye;  
Love and honour both shall charm thee.*

Car. You'll take my advice another time, sister.

Vil. What have you done? A rising smile  
Stole from her thoughts, just redd'ning on her  
cheek,

And you have dash'd it.

Car. I'm sorry for't.

Vil. My friends, you will forgive me, when I  
own,

I must prefer her peace to all the world?

Come Isabella, let us lead the way;  
Within we'll speak our welcome to our friends,  
And crown the happy festival with joy.

## SCENE III.—A Room.

*Enter SAMPSON and Nurse.*

Samp. Ay, marry, nurse, here's a master, in-  
deed! He'll double our wages for us. If he comes  
on as fast with my lady, as he does with his ser-  
vants, we are all in the way to be well pleased.

Nurse. He's in a rare humour; if she be in as  
good a one—

Samp. If she be? marry, we may e'en say, they  
have begot it upon one another.

Nurse. Well; why don't you go back again to  
your old Count? You thought your throat cut, I  
warrant you, to be turned out of a nobleman's ser-  
vice.

Samp. For the future, I will never serve in a  
house where the master or mistress of it lie single;  
they are out of humour with everybody when they  
are not pleased themselves. Now, this matrimony  
makes everything go well. There's mirth and  
money stirring about when those matters go as  
they should do.

Nurse. Indeed, this matrimony, Sampson—

Samp. Ah, nurse! this matrimony is a very good  
thing; but what, now my lady is married, I hope  
we shall have company come to the house: there's  
something always coming from one gentleman or  
other upon those occasions, if my lady loves com-  
pany. This feasting looks well, nurse.

*Nurse.* Odsso, my master! we must not be seen.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Street.*

*Enter BIBON and BELFORD.*

*Enter VILLEROY, with a letter, and ISABELLA.*

*Vil.* I must away this moment—see his letter, Sign'd by himself. Alas! he could no more; My brother's desperate, and cannot die in peace, but in my arms.

*Isa.* So suddenly!

*Vil.* Suddenly taken, on the road to Brussels, To do us honour, love; unfortunate; Thus to be torn from thee, and all those charms, Though cold to me and dead.

*Isa.* I'm sorry for the cause.

*Vil.* Oh! could I think, Could I persuade myself, that your concern For me, or for my absence, were the spring The fountain of these melancholy thoughts, My heart would dance, spite of the sad occasion, And be a gay companion in my journey; But—

*Enter CARLOS.*

My good Carlos, why have you left my friends?

*Car.* They are departed home. They saw some sudden melancholy news Had stolen the lively colour from your cheek— You had withdrawn, the bride, alarm'd, had follow'd;

More ceremony had been constraint; and this Good-natured rudeness—

*Vil.* Was the more obliging. There, Carlos, is the cause.

[*Gives the letter.*]

*Car.* Unlucky accident! Th' archbishop of Malines, your worthy brother— With him to-night! Sister, will you permit it?

*Vil.* It must be so.

*Isa.* You hear it must be so.

*Vil.* Oh, that it must.

*Car.* To leave your bride so soon!

*Vil.* But having the possession of my love, I am the better able to support

My absence in the hopes of my return.

*Car.* Your stay will be but short?

*Vil.* It will seem long.

The longer that my Isabella sighs; I shall be jealous of this rival grief, It takes so full possession of thy heart, There is not room enough for mighty love.

*Enter Servant, bows, and exits.*

My horses wait; farewell, my love! You, Carlos, Will act a brother's part, till I return, And be the guardian here. All, all I have That's dear to me, I give up to your care.

*Car.* And I receive her as a friend and brother.

*Vil.* Nay, stir not, love, for the night air is cold, And the dews fall.—Here be our and of parting; Carlos will see me to my horse.

[*Exit with Carlos.*]

*Isa.* Oh, may thy brother better all thy hopes. Adieu!

A sudden melancholy bakes my blood! Forgive me, Villeroi; I do not find That cheerful gratitude thy service asks; Yet, if I know my heart, and sure I do, 'Tis not averse from honest obligation. I'll to my chamber, and to bed; my mind, My harass'd mind is weary.

[*Exit.*]

*Bir.* The longest day will have an end; we are got home at last.

*Bel.* We have got our legs at liberty; and liberty is home, where'er we go; though mine lies most in England.

*Bir.* Pray, let me call this yours; for what I can command in Brussels, you shall find your own. I have a father here, who, perhaps, after seven years' absence, and costing him nothing in my travels, may be glad to see me. You know my story; how does my disguise become me?

*Bel.* Just as you would have it; 'tis natural, and will conceal you.

*Bir.* To-morrow you shall be sure to find me here, as early as you please. This is the house; you have observed the street.

*Bel.* I warrant you; your directions will carry me to my lodgings. [*Exit.*]

*Bir.* Good night, my friend.

The long-expected moment has arrived;

And if all here is well, my past sorrows

Will only heighten my excess of joy;

And nothing will remain to wish or hope for.

[*Knocks.*]

*Enter SAMPSON.*

*Sam.* Who's there? What would you have?

*Bir.* Is your lady at home, friend?

*Samp.* Why, truly, friend, it is my employment to answer impertinent questions; but for my lady's being at home, or no, that's just as my lady pleases.

*Bir.* But how shall I know whether it pleases her or no?

*Samp.* Why, if you'll take my word for it, you may carry your errand back again; she never pleases to see anybody at this time of night, that she does not know; and by your address and appearance I am sure you must be a stranger to her.

*Bir.* But I have business; and you don't know how that may please her.

*Samp.* May, if you have business, she is the best judge whether your business will please her or no; therefore I will proceed in my office, and know of my lady whether or no, she is pleased to be at home, or no. [*Goes.*]

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Who's that you are so busy withal? Methinks you might have found an answer in fewer words; but, Sampson, you love to hear yourself prate sometimes, as well as your betters, that I must say for you. Let me come to him. Who would you speak with, stranger?

*Bir.* With you, mistress, if you could help me to speak to your lady.

*Nurse.* Yes, sir, I can help you in a civil way; but can nobody do your business but my lady?

*Bir.* Not so well; but if you carry her this ring, she'll know my business better.

*Nurse.* There's no love-letter in it, I hope; you look like a civil gentleman. In an honest way, I may bring you an answer. [*Exit.*]

*Bir.* My old nurse, only a little older; they say the tongue grows always; mercy on me! then here

is seven years longer since I left her. Yet there is something in these servants' folly pleases me; the cautious conduct of the family appears, and speaks in their impertinence. Well, mistress.

*Re-enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* I have deliver'd your ring, sir. Pray heaven, you bring no bad news along with you.

*Bir.* Quite contrary, I hope.

*Nurse.* Nay, I hope so to; but my lady was very much surprised when I gave it her. Sir, I am but a servant, as a body may say; but if you'll walk in, that I may shut the doors, (for we keep very orderly hours;) I can shew you into the parlour, help you to an answer, perhaps, as soon as those that are wiser. [Exit.]

*Bir.* I'll follow you.  
Now all my spirits hurry to my heart,  
And every sense has taken the alarm  
At this approaching interview!  
Heavens! how I tremble! [Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Chamber.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isa.* I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,  
That have made nature start from her old course;  
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down  
From her career, still paler, and subdued  
To the abuses of this under world.  
Now I believe all possible. This ring,  
This little ring, with necromantic force,  
Has rais'd the ghost of pleasure to my fears,  
Conjur'd the sense of honour, and of love,  
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!  
I dare not think of them.

*Enter Nurse.*

*Nurse.* Madam, the gentleman's below.

*Isa.* I had forgot, pray let me speak with him; [Exit Nurse.]

This ring was the first present of my love  
To Biron, my first husband; I must blush  
To think I have a second. Biron died  
(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.  
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?  
It must be so; he's dead, and this ring left,  
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,  
To bring me back again;  
That's all I have to trust to.

*Enter BIRON. (Isabella looking at him)*

My fears were woman's—I have view'd him all;  
And let me, let me say it to myself,  
I live again, and rise but from this tomb.

*Bir.* Have you forgot me quite?

*Isa.* Forgot you!

*Bir.* Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!

My Isabella!

*(He goes to her; she shrieks, and faints.)*

*Isa.* Ha!

*Bir.* Oh! come again;  
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;  
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—  
Thy Biron speaks to thee.  
Excess of love and joy, for my return,  
Has overpower'd her. I was to blame  
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;  
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,

This ecstasy has made my welcome more  
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,  
False coin'd and current only from the tongue,  
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,  
And always speaks the heart.

*Isa.* Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?

I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,  
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;  
'Tis he himself, my Biron.

Do I hold you fast?

Never to part again?

If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.

*Bir.* Live ever in these arms.

*Isa.* But pardon me,  
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;  
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,  
Of seeing you again, distracted me.

*Bir.* Thou everlasting goodness!

*Isa.* Answer me:

What hand of Providence has brought you back  
To your own home again?  
O, tell me all,

For every thought confounds me.

*Bir.* My best life! at leisure, all.

*Isa.* We thought you dead; kill'd at the siege of Candy.

*Bir.* There I fell among the dead;  
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,  
I was preserved but to be made a slave.  
I often writ to my hard father, but never had  
An answer; I writ to thee, too.

*Isa.* What a world of woe  
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!

*Bir.* Alas! thou could'st not help me.

*Isa.* You do not know how much I could have done;

At least, I'm sure I could have suffer'd all;  
I would have sold myself to slavery.

Without redemption; giv'n up my child,  
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.

*Bir.* My little boy!

*Isa.* My life, but to have heard  
You were alive.

*Bir.* No more, my love; complaining of he  
past,

We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price  
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!  
I have a thousand things to say to thee.

*Isa.* 'Would I were past the hearing. (Aside.)

*Bir.* How does my child, my boy, my father,  
too?

I hear he's living still.

*Isa.* Well, both, both well;  
And may he prove a father to your hopes,  
Though we have found him none.

*Bir.* Come, no more tears.

*Isa.* Seven long years of sorrow for your loss,  
Have mourn'd with me.

*Bir.* And all my days to come  
Shall be employ'd in a kind recompense  
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?

*Isa.* He's gone to bed; I'll have him brought to you.

*Bir.* To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest  
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.

*Isa.* Alas! what shall I get for you?

*Bir.* Nothing but rest, my love! To-night I  
would not

Be known, if possible, to your family;  
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome

Would be tedious at this time;

To-morrow will do better.

*Isa.* I'll dispose of her, and order every thing

As you would have it. *[Exit.*

*Bir.* Grant me but life, good Heav'n, and give the means

To make this wondrous goodness some amends;

And let me then forget her, if I can.

O! she deserves of me much more than I

Can lose for her, though I again could venture

A father, and his fortune, for her love!

You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!

Not to perceive, that such a woman's worth

Weights down the portions you provide your sons.

What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,

Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?

What has she, in my absence, undergone!

I must not think of that; it drives me back

Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

*Enter ISABELLA.*

*Isa.* I have obey'd your pleasure;

Everything is ready for you.

*Bir.* I can want nothing here; possessing thee,

All my desires are carry'd to their aim

Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,

But to continue still this blessing to me;

I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.

*Isa.* Shall I attend you?

*Bir.* By no means;

I've been so long a slave to others' pride,

To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;

You'll make haste after?

*Isa.* I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.

*[Exit Biron.]*

My prayers! no, I must never pray again.

Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,

But I have nothing left to hope for more.

What Heav'n could give I have enjoy'd; but now

The baneful planet rises on my fate,

And what's to come is a long life of woe;

Yet I may shorten it—

I promised him to follow—him!

Is he without a name? Biron, my husband—

My husband! Ha! What then is Villeroi?

Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner!

*(Weeping.)*

What's to be done? for something must be done.

Two husbands! married to both,

And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—

Ha! a lucky thought

Works the right way to rid me of them all;

All the reproaches, infamies, and scorn,

That every tongue and finger will find for me.

Let the just horror of my apprehensions

But keep me warm; no matter what can come.

'Tis but a blow, yet I will see him first,

Have a last look, to lighten my despair,

And then to rest for ever.

*Re-enter BIRON, meeting her.*

*Bir.* Despair, and rest for ever? Isabella!

These words are far from thy condition;

And be they ever so. I heard thy voice,

And could not bear thy absence; come, my love!

You have stay'd long: there's nothing, nothing sure

Now to despair of in succeeding fate.

*Isa.* I am contented to be miserable,

But not this way: I've been too long abused,

Let me sleep on, to be deceived no more.

*Bir.* Look up, my love, I never did deceive thee,

Nor ever can; believe thyself, thy eyes

That first inflamed, and light me to my love,

Those stars, that still must guide me to my joys.

*Isa.* And me to my undoing: I look round,

And find no path, but leading to the grave.

*Bir.* I cannot understand thee.

*Isa.* If marriages

Are made in heav'n, they should be happier:

Why was I made this wretch?

*Bir.* Has marriage made thee wretched?

*Isa.* Miserable, beyond the reach of comfort.

*Bir.* Do I live to hear thee say so?

*Isa.* Why, what did I say?

*Bir.* That I have made thee miserable.

*Isa.* No; you are my only earthly happiness;

And my false tongue belied my honest heart,

If it said otherwise.

*Bir.* And yet you said,

Your marriage made you miserable.

*Isa.* I know not what I said;

I've said too much, unless I could speak all.

*Bir.* Thy words are wild; my eyes, my ears, my heart,

Were all so full of thee, so much employ'd

In wonder of thy charms, I could not find it;

Now I perceive it plain—

*Isa.* You'll tell nobody—

*Bir.* Thou art not well.

*Isa.* Indeed I am not; I knew that before;

But where's the remedy?

*Bir.* Rest will relieve thy cares; come, come, no more;

I'll banish sorrow from thee.

*Isa.* Banish first the cause.

*Bir.* Heaven knows how willingly.

*Isa.* You are the only cause.

*Bir.* Am I the cause? the cause of thy misfortunes?

*Isa.* The fatal innocent cause of all my woes.

*Bir.* Is this my welcome home? This the reward

Of all my miseries, long labours, pains,

And pining wants of wretched slavery,

Which I've outlived, only in hopes of thee?

Am I thus paid at last for deathless love,

And call'd the cause of thy misfortunes now?

*Isa.* Inquire no more; 'twill be explain'd too soon. *(Going off.)*

*Bir.* What! canst thou leave me too?

*Isa.* Pray let me go:

For both our sakes, permit me.

*Bir.* Rack me not with imaginations

Of things impossible. Thou canst not mean

What thou hast said. Yet something else must mean.

'Twas madness all; compose thyself, my love!

The fit is past; all may be well again:

Let us to bed.

*Isa.* To bed! You've raised the storm

Will sever us for ever.

*Bir.* Nothing shall ever part us.

*Isa.* Oh! there's a fatal story to be told;

Be deaf to that, as heaven has been to me!

When thou shalt hear how much thou hast been wrong'd,

How wilt thou curse thy fond believing heart,

Tear me from the warm bosom of thy love,

And throw me like a poisonous weed away!

All things have their end.

When I am dead, forgive and pity me.

*Bir.* Stay, my Isabella!

*[Exit.]*

What can she mean? These doubtings will distract me;

Some hidden mischief soon will burst to light; I cannot bear it—I must be satisfied—

'Tis she, my wife, must clear this darkness to me.

She shall, if the sad tale at last must come,  
She is my fate, and best can speak my doom.

[Exit.

# ACT V.

## SCENE I.—A Chamber.

Enter BIRON and Nurse.

Bir. I know enough: th' important question  
Of life or death, fearful to be resolv'd,  
Is clear'd to me; I see where it must end,  
And need enquire no more. Pray, let me have  
Pen, ink, and paper; I must write a while,  
And then I'll try to rest—to rest for ever!

[Exit Nurse.

Poor Isabella! now I know the cause,  
The cause of thy distress, and cannot wonder  
That it has turn'd thy brain. If I look back  
Upon thy loss, it will distract me too.  
Oh, any curse but this might be remov'd!  
But 'twas the rancorous malignity  
Of all ill stars combin'd, of heav'n and fate—  
Hold, hold my impious tongue. Alas! I rave:  
Why do I tax the stars, or heav'n, or fate?  
My father and my brother are my fates,  
That drive me to my ruin. They knew well  
I was alive. Too well they knew how dear  
My Isabella—Oh! my wife no more!  
How dear her love was to me; yet they stood,  
With a malicious silent joy, stood by,  
And saw her give up all my happiness,  
The treasure of her beauty to another;  
Stood by, and saw her married to another.  
Oh, cruel father, and unnatural brother!  
I have but to accuse you of my wrongs,  
And then to fall forgotten. Sleep or death  
Sits heavy on me, and benumbs my pains:  
Either is welcome; but the hand of death  
Works always sure, and best can close my eyes.

[Exit.

Enter Nurse and SAMPSON.

Nurse. Here's strange things towards, Sampson;  
what will be the end of 'em, do you think?

Samp. Nay, marry, nurse, I can't see so far; but  
the law, I believe, is on Biron, the first husband's  
side.

Nurse. Yes; no question, he has the law on his  
side.

Samp. For I have heard, the law says, a woman  
must be a widow, all out seven years, before she  
can marry again, according to law.

Nurse. Ay, so it does; and our lady has not been  
a widow altogether seven years.

Samp. Why, then, nurse, mark my words, and  
say I told you so: the man must have his wife  
again, and all will do well.

Nurse. But if our master, Villeroy, comes back  
again—

Samp. Why, if he does, he is not the first man  
that has had his wife taken from him.

Nurse. For fear of the worst, will you go to the  
old Count, and desire him to come as soon as he

can; there may be mischief, and he is able to prevent it.

Samp. Now you say something; now I take you,  
nurse; that will do well, indeed; mischief should  
be prevented; a little thing will make a quarrel,  
when there's a woman in the way. I'll about it instantly.

[Exeunt.

## SCENE II.—A Chamber, BIRON asleep on a couch.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Asleep so soon? Oh, happy, happy thou,  
Who thus can sleep! I never shall sleep more.  
If then to sleep be to be happy, he,  
Who sleeps the longest, is the happiest;  
Death is the longest sleep. Oh! have a care;  
Mischief will thrive apace. Never wake more,  
(To Biron.)

If thou didst ever love thy Isabella;  
To-morrow must be doomsday to thy peace.  
The sight of him disarms ev'n death itself,  
And pleasure grows again

With looking on him. Let me look my last;  
But is a look enough for parting love?

Sure I may take a kiss. Where am I going?  
Help, help me, Villeroy! Mountains and seas

Divide your love, never to meet my shame.  
Hark!

What noise was that? a knocking at the gate!  
It may be Villeroy. No matter who.

Bir. Come, Isabella, come.

Isa. Hark! I'm call'd.

Bir. You stay too long from me.

Isa. A man's voice! in my bed! How came he  
there?

Nothing but villany in this bad world.

Here's physic for your fever,

(Draws a dagger, and goes backward to the couch.)

If husbands go to heaven,

Where do they go that send them? This to try—  
(Going to stab him, he rises, she shrieks.)

What do I see!

Bir. Isabella, arm'd!

Isa. Against my husband's life!

Bir. Thou didst not think it?

Isa. Madness has brought me to the gates of  
hell,

And there has left me.

Bir. Why dost thou fly me so?

Isa. I cannot bear his sight; distraction, come,  
Possess me all.

Shake off my chains, and hasten to my aid!

Thou art my only cure. (Running out.)

Bir. Poor Isabella! she's not in a condition

To give me any comfort, if she could;

Lost to herself, as quickly as I shall be

To all the world: Horrors come fast around me;

My mind is overcast; the gathering clouds

Darken the prospect; I approach the brink,

And soon must leap the precipice. Oh! heav'n!

(Kneels.)

While yet my senses are my own, thus kneeling,  
Let me implore thy mercies on my wife:

Release her from her pangs; and if my reason,  
O'erwhelm'd with miseries, sink before the tem-  
pest,

Pardon those crimes despair may bring upon me.

(Rises.)

Enter Nurse.

Nurse. Sir, there's somebody at the door must  
needs speak with you; he won't tell his name

Bir. I come to him.

[Exit Nurse.]

'Tis Belford, I suppose; he little knows  
Of what has happen'd here; I wanted him,  
Must employ his friendship, and then—

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—The Street.

Enter CARLOS, PEDRO, and three Rustics.

Car. A younger brother; I was one too long  
Not to prevent my being so again.  
We must be sudden. Younger brothers are  
But lawful bastards of another name,  
Thrust out of their nobility of birth  
And family, and tainted into trades.  
Shall I be one of them? bow, and retire,  
To make more room for the unwieldy heir  
To play the fool in? No;  
But how shall I prevent it? Biron comes  
To take possession of my father's love:  
Would that were all! there's a birthright, too,  
That he will seize. Besides, if Biron lives,  
He will unfold some practices, which I  
Cannot well answer, therefore he shall die;  
This night must be disposed of: I have means  
That will not fail my purpose. Here he comes.

Enter BIRON.

Bir. Ha! am I beset? I live but to revenge me.  
(They surround him, fighting; Villeroi enters  
with two Servants; they rescue him; Carlos  
and his party fly.)

Vil. How are you, sir? Mortally hurt, I fear.  
Take care, and lead him in.

Bir. I thank you for this goodness, sir: though  
'tis  
Bestow'd upon a very wretch; and death,  
Though from a villain's hand, had been to me  
An act of kindness, and the height of mercy;  
But I thank you, sir.

Vil. Take care, and lead him in.

(He is led in.)

SCENE IV.—A Chamber.

Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. Murder my husband! Oh! I must not dare  
To think of living on; my desperate hand,  
In a mad rage, may offer it again;  
Stab me anywhere but there. Here's room enough  
In my own breast to act the fury in,  
The proper scene of mischief.

(Going to stab herself, Villeroi runs in  
and prevents her, by taking the dagger  
from her.)

Vil. Angels defend and save thee!  
Attempt thy precious life!  
Lay violent hands upon thy innocent self!

Isa. Swear I am innocent, and I'll believe you.  
What would you have with me? Pray let me go.  
Are you there, sir? You are the very man  
Have done all this. You would have made  
Me believe you married me; but the fool  
Was wiser.

Vil. Dost thou not know me, love?

'Tis Villeroi, thy husband.

Isa. I have none; no husband;

(Weeping.)

Never had but one, and he died at Candy.  
Speak, did he not die there?

Vil. He did, my life.

Isa. But swear it, quickly swear,

Enter BIRON, bloody, leaning upon his sword.

Before that streaming evidence appears,  
In bloody proof against me.

(She seeing Biron, swoons; Villeroi seizes  
her.)

Vil. Help there! (Sees Biron.)  
Biron alive?

Bir. The only wretch on earth that must not live

Vil. Biron, or Villeroi, must not, that's decreed.

Bir. You've saved me from the hands of murderers:

Would you had not, for life's my greatest plague!  
And then, of all the world, you are the man  
I would not be obliged to. Isabella!  
I came to fall before thee: I had died  
Happy, not to have found your Villeroi here.  
A long farewell, and a last parting kiss.

(Kisses her.)

Vil. A kiss! confusion! it must be your last.

Bir. I know it must. Here I give up that death

The work of fate, thus we must finish it.

Thrust home; be sure. (Falls.)

Vil. Alas! he faints! some help there!

Bir. 'Tis all in vain; my sorrows soon will end.  
Oh, Villeroi! let a dying wretch entreat you  
To take this letter to my father. My Isabella!  
Couldst thou but hear me, my last words should  
bless thee.

I cannot, though in death, bequeath her to thee.

(To Villeroi.)

But could I hope my boy, my little one,  
Might find a father in thee—Oh! I faint;  
I can no more. Hear me, heav'n! Oh, support  
My wife, my Isabella! Bless my child!  
And take a poor unhappy—

(Dies.)

Vil. He's gone!

My care of her is lost in wild amaze.

Who waits there?

(Exit.)

Isa. (Recovering.) Where have I been? Ma-  
thinks I stand upon

The brink of life, ready to shoot the gulph  
That lies between me and the realms of rest,  
But still detain'd, I cannot pass the strait;  
Deny'd to live, and yet I must not die;  
Doom'd to come back, like a complaining ghost,  
To my unbury'd body. Here it lies:

(Throws herself on Biron's body.)

My body, soul, and life! A little dust,  
To cover our cold limbs in the dark grave;  
There, there we shall sleep safe and sound to-  
gether.

Enter VILLEROY, with Servants.

Vil. Poor wretch! upon the ground! She's not  
herself:

Remove her from the body.

(Servants going to raise her.)

Isa. Never, never!

You have divorced us once, but shall no more.  
Help! help me, Biron! Ha! bloody, and dead!  
O, murder! murder! you have done this deed.  
Vengeance and murder! Bury us together:  
Do anything but part us.

Vil. Gently, gently raise her.

She must be forced away. (They carry her off.)

Isa. Oh, they tear me! Cut off my hands!

Let me leave something with him.

They'll clasp him fast,

Oh, cruel, cruel men!

This you must answer one day.

(Nurse follows her.)

*Vil.* Send for all helps: all, all that I am worth,  
Shall cheaply buy her peace of mind again.

(To a Servant.)

*Enter* COUNT BALDWIN, CARLOS, BELFORD,  
MAURICE, EGMONT, with Servants.

*C. Bald.* O! do I live to this unhappy day?

Where is my wretched son?

*Car.* Where is my brother?

(They see him, and gather about the body.)

*Vil.* I hope, in heav'n,

*Car.* Can'st thou pity him?

Wish him in heav'n, when thou hast done a deed,  
That must for ever cut thee from the hopes  
Of ever coming there?

*Vil.* I do not blame you;

You have a brother's right to be concern'd  
For his untimely death.

*Car.* Untimely death, indeed!

*Vil.* But you must not say I was the cause.

*Car.* Not you the cause! Why, who should  
murder him?

We do not ask you to accuse yourself;  
But I must say, that you have murder'd him;  
And will say nothing else, till justice draws  
Upon our side, at the loud call of blood,  
To execute so foul a murderer.

*Bel.* Poor Biron! is this thy welcome home?

*Maur.* Rise, sir; there is a comfort in revenge,  
Which is left you. (To *C. Baldwin*.)

*Car.* Take the body hence.

(*Biron* carried off.)

*C. Bald.* What could provoke you?

*Vil.* Nothing could provoke me

To a base murder, which, I find, you think  
Me guilty off. I know my innocence;  
My servants, too, can witness, that I drew  
My sword in his defence, to rescue him.

*Bel.* Let the servants be called.

*Egm.* Let's hear what they can say.

*Car.* What they can say! Why, what should  
servants say?

They are his accomplices, his instruments,  
And will not charge themselves. If they could  
do

A murder for his service, they can lie,  
Lie nimbly, and swear hard to bring him off.  
You say you drew your sword in his defence;  
Who were his enemies? Did he need defence?  
Hath he wrong'd any one? Could he have  
cause

To apprehend a danger, but from you?

And yet you rescued him!

No, no! he came

Unseasonably, (that was all his crime)

Unluckily, to interrupt your sport:

You were new married, married to his wife;

And therefore you, and she, and all of you,

(For all of you I must believe concerned)

Combined to murder him out of the way.

*Bel.* If it be so—

*Car.* It can be only so.

*C. Bald.* The law will do me justice; send for the  
magistrate.

*Car.* I'll go myself for him. (Exit.)

*Vil.* These strong presumptions, I must own, in-  
deed,

Are violent against me; but I have  
A witness, and on this side heav'n, too.

Open that door.

(Door opens, and PEDRO is brought for-  
ward by *Villeroy's* Servants.)

Here's one can tell you all.

*Ped.* All, all: save me but from the rack, I'll con-  
fess all.

*Vil.* You and your accomplices design'd

To murder Biron? Speak.

*Ped.* We did;

*Vil.* Did you engage upon your private wrongs,

Or were employ'd?

*Ped.* He never did us wrong.

*Vil.* You were set on, then?

*Ped.* We were set on.

*Vil.* What do you know of me?

*Ped.* Nothing, nothing:

You saved his life, and have discover'd me.

*Vil.* He has acquitted me.

If you would be resolved of any thing,

He stands upon his answer.

*Bel.* Who set you on to act this horrid deed?

*C. Bald.* I'll know the villain; give me quick his  
name,

Or I will tear it from thy bleeding heart.

*Ped.* I will confess.

*C. Bald.* Do, then.

*Ped.* It was my master; Carlos, your own son.

*C. Bald.* Oh, monstrous! monstrous! most un-  
natural!

*Bel.* Did he employ you to murder his own bro-  
ther?

*Ped.* He did; and he was with us when 'twas  
done.

*C. Bald.* If this be true, this horrid, horrid tale,

It is but just upon me; Biron's wrongs

Must be revenged; and I the cause of all!

*Maur.* What will you do with him?

*C. Bald.* Take him apart; (Exit *Pedro*, guarded.)

I know too much. *Vil.* I had forgot. Your wretched, dying son,

Gave me this letter for you. (Gives it to *C. Baldwin*.)

I dare deliver it. It speaks of me,

I pray to have it read.

*C. Bald.* You know the hand?

*Bel.* I know 'tis Biron's hand.

*C. Bald.* Pray read it. (*Belford* reads the letter.)

*Sir,—I find I am come only to lay my death at your  
door. I am now going out of the world, but cannot  
forgive you, nor my brother Carlos, for not hindering  
my poor wife, Isabella, from marrying with Villeroy;  
when you both knew, from so many letters, that I was  
alive.* BIRON.

*Vil.* How! did you know it, then?

*C. Bald.* Amusement all!

*Enter* CARLOS, with Officers.

Oh, Carlos! are you come. Your brother here,

Here, in a wretched letter, lays his death

To you and me. Have you done anything

To hasten his sad end?

*Car.* Bless me, sir! I do anything? who, I?

*C. Bald.* He talks of letters that were sent to us.

I never heard of any. Did you know

He was alive?

*Car.* Alive! Heaven knows, not I.

*C. Bald.* Had you no news of him, from a report,

Or letter, never?

*Car.* Never, never, I.

*Bel.* That's strange, indeed: I know he often  
writ

To lay before you the condition (To *C. Baldwin*.)

Of this hard slavery: and more I know,  
That he had several answers to his letters.  
He said they came from you: you are his brother?

*Car.* Never from me.

*Bel.* That will appear.

The letters, I believe, are still about him;  
For some of them I saw but yesterday.

*C. Bald.* What did those answers say?

*Bel.* I cannot speak to the particulars;  
But I remember well, the sum of them  
Was much the same, and all agreed,  
That there was nothing to be hoped from you:  
That 'twas your barbarous resolution  
To let him perish there.

*C. Bald.* Oh, Carlos! Carlos! hadst thou been a brother—

*Car.* This is a plot upon me. I never knew  
He was in slavery, or was alive,  
Or heard of him, before this fatal hour.

*Bel.* There, sir, I must confront you.  
He sent you a letter, to my knowledge, last night;  
And you sent him word you would come to him.  
I fear you came too soon.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis all too plain,  
Bring out that wretch before him.

(*Pedro produced.*)

*Car.* Ha! Pedro there! Then I am caught, indeed.

*Bel.* You start at sight of him;  
He has confess'd the bloody deed.

*Car.* Well, then, he has confess'd,  
And I must answer it.

*Bri.* Is there no more?

*Car.* Why? what would you have more? I know  
the worst,  
And I expect it.

*C. Bald.* Why hast thou done all this?

*Car.* Why, that which damns most men has  
ruin'd me;

The making of my fortune. Biron stood  
Between me and your favour; while he lived,  
I had not that; hardly was thought a son,  
And not at all akin to your estate.  
I could not bear a younger brother's lot,  
To live depending upon courtesy.  
Had you provided for me like a father,  
I had been still a brother.

*C. Bald.* 'Tis too true;  
I never loved thee as I should have done;  
It was my sin, and I am punish'd for't.  
Oh, never may distinction rise again  
In families! let parents be the same  
To all their children; common in their care,  
And in their love of them. I am unhappy.  
For loving one too well.

*Vil.* You knew your brother lived; why did you  
take

Such pains to marry me to Isabella?

*Car.* I had my reasons for't.

*Vil.* More than I thought you had.

*Car.* But one was this:

I knew my brother loved his wife so well,

That, if he ever should come home again,  
He could not long outlive the loss of her.

*Bel.* If you rely'd on that, why did you kill him?

*Car.* To make all sure. Now you are answer'd  
all.

Where must I go? I am tired of your questions.

*C. Bald.* I leave the judge to tell thee what thou  
art;

A father cannot find a name for thee.

Take him away. (*Carlos led off.*)

Grant me, sweet heav'n! the patience to go  
through

The torment of my cure. Here, here begins

The operation. Alas! she's mad.

*Enter ISABELLA, distracted; and her child running  
from her.*

*Vil.* My Isabella, poor, unhappy wretch!

What can I say to her?

*Isa.* Nothing, nothing; 'tis a babbling world;

I'll hear no more on't. When does the court sit?

I have a cause to try.

Will you not hear it? Then I must appeal  
To the bright throne.—Call down the heav'nly  
powers

To witness how you use me.

*C. Bald.* Pray, give her way. She'll hurt no-  
body.

*Isa.* What have you done with him? He was  
here but now;

I saw him here. Oh, Biron, Biron! where,

Where have they hid thee from me? He is gone.

But here's a little flaming cherubim—

Will nothing do? I did not hope to find

Justice on earth; 'tis not in heav'n neither.

Biron has watch'd his opportunity—

Softly; he steals it from the sleeping gods,  
And sends it thus—Ha, ha, ha! (*Stabs herself.*)

Now—I laugh at you; I defy you all,

You tyrant murderers!

*C. Bald.* Oh, thou most injured innocence! Yet  
live,

Live but to witness for me to the world,  
How much I do repent me of the wrongs,  
The unnatural wrongs, which I have heap'd on  
thee,

And have pull'd down this judgment on us all.

*Vil.* Oh, speak! speak but a word of comfort to  
me!

*C. Bald.* If the most tender father's care and  
love

Of thee, and thy poor child, can make amends,  
Oh, yet look up and live!

*Isa.* Where is that little wretch?

(*They raise her.*)

I lie in peace, to leave him to your care.

I have a wretched mother's legacy,

A dying kiss: pray let me give it him,

My blessing; that, that's all I have to leave thee.

Oh, may thy father's virtues live in thee!

And all his wrongs be buried in my grave.

(*Dies.*)



# THE LORD OF THE MANOR.

AN OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.

ALTERED FROM GENERAL BURGOWNE, BY CHARLES DIBDIN, JUN.



Moll F.—“AND I AM A WOMAN OF FASHION.”—Act iii, scene 4.

## Persons Represented.

SIR JOHN CONTRAST.  
CONTRAST.  
RASHLY.  
TRUMORE.

RENTAL.  
LA NIFFE.  
RALPH.  
SERGEANT SASH.

CORPORAL DRILL.  
CORPORAL SNIP.  
HUNTSMEN.  
RECRUITS.

ANNETTE.  
SOPHIA.  
PEGGY.  
MOLL FLAGGON.

### ACT I. SCENE I.

*At the close of the Overture, a peal of bells is heard at a distance, the curtain continuing down; when the peal is nearly finished, the curtain rises and discovers a magnificent Entrance to a Park, with a View of a Gothic Castle on an eminence at a distance. On the side scene, near the park-gate, the outside of a small neat Farm-house, with a bank of turf before the door, on which SOPHIA and ANNETTE are seated, and at work. Annette throws down her work, and runs to meet PEGGY, who enters immediately on the other side. Sophia continues to work pensively.*

DUET.—PEGGY AND ANNETTE.

Peggy *Hark! hark! the merry peal!  
My spirits are all prancing;  
Your looks declare the joy you feel.*  
(To Annette.)

Ann. *My little heart is dancing.*  
Both. *When the merry bells go ding, ding,  
My heart beats time as I trip along;  
And my eyes impart  
How light my heart;  
While all the burden of my song,  
Fal, fal la, ding, ding, dong.*

Peggy. *Keep it up, jolly ringers; ding, ding, dong! and away with it again; it puts my spirits quite in a heyday. I never hear a merry peal but my heart beats time to it.*

Ann. *Ay, and your tongue too, Peggy.*  
Peggy. *To be sure I do rattle away; but when good nature sets a woman's tongue a-going, they must have very bad ears for music who wish to stop it. What say you, my little foreigner?*

Ann. *You know, Peggy, my spirits are generally in time and tune with yours. I was out of my wits for your coming back, to know what was going on. Is all this for the wake?*

**Peggy.** Wake! a hundred wakes together wouldn't make such a day as this is like to be. Our new landlord, who has bought all this estate of Castle Manor, has arrived; and Rental, the steward, who went up to London upon the purchase, is with him, and is to be continued steward. He has been presenting him all the tenants, and they are still flocking up to the castle to get a sight of Sir John—Sir John—

**Ann.** What is his name?

**Peggy.** I declare I had almost forgot it, though I've heard all about him—Sir John Contrast, knight and baronet, and as rich as Mexico. An ox is to be roasted whole, and all the country will be assembled; such feasting and dancing!

**Ann.** Oh, how I long to see it! I hope papa will let us go; don't you, sister? (*To Sophia.*)

**Sophia.** No, indeed, my hopes are just the reverse; I hate nothing so much as a crowd and a noise. Enjoy the gaiety for which your temper is so well fitted, Annette; but do not grudge me what is equally to mind, retirement.

**Ann.** I grudge it you only, *Sophy*, because it nourishes pain, which sprightly objects would convert to pleasure.

#### AIR.—ANNETTE

*A nightingale sung in a mycamore grove;*

*A lover he listen'd, with sighs, to the lay;*

*'Twas sweet, but all plaintive, like languishing love.*

*"Heigho!" cried the lover, "ah, well-a-day!"*

*The lover quite restless that night found his pillow,*

*Went to sleep in despair and still dreamt of the willow.*

*The lover he listen'd next morn to a lark,*

*Whose song better sooth'd him because it was gay;*

*His brow grew more strong, as his mind grew less dark:*

*"Heigho!" he rememb'rd, and "ah, well-a-day!"*

*The lover that night sweetly slept on his pillow,*

*And dreamt of gay garlands; ne'er once of the willow.*

**Peggy.** Well said, ma'am'selle; though I hate the French in my heart, as a true English woman ought, I'll be friends with their sunshine as long as I live, for making thy blood so lively in thy veins. Were it not for Annette and me, this house would be worse than a nunnery.

**Sophia.** Heigho!

**Ann.** Ay, that's the old tune; it's all night long, sigh, sigh! pine, pine! I can hardly get a wink of sleep.

**Peggy.** And how is it ever to end? The two fathers, yours and your lover's, are specially circumstanced to make a family alliance. A curate, with forty pounds a year, has endowed his son with two fine qualities to entail his poverty, learning and modesty; and my gentleman (my master, heaven bless him!) is possessed of this mansion, a farm of a hundred acres, a gun, and a brace of spaniels. I should have thought the example so long before your eyes, of living upon love, might have made you—

**Sophia.** Charmed with it, *Peggy*; and so indeed I am: it was the life of a mother I can never forget. I do not pass an hour without reflecting on the happiness she diffused and enjoyed.

**Peggy.** Then if you'd follow her example, put a little less sorrow in your sentiment, and a little more sunshine in your countenance, and never sacrifice the main chance for moonshine.

**Sophia.** Consider my situation, *Peggy*.

**Peggy.** To be sure I do, and that's why I want you to consider my advice. Helpless souls! you haven't a single faculty to make the pot boil between you. I should like to see you at work in a dairy; your little nice fingers may serve to rear an unfledged linnet, but would make sad work at cramming poultry for market.

**Sophia.** But you, my good *Peggy*, ought not to upbraid me; for you have helped to spoil me, by taking every care and trouble off my hands: the humility of our fortunes ought to have put us more upon a level.

**Peggy.** That's a notion I can't bear. I speak my mind familiarly to be sure, because I mean no harm; but I never pretend to more than a servant, and you were born to be a lady: I'm sure on't; I see it, as sure as the gipsies, in every turn of your countenance.

**Sophia.** Have done, *Peggy*, or you'll make me seriously angry: this is your particular day of nonsense.

**Peggy.** No nonsense, but a plain road to fortune. Our young landlord, Sir John Contrast's son, is expected ever hither; now, get but your silly passion for Trumore out of your head, and my life on't, 'twill do. I dreamt last night I saw you with a bunch of nettles instead of a nosegay, and that's a sure sign of a wedding: let us walk for him at the park gate, and take your aim; your eyes will carry further, and hit surer, than the best gun your father has.

**Ann.** *Peggy*, how odd you are.

**Peggy.** Yes, my whole life has been an oddity; all made up of chequers and chances; you don't know half of it; but *Margery Heartease* is always honest and gay, and has a joke for the best and worst of times.

#### AIR.—(Original.)—PEGGY.

*I once was a maiden, as fresh as a rose,*

*And as fickle as April weather;*

*I lay down without care, and I wak'd from repose,*

*With a heart as light as a feather.*

*I work'd with the girls, I play'd with the men,*

*I was always or romping or spinning;*

*And what if they pilfer'd a kiss now and then?*

*I hope 'twas not very great sinning.*

*I married a husband as young as myself,*

*And for every frolic as willing;*

*Together we laugh'd when we had any self,*

*And we laugh'd when we had not a shilling.*

*He's gone to the wars; heav'n send him a prize!*

*For his pains he is welcome to spend it;*

*My example, I know, is more merry than wise,*

*But, lord help me! I never shall mend it.*

**Ann.** It would be a thousand pities you ever should.

**Peggy.** But here comes your father and Rental, the steward; they seem in deep discourse.

**Sophia.** Let us go in, then; it might displease my father to interrupt them.

[Exit into the house.]

**Peggy.** Go thy ways, poor girl; thou art more afraid of being interrupted in discouraging with thy own simple heart.

**Ann.** *Peggy*, when do you think my sighing time will come?

*Peggy.* Don't be too sure of yourself, miss; there is no age in which a woman is so likely to be infected with folly, as just when she arrives at what they call years of discretion.

[*Exeunt into the house.*]

*Enter RASHLY and RENTAL.*

*Rent.* But you are the only tenant upon the manor that has not congratulated our new landlord upon taking possession of his purchase.

*Rash.* Strange disposition of events! that he, of all mankind, should be purchaser in this country! (*Aside.*) I must not see Sir John Contrast.

*Rent.* Why so? he is prepared; in giving him an account of his tenants, your name wasn't forgot.

*Rash.* And pray, my friend, how did you describe me?

*Rent.* As what I always found you, an honest man. One can go no further than that word in the praise of a character; therefore, to make him better acquainted with yours, I was forced to tell him the worst I knew of you.

*Rash.* Good Rental, what might that be?

*Rent.* I told him you had the benevolence of a prince, with means little better than a peasant; that, consequently, your family was often indebted to your gun (at which you were the best hand in the country) for the only meat in your kitchen.

*Rash.* And what said he to the gun?

*Rent.* Shook his head, and said, if you were a poacher, woe be to you when his son arrived.

*Rash.* His son!

*Rent.* Yes, his only son, in fact; the eldest, it seems was turned out of doors twenty years ago, for a marriage against his consent. This is by a second wife, and declared to be his heir. He gives him full rein to run his own course, so he does not marry; and by all accounts, a fine rate he goes at.

*Rash.* But what is becoming of the elder?

*Rent.* Nobody knows; but the old servants, who remember him, are always lamenting the change.

*Rash.* You know him well?

*Rent.* What do you mean?

*Rash.* A discovery that will surprise you. I have lived with you the many years we have been acquainted, an intimate friend and an impostor.

*Rent.* An impostor?

*Rash.* Your new master, the purchaser of this estate is an obstinate father; I am a disinherited son; put these circumstances together, and instead of Rashly call me—

*Rent.* Is it possible?

*Rash.* Call me Contrast.

*Rent.* Mr. Rashly, Sir John Contrast's son?

*Rash.* Even so; for the sole offence of a marriage with one of the most amiable of womankind, I received one of Sir John's rescripts, as he calls the signification of his pleasure, with a note of one thousand pounds, and a prohibition of his presence for ever. I knew his temper too well to reply.

*Rent.* You must know him best; I had conceived him of a disposition more odd than harsh.

*Rash.* You are right; but this oddity has all the effects of harshness. Sir John Contrast has ever thought decision to be the criterion of wisdom; and is as much averse to retract an error as a right action. In short, in his character, there is a continual variance between a good heart and a perverse head; and he often appears angry with all man-

kind, when, in fact, he is only out of humour with himself.

*Rent.* I always thought you must have been bred above the station I saw you in; but I never guessed how much. Could you immediately submit to such a change of situation?

*Rash.* No; I thought of different professions to support the rank of a gentleman: after various trials, I found I wanted suppleness for some of my pursuits, and talent, perhaps, for others; and my last resource was a cottage and love, in the most literal sense of both. My Anna was equally fitted for a cottage as a court. Her person, her accomplishments, her temper, the universal charm of society, made our new life a source of delight.

AIR.—(Original).—RASHLY.

*Encompass'd in an angel's frame,  
An angel's virtues lay;  
Too soon did heav'n assert the claim,  
And call its own away.*

*My Anna's worth, my Anna's charms,  
Must never more return:  
What now shall fill these widow'd arms?  
Ah me! my Anna's urn!*

*Rent.* Not so, my good sir; you have two living images of her; and for their sakes you must try to work upon this old obdurate—Heaven has, perhaps, sent you together for that purpose.

*Rash.* No, my friend, he is inflexibility itself. I mean to fly him. It must be your part to dispose of my farm and little property.

*Rent.* Your resolution is too hasty. I pretend to no skill in plotting; but I think I see my way clearly in your case. Dear sir, be advised by me.

*La N.* (*Without.*) Halloa! countryman! do you belong to the lodge?

*Rash.* Heyday! what strange figure have we here?

*Rent.* As I live, the young heir's gentleman. I got acquainted with his character when I was in London to solicit the stewardship, and it is as curious as his master's.

*Rash.* What countryman is he?

*Rent.* True English by birth; he took his foreign name upon his travels, to save his master's reputation. Nothing is so disgraceful, now-a-days, as to be waited upon by your own countryman; pray be contented to—

*Enter LA NIPPE, affectedly dressed.*

*La N.* Halloa, countryman! which is the nearest way—What, Mr. Rental? faith, the sun was so much in my eyes, I did not know you.

*Rent.* Welcome to Castle Manor, Mr. Homestall; I forget your French name.

*La N.* La Nippe, at your service; and when you see me thus equipped, I hope you'll forget my English one; for though you see me thus metamorphoset, I have modesty enough left to blush at hearing it, for having defaced English oak with plaster of Paris.

*Rent.* Pray, how came you to be on foot?

*La N.* A spring in the chaise broke at the bottom of the hill; the boy was quite a bore in tying it up, so I took out my luggage, and determined to walk home.

*Rash.* The prettiest little package I ever saw.

*Rent.* What may it contain?

*La N.* The current utensils of a fine gentleman; as necessary to his existence as current cash. It is a *toilette à la chasse*—in English, a Bond-street knapsack; it contains cold cream, rouge, court-plaster, lip-salve, eau de luce, Macassar oil, and otto of roses; and, among other knick-knacks, a quizzing-glass for the convenience of being short-sighted.

*Rent.* For what purpose?

*La N.* The better to stare a modest woman out of countenance; avoid the sight of a poor friend one's ashamed to own; and an honest creditor one's afraid to see.

*Rent.* Ha, ha, ha! To be sure that cargo does not exactly suit the family of the Homestalls.

*La N.* *Non! non!* but you know I have travelled, and like many other travelled gentlemen, exported a cargo of home-brewed, for an importation of honey-water. But I expect my master here every minute.

*Rent.* What time did he leave London?

*La N.* The chaise was ordered at one this morning. I must allow him an hour for yawning, picking his teeth, and d—g his journey; that will bring it to—

*Rash.* Upon my word, a pretty full allowance for such employments.

*La N.* Nothing; I have known Lord Dang's and his friend Billy Vapid in suspense, in St. James's-street, between a fruit-shop and a gambling-house, thrice the time, and the chaise-door open all the while.

*Rash.* Well said, Mr. La Nippe! I see you are a satirist.

*La N.* Shoot flying a little, now and then; and if our masters make us subservient to their follies, if we do no worse than laugh at them, they may think themselves very well off.

*Rent.* But what time in the morning had you brought him to?

*La N.* Two o'clock. O, he dares not stay much longer, for he's made up for the journey. I doubt whether he could take himself to pieces; but if he could, I'm sure he could never put himself together again without my assistance: his whiskers fitted, his stays laced, his ancles rolled—

*Rent.* His ancles rolled! for what reason?

*La N.* The preservation of a military leg.

*Rent.* A military leg? we don't understand you.

*La N.* I don't wonder at it. A thing of our town. A fashion we mean to start. The military leg will be all the go, and with reason, for it's a leg that's pretty sure to maintain its footing.

*Rent.* I agree with you, and so must our foes; but how do you form it?

*La N.* Why, sir, with six yards of flannel roller, to sweat the small, and prop the calf; and only an hour's attention every day (nothing for a gentleman to spare) to sit with his heels in the air, and keep the blood back, I will undertake to—Oh! I'll leave nature in the lurch at her best works, and produce a leg, with the muscles of an Hercules, and the ancle of an Apollo Belvidere.

*Rash.* And is this the common practice?

*La N.* Common! what do you think, but to hide the roller, makes the young fellows so fond of boots at all hours, except when on horseback, and then, nothing but a white trouser, neat silk stocking, and a pair of dancing pumps—But let me be gone.

*Rent.* Nay, nay, you have time to spare; he must be many miles off; for it is a hundred and twenty from London.

*La N.* I pity you! I see you have no notion how a genius travels.

*Rent.* He cannot fly, I suppose?

*La N.* Yes, and in a whirlwind, over orange-barrow, and oyster-stalls at every corner: you may trace his whole journey by yelping dogs, broken-backed pigs, dismembered geese, and squalling old women; and, as sure as death, he will get home before me. (*Going towards the park gate.*)

*Rent.* Never fear; you've time enough, I tell you: he stops short at the edge of the forest; his game-keepers and pointers meet him there; he shoots some.

*La N.* What signifies that; sportsmen of fashion shoot as fast as they travel. See him at a pigeon-match, he wings his pigeon with the same dexterity as his companion pigeon him at the rookery in town. (*Whistle without.*) There's his whistle! (*Looking out.*) *Voilà le garçon!* If he finds me loitering here, he'll vent more oaths in a minute, than have been heard in the forest since its foundation.

*Rent.* Sir, you may slip into Mr. Rashly's house till he's gone by.

*La N.* *C'est bon*; just the thing.

[*Exit. into the house.*]

*Rash.* My brother here? Farewell, Rental. (*Goes towards the house.*)

*Rent.* Stay, sir, it is impossible he can have a suspicion of you. Let us see if he tallies with this impudent fellow's account. Sift him boldly; I have a thousand thoughts for you.

*Rash.* If he does answer the description, I shall never keep my temper.

*Rent.* Perhaps so much the better; but he is alighting from his horse.

*Con.* (*Without.*) Search'em, take up the dogs; one night as well beat for game in Hyde-park.

*Enter CONTRAST, attended by Gamekeepers, &c., with a handsome gun in one hand, and a parasol in the other.*

The manors are parched to desolation, the saddles and gridirons, and the air is impregnated with scurf and freckle; in another half hour, I shall be a mulatto in spite of my parasol, by all that's sultry. But come, to business. (*Gives the gun to an attendant.*) Search 'em; make preparations immediately for seizing all guns, nets, and snares; let every dog in the village be collected for hanging to-morrow morning; draw a warrant for every one who draws a trigger; and let every violator of manors be sent to the house of correction.

[*Exit Servants into the park.*]

*Rash.* I hope, young gentleman, you will be better advised than to proceed thus rashly.

*Con.* And pray, friend, who may you be, that are so forward with your hopes?

*Rash.* A tenant upon this estate these sixteen years; where I have been used to see harmony between high and low, established on the best basis—protection without pride, and respect without servility.

*Con.* Odd language for a farmer! but in plain English it implies indulgence for arrears, and impunity for poaching. And you, sir, what may be your occupation?

*Rent.* I have been long, sir, steward of Castle Manor, and your father's goodness continues me

so. I'm sorry, sir, you've had no sport, but your gamekeepers are strangers; if this gentleman had been with you, he knows every haunt in the country.

Con. Oh! I don't doubt it. Is this gentleman qualified to carry a gun?

Rash. I always thought so, sir.

Con. Where is your qualification?

Rash. In my birthright, as a freeborn man. Providence gave the birds of the air in common for us all; and I think it no crime to pursue them, when my heart tells me I am ready, if called upon, to exercise the same gun against the enemies of my king and country.

Con. A period again! If it were not for his dress, I should take him for the president of a debating society. (*Aside.*) But to cut the dispute short, you Mr. Steward, and you, Mr. Monitor of the forest, take notice that I require unconditional submission in my supremacy of the game.

Rent. In what manner, sir?

Con. The county gaol shall teach transgressors. Thanks to my fellow sportsmen in the senate, we have as good a system of game-laws as can be found in the most gentlemanlike country on the continent. You look at me with surprise, old reformer of the groves.

Rash. I confess I do, sir. In the days when I frequented the world, a high-bred spark and a sportsman were the greatest opposites in nature; the bean and the squire were always—

Con. O, I begin to take. Your days! the rusticated remains of a ruined reformer; a critic of the old school; a compound of musty classics and moral congruity; a smatterer of high life from the scenes of Cibber, which remain upon his imagination, as they do upon the stage, forty years after the real characters are dead. Thy ideas of a gentleman are as obsolete, old speculator, as the flaxen wig and "Stap my vitals!"

Rash. May I presume, sir, to ask what is the character that has succeeded?

Con. Look at me.

(Turns round.)

Rash. We were comparing, sir—

Con. Coxcombs. Never balk the word. The first thing in which we differ from your days is, that we glory in our title; and I am the acknowledged chief. In all walks of life, it is true ambition to be at the head of a class.

Rash. And may I ask, sir, if the class over which you so eminently preside, is very numerous?

Con. No, faith; and we diminish every day. The cockade predominates. The times have sent nine-tenths of our men of fashion to be their own soldiers.

Rash. No, sir; to be the soldiers of their country. However political opposition may exist among us, only let a foe threaten our freedom, and the only opposition among Britons is, who shall get the first blow at him.

Con. A red coat is very well for a promenade, and I do sometimes figure myself that way; though rot me, if I know any more of drill or discipline than I do of logic or metaphysics.

Rash. Singular character!

Con. Right, for once, Old Tramontane. Singularity is the secret of high life. In the present day it connects the pedestrian with the *petit maître*, the jockey with the gentleman, the stage coachman with the senator, and the pugilist with the peer.

Re-enter LA NIPPE from the house, running.

La N. Sir, sir, apart an instant, monsieur.—Such an adventure! I have discovered such a girl such a shapel such—

Con. Bête! did you ever know me trouble myself about a girl in the country?

La N. No, sir;—and in town I am obliged to take the trouble of your hands. (*Aside. Takes Contrast aside, and seems eagerly to press him.*)

Rent. I think I discover La Nippe's business.—Humour it, I beseech you, and ask Contrast in. (*Apart to Rashly.*)

Rash. Sir, will you accept any refreshment my poor house affords? I hope you have taken nothing ill I have said. (*To Contrast.*)

Con. No, sir; I bear no malice, and I'll drink your health in a bowl of cream. I'd not take the trouble of looking at his daughter, if it wasn't for the hope of being revenged of this old crusty memento mori. (*Aside.*)

[*Exeunt Rashly, Contrast, and Rental.*]

La N. I must get him into this intrigue for my own sake with the maid, if not for his with the mistress. Like master, like man—all owing to the force of example: so let our masters look to it.

[*Exit into the house.*]

Enter TRUMORE.

Tru. How surely and involuntarily my feet bring me to this spot! Conscious scenes! Sophy! dost thou remember them with my constancy? Dost thou visit them with my sensibility? Is it impossible to get a glance of her at a distance? If I could but do it unperceived—

Re-enter PEGGY from the house.

Peggy. So, sir, do you think I didn't spy you from the window, prowling like a fox about a hen-roost? But set your heart at rest; the pullet you are in search of will soon be upon a perch too high for your reach.

Tru. What do you mean?

P. ggy. Do you see that castle there? there—Sir John Contrast's seat. Mine are not castles in the air.

Tru. Well, what of that?

Peggy. Well, then, if you had my second sight, you would see Sophy in a coach and six white horses driving in at the great gate.

Tru. What would you lead my thoughts to?

Peggy. Patience! reason! resignation! Sir John's son is paying his addresses within. Consult Sophy's interest, and your own, too, in the end, and resign her.

Tru. Distraction! you cannot be in earnest. Would Sophia suffer a look from a stranger, without resenting it?

Peggy. Time enough to repulse when strangers grow importunate; meanwhile, why not be courted a little? There's curiosity in it, only to show how many ways the creatures can find to please us.

Tru. These are your thoughts; but Sophia—

Peggy. Thinks like me, or she's not a woman. Looky, I hate to be ill-natured; but don't fancy I'm your enemy because I'm her friend. Temptation is sometimes too agreeable to be withstood; nay, some of us love it. I don't say Miss Sophy's of the number. (*Exit.*)

Tru. Tormenting woman! I cannot, however,

but be alarmed, and shall watch your steps closely, my young gentleman. Yea, my Sophia, I will hover round thee, like a watchful spirit, invisible, but anxious to prove thy truth, and if necessary, to defend it. Ah! when will come that happy day, when love, as in his Paphian bower, will crown us with his never-fading wreath of roses.

AIR.—(Written by the late Mr. Doyle).—TRUMORE.

*Young love flew to the Paphian bower,  
And gather'd sweets from many a flower;  
From roses and sweet jessamine,  
The hily and the opoponax:  
The graces there were culping posies,  
And found young Love among the roses.*

*O happy day! O joyous hour!  
Compose a wreath of every flower;  
Let's bind him to us, ne'er to sever;  
Young Love shall dwell with us for ever.  
Eternal spring the wreath composes,  
Content is Love among the roses.*

[Exit.]

SCENE II.—The Inside of the house.

Enter CONTRAST, LA NIPPE, RASHLY,  
SOPHIA, ANNETTE, and RENTAL.

La N. What do you think of her eyes? *(Apart to Contrast.)*

Con. Passable for a village. *(Apert.)*

La N. Her complexion — her skin — her delicacy?

Con. O, perfectly delicate; she looks like the diet of her nursery, extract of leveret, and pheasant with egg.

Rash. Girls, you may retire whenever you please.

*(As they are going off, enter Peggy, with a lute.)*

Sophia. Peggy, what are you doing?

Peggy. It's only the lute, ma'am; it hung so loose upon the peg, I was afraid the kitten would pull it off. *(Touches the string.)* I declare it speaks itself, just as if it wanted —

Con. Music too! A syren complete. I am to be tempted with all the enchantments of Calypso's grot. *(Aside.)* *A la bonne heure*, try your skill, my dear.

Sophia. Officious girl! carry it back.

Con. O, by no means, miss; pray favour us with a song.

Rash. Come, girls, don't be ashamed of an innocent and pleasing talent. Perhaps the warble of nature may please Mr. Contrast, from its novelty.

Sophia. Indeed, sir, I wish to be excused.

Ann. Dear sister, sing; my father wishes it.

Sophia. I obey sir; and, in obeying, can discover to this intruder the state of my mind. *(Apart to Rashly.)*

AIR.—SOPHIA.

*Wake, dulcet lute, fair Laura said,  
While sadly droop'd her pensive head;  
Wake, and to my sinking heart  
The soothing balm of joy impart.*

*Thy charmed strains can banish woe,  
And bid the breast with rapture glow;  
Raise my hope and lull my pain,  
Laura sighs, and sighs in vain.*

*In the bower a-down the dale,  
Henry told his artless tale;  
Laura fondly heard the youth,  
Grace his form, his heart was truth;  
But hope is blighted, love is cross'd;  
Henry is to Laura lost.  
Love no more her heart shall gain,  
Laura sighs, and sighs in vain.*

[Exit.]

Con. Bravo! miss; very well indeed. La Nippe, go on to the castle; announce me to my father. I'm immensely fatigued, and don't know how I shall be able to walk there; and one might as well ride on a currycomb as that saddle. *(Horns without.)* What horns are those?

La N. *(Looks out.)* Your honour's master of the hounds, and your whole hunting equipage, are arrived.

Con. Have they new liveries?

La N. They have, and for elegance, they would shame every hunt in the universe: none of your rough buckakin and homespun, fit only to leap hedges and ditches in; but such as might grace a modern melo-drame, calculated for *un grand coup de théâtre*.

Con. Let them draw up before the door; I'll see them as they pass. *(Exit La Nippe.)* One word at parting, friend Rashly. Your daughters are not without attractions, nor you void of a certain sort of oddity that may be diverting; but your gun must be surrendered, and, from a pheasant to a rabbit, *chasse défendue*—no pardon for poaching; and so good day, old Esop in the shades.

[Exit.]

Rent. I must follow; but I request you'll take no steps till I see you again: give me but time to work in your favour.

Rash. You are too sanguine; but I consent, upon condition that I do not see my father.

Rent. As yet, it is no part of my plan that you should.

[Exit.]

Rash. Your attempts will be in vain; deprived of my Anna, nothing remains for me but lasting misery.

AIR.—(From *Camdun*).—RASHLY.

*Can I forget the silent tears  
Which I have shed for thee;  
And all the pangs, and doubts and fears,  
Which scatter'd o'er my bloom of years  
The blights of misery?*

*I never close my languid eye,  
Unless to dream of thee;  
My every breath is but the sigh,  
My every sound the broken cry  
Of lasting misery.*

[Exit.]

SCENE III.—Outside of the house.

Enter CONTRAST, LA NIPPE, 'I witsmen, &c., from the house, in gay liveries, drawn up.

La N. The huntsmen, sir, have been practising a new chorus song; will you hear it?

Con. A hunting song quite breaks my ears; it is a continued yell of horn and morn; wake the day; hark away! But they may begin; I shall hear enough as I walk off.

FINALE.—(Original.)

Hunts. *When the orient beam first pierces the dawn,  
And princess yet glistens the dew on the lawn,  
We rise to the call of the horn and the hound,  
And nature herself seems to live in the sound.*

Chorus. *Repeat it, quick echo, the cry is begun;  
The game is on foot, boys, we'll hunt down the sun.*

Hunts. *The chase of old Britons was ever the care,  
Their sinews it brac'd, 'twas the image of war:  
Like theirs, shall our vigour by exercise grow,  
Till we turn our pursuits to our country's foe.*

Chorus. *Repeat it, shrill echo, the war is begun;  
The foe is on foot, boys, we'll fight down the sun.* [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—A Shrubbery, &c.

Enter SOPHIA and ANNETTE, arm-in-arm.

Sophia. I confess, Annette, you are a very forward scholar in affairs of the heart; but would you really persuade me that the women of France scorn to be in love?

Anna. Just the contrary. Love there is the passion of ages: one learns to hush it in the cradle, and they will trifle with it at the brink of the grave; but it is always there the chirrup of life, not the moping malady it is here.

Sophia. And, according to the notions of that fantastical people, how is the passion to be shewn?

Anna. O, in a woman, by anything but confessing it. Sophia. Surely, Annette, you must now be wrong; insincerity and artifice may, for aught I know, be the vices of fine folks in courts and cities; but in the scenes where you, as well as myself, have been bred, I am persuaded the tongue and the heart go together in all countries alike.

Anna. So they may, too: it would be wrong if the tongue told fibs of the heart; but what occasion for telling all the truth. I wish you saw a young girl in Provence, as she trips down the mountains with a basket of grapes upon her head, and all her swains about her, with a glance at one, a nod at another, and a tap at the third, till up rises the moon, and up strikes the tabor and pipe—"Adieu, panniens, vendange est faite." Her heart dances faster than her feet, and she makes ten lads happy, instead of one, by each thinking himself the favourite.

Sophia. But the real favourite is not to be kept in suspense for ever.

Anna. No, no, she solves the mystery at last; but in a lively key just indicates the preference by a look that can't be misunderstood: and to make

more sure of her lover, mixes tenderness with tantalization.

Sophia. Mere coquetry! I admire your vivacity, Annette, but I dislike your maxims. For my part, I scorn the shadow of deceit towards the man I love, and would sooner die than give him pain.

Anna. So would I, too, dear sister; but why not bestow pleasures with a smile?

Sophia. Giddy girl! you know not love.

Anna. O, you are mistaken; I understand sentiment, and could set it to admiration; I could gaze at the moon, prattle to the evening breeze, and make a companion of roses for an hour together.

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. And to what purpose, I should like to know? Roses are very well in a bough-pot, the evening breeze to raise one's spirits for a dance, and the moon to light one home, laughing, from the fair; but to scratch your hands with the thorns of the one, get the toothache by standing too long exposed to the other, and the blue devils by making you moan to the third, are all things quite out of my calculations of either comfort or common sense.

Sophia. Ah! Peggy, you're a rattlepate, like my sister; but do not condemn that sentiment, your unconsciousness of which deprives you of the claim of judging. [Exeunt Sophia and Annette.]

Peggy. Sentiment, I dare say is very well in its way, like everything else. Perhaps, if I took it into my head, I could talk of rosy banks and myrtle bowers as well as anybody else. But poor Tramore! he does love Sophia. Ah! if I had him here, I'd give him a little advice. And, as the other sex talk so much of the caprice of ours, as an apology for Sophia, I'd tell him—

AIR.—PEGGY.

*Our sex is capricious,*

*Believe me:*

*'Tis the picture your sex of us draws;*

*I you paint us vicious—*

*Perceive me,*

*Can you wonder we act by your law?*

*Go, go, silly lover, and sigh,*

*Trust another as soon as you can;*

*And if she, too, should bid you, "good-bye!"*

*Why then try another, poor man?*

*In April the weather*

*Of changes,*

*Sun and rain to each other give way;*

*And taken together,*

*It strange is,*

*Our sex is an April day.*

*Go, go, silly lover, complain;*

*With your sex to be faithless the plan;*

*Can you fancy we'll constant remain?*

*We but follow your lesson, poor man;*

[Exit.]

Enter LA NIPPE, beckoning CONTRAST.

La N. Yonder she is, sir; the other two have just left her, and she loiters by a rose-bush. Now's the time: at her, sir.

Con. It's a d—d vulgar business you're drawing me into, La Nippe; I could never show my face

again, if it were known I was guilty of the drudgery of getting a woman for myself.

*La N.* What do you mean, sir? Do you never make love?

*Con.* No, certainly, you blockhead; modern pictures always buy ready made.

*La N.* Hold, she comes this way: I'd better vanish, and try my luck with the maid; but if I make no better market than I fancy he will, my French assurance will blush as much for vexation, as my English modesty does for shame.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

*Re-enter SOPHIA.*

*Sophia.* I did not recollect that these walks are no longer open to the neighbourhood. How simple were those girls not to remind me! If I should be seen, I may be thought impertinent: and alone, too—

*Con.* So, Miss Rashly, we meet as patly as if you had known my inclinations.

*Sophia.* He too, of all others! [*Aside, and confused.*] I know it is an intrusion, sir, to be here; I was retiring.

*Con.* It is the most lucky intrusion you ever made in your life.

*Sophia.* Permit me, sir, to pass. [*Confused.*]

*Con.* Not till you hear of your good fortune, my dear. You have attracted, in one moment, what hundreds of your sex have twinkled their eyes for whole years in vain, my notice. I will bring you into the world myself: your fortune's made.

*Sophia.* Sir, this kind of conversation is new to me. I insist upon passing. [*Confused and angrily.*]

*Con.* O fie, child! the first thing you must learn is, to look a man in the face, whatever he says to you; it is one of the first principles for high life; and high as the very pinnacle of fashion thine shall be. The newspaper shall record your route; and you shall bear the bells in the ring at Hyde-park from every competitor. Four bloods, and a carriage as incomprehensible in its shape, or meaning, as vanity can wish for. Beauty! it is not worth that, [*snaps his finger.*] in comparison with fashion.

*Sophia.* Do you, sir, set so little value on character?

*Con.* Character! O, my dear, we never think of that in high life; that's a mere plebeian accomplishment. But come, child, it isn't my way to trifle, name your settlement, and—

*Sophia.* Sir, I have tried while I could to treat you with some degree of respect; you put it out of my power; resentment and contempt are the only—

*Con.* Clarissa Harlowe in her best attitudes! what circulating library has supplied you with language and action upon this occasion? Or has your antiquated father instructed you, as he has me, in the mode of his days? Things are reversed, my dear; when we fellows of superior class shew ourselves, the women throw themselves at us: pick and choose is the way; and happy is she we deign to catch in our arms.

[*Attempts to take hold of her.*]

*Enter TRUMORE, unperceived.*

*Sophia.* [*Enraged, and bursts into tears.*] Unheard-of assurance! What do you see in me to encourage such insolence? or is it the very

baseness of your nature, that insults a woman because she has no protection?

[*Breaks from him.*]

*Tru.* [*Advances between them.*] Protection is not so distant as you imagined. Compose yourself, my Sophia; I have heard all: leave me to settle the difference with the unworthy ruffian.

*Con.* Way-laid by all that's desperate! A rustic bully! But I must submit, for I conclude he has a forest mob within call.

*Tru.* A mob to encounter thee? a mob of flies, of gnats; a wasp would be a sure assassin; but, to be serious, sir, though the brutality of your behaviour calls for chastisement, the meanness of it places you beneath my resentment.

*Con.* How he assumes, because I know as little of quarterstaff as he of the weapons of a gentleman.

*Tru.* It would, indeed, be profanation of English oak to put it into such hands. Then outside without a heart! When the mind is nerveless, the figure of a man may be cudgelled with a nettle.

*Sophia.* For heaven's sake, Trumore, be not violent; you make me tremble; no further quarrel.

*Tru.* Another word, sir, and no more. Could I suppose you a real sample of our fashionable youth, I should think my country indeed degraded; but it cannot be. Away! and tell your few fellows, if even few exist, that there's still spirit enough among common people to defend beauty and innocence; and when such as you dare affront them, it is not rank, nor even effeminacy that shall save them.

[*Retires with Sophia.*]

*Con.* Very sententious, truly! quite Rashly's flourish! In Italy now I could have this fellow put under ground for a sequin; in this d-d country one can do nothing but despise him. I could meet him to be sure; but as dueling is a principle of honour, reputation must be regarded. Boxing is the only way left; and fashion might sanction the thing; but, though it's very well to patronize, it's a vile bore to practice; and I confess I have no ambition to make a hit that way.

[*Exit.*]

*Tru.* [*Comes forward with Sophia.*] Happy, happy moment, that brought me to your rescue! Ah! my dear Sophia, should fate part us, can I ever forget thee? Ah! no, never!

## AIR.—TRUMORE.

*Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love,  
When far from thee away?  
Should absence grief supply,  
I'll pay thee sigh for sigh!  
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love?  
No, never.*

*When thy charms recollecting,  
Can fancy ever rove?  
On thy virtues reflecting,  
Can time weaken love?  
Ah! can I e'er forget thee, love?  
No, never.*



*Ah, no! returning thou shalt find,  
To meet if now we part,  
Thy virtues rooted in my mind,  
Thine image in my heart.  
Ah! can I ever forget thee, love?  
No, never.*

*Sophia.* If the thoughts you most wish I should entertain of my deliverer can repay you, trace them by your own heart, Trumore; they will harmonize with its most tender emotions.

*Tru.* O, the rapture of my *Sophia's* presence! thus let me pour forth my gratitude.

*(Kneels and kisses her hand.)*

*Enter RASHLY behind, and advances between them.*

*Rash.* So, inconsiderate pair! is it thus you keep your engagements with me! Neither the duty of the one, nor the word of honour of the other, I see, is a sanction.

*Tru.* Restrain your displeasure, sir, till you hear what has happened; no breach of promise—

*Rash.* I have no leisure for excuses, nor for reproaches: fortune, more than my resentment, is against you. *Sophy*, my affairs will probably compel me to seek another and a distant home. Prepare yourself to set out with me at an hour's warning.

*Tru.* What do I hear? Sir, part us not; I'll be your slave, to obtain her presence: let me but follow her; let me but enjoy the hopes of at last deserting her.

*Sophia.* What, have you not already? If we are to separate here, in a father's presence, I engage to you a faith, that time and distance shall never change.

*Tru.* I accept in the same presence the sacred pledge; and will cherish the remembrance of it with a truth, which like the brilliant ore, proves its purity by its trials.

*Rash.* Here then break off, and to time and distance leave the further test of your sincerity; at present I can flatter you with no other remedy. Daughter, return to the house. Trumore, you must not follow.

*Tru.* I submit. I saved her from a ruffian; I resign her to a father—

*Rash.* Who admires your worth, Trumore, though his child's interest refuses him to encourage your pretensions. Come, *Sophy*, we must bid adieu to the scenes we have so long happily enjoyed; but the world is wide, and innocence is an universal passport.

**TRIO.—RASHLY, SOPHIA, and TRUMORE.**

*Rash.* *Lov'd scenes! must I leave ye?*

*Sophia.* *Dear youth! must I leave thee?*

*Tru.* *Sweet maid! must I leave thee?*

*All.* *Ah! whither to go?*

*Rash.* *Ah! let it not grieve thee.*

*Sophia.* *I'll never deceive thee.*

*Tru.* *I can but believe thee.*

*All.* *Ah! moment of woe!*

*Rash.* *Yet cease, cease repining,*

*Sophia.* *To heav'n resigning,*

*Tru.* *My hope ne'er declining,*

*Rash.* *Contented I go.*

*Sophia.* *Submissive I go.*

*Tru.* *Obedient I go.*

*All.* *Then, oh, farewell! though thus we part  
To-day, oppress'd with sorrow;  
Hope, to my anxious beating heart,  
Points out a kind to-morrow.*

*[Exeunt.]*

*Re-enter CONTRAST and LA NIPPE, meeting.*

*Con.* *(After a pause.)* Get post-horses for the chaise directly.

*La N.* To carry her off, sir? Quick work! I thought how it would be.

*Con.* I wish you had been among the other cure I ordered to be hanged, before you had put me upon the trace of her. Find me a quick conveyance from this region of barbarism, or the spirit of the place shall be tried upon you: it will be no profanation of English oak to cudgel you.

*La N.* In the name of wonder, what has happened?

*Con.* Happened! I have been nearly worried by a cursed, confounded, two-legged mastiff. Where were you, sir, not to be within call?

*La N.* Just where I ought to be by the true rule of a valet de chambre's office, all the world over—trying the same game with the maid, I supposed you were trying with the mistress. *(Contrast looks angrily.)* But all for your honour's service; to make her your friend.

*Con.* Bot her friendship! I wouldn't expose my nerves to a second encounter with this new piece of plety in patters, to have all the rustic females from the Land's End to the Orkneys.

*La N.* You shall not need, sir, till she is brought to proper terms. Lookye, sir; *Peggy*, the maid, is a sly wench; why not make her a convenient one? Commission me to pay a price, and she shall deliver this toy into your hands; that's love exactly in your own way, you know.

*Con.* I wouldn't give five pounds for her, if it wasn't for vengeance.

*La N.* Your vengeance need not stop here. The father, by his own confession, is a poacher. I have inquired of *Peggy* if he has no enemies: he has but one, it seems, in all the parish, but that one's worth a hundred; a litigious attorney, broken by *Rashly's* faculty in deciding differences: this fellow shall saddle him with as many actions for game in half an hour, as shall qualify him for a gaol-bird all the rest of his life.

*Con.* Your plan is not unpromising, and you may try one of my rouseaus upon it. If I could at the same time correct this dog of a lover, I believe I should grow cool again, and put off my journey for the accomplishment.

*La N.* What think you of a press-gang?

*Con.* Transcendent! if one could be found. Were the game-laws and the press-act properly enforced, the constitution might be more tolerable for a man of fashion; but if the plaguy liberality of our laws keep substituting freedom for feudal rights, we dashing fellows must begin to study propriety to prevent our sinking into insignificance.

*La N.* I'll about this business directly.  
*Con.* Content. But, harkye! *La Nippe*, the summary of our project, I think, is this: the father to gaol, the lover at sea, and the girl in my arms. Bring all this about, and you know you may depend upon my generosity. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE II.—*Inside of Rash'y's house.*

*Enter RASHLY, with SOPHIA under his arm.*

*Rash.* Be comforted *Sophia*, with the reflection, that I lament, and do not blame your attachment; you know, I agree, both upon experience and principle, that the only basis for happiness in every state of life is disinterested love.

AIR.—(Original).—RASHLY.

*When first this humble roof I knew,  
 With various cares I strove;  
 My grain was scarce, my sheep were few,  
 My all of wealth was love.*

*By mutual toil our board was dress'd,  
 The stream our drink bis cou'd;  
 But when her lips the brim had press'd,  
 The cup w<sup>th</sup> nectar flow'd.*

*Enter ANNETTE, hastily.*

*Ann.* Sir, Mr. Rental is coming in at the gate, and with him a strange gentleman I never saw before, an old man; and Rental is pulling off his hat, and bowing: I wonder who he is.

*Rash.* Sir John Contrast! how my heart throbs at his approach! *(Aside with emotion.)* Girls, I have a reason to be concealed; you must not discover I am within.

*[Walks with them to the top of the stage, as giving them directions, and exit.]*

*Enter SIR JOHN CONTRAST, RENTAL following*

*Sir J.* I tell you, Rental, the last cottage I looked at shall come down; there isn't a male creature about it: nothing but girls with black eyes, and no industry. But what sort of a dwelling have we here?

*Rent.* The seat of innocence: once the seat of more happiness than at present.

*Sir J.* The seat of innocence! Ay, to be sure; and these, I suppose, are the children of innocence that inhabit it. *(Perceiving Sophia and Annette, who come timidly forward.)*

*Sophia.* What could my father mean by going away, and insisting we should not decline an interview with Sir John Contrast?

*(Apart to Annette.)*

*Ann.* Is that he? *La, sister!* don't quake; he doesn't look so very ungracious.

*(Apart. They approach timidly.)*

*Sir J.* *(Eyeing them.)* Zounds, Rental! are all my farms overrun thus with evil-eyed wenches. One can't turn any way without the fear of being looked out of existence by a basilisk in petticoats.

*Rent.* Suspend your opinion, sir, I beseech you, and speak to the young women; the family is, in-

deed, worth your notice. Now, nature and fortune work your way!

*Sir J.* Young women, how do you earn your livelihood? *(Aside.)*

*Sophia & Ann.* Sir? *(Embarrassed.)*

*Sir J.* They are too innocent, I see, to answer a plain question.

*Rent.* You alarm them, sir; they are as timid as fawns. My young mistresses, it is Sir John Contrast speaks to you; in your father's absence, he wants to inquire of you the circumstances of your family.

*Sir J.* What is your father, young woman? *(To Sophia.)*

*Sophia.* The best of parents, sir.

*Sir J.* Ay; lets you do as you please, I suppose; the way with most best of parents.

*Sophia.* His will is our law.

*Sir J.* When it accords with your own inclination; the way of most spoiled children. He's not very rich, I imagine?

*Sophia.* He is content.

*Sir J.* Ay; don't grumble when he's pleased, any more than his neighbours, I suppose. What business does he follow?

*Sophia.* He has a small farm of his own, rents a larger on this manor, and cultivates both.

*Sir J.* You two are not of much service to him, I fancy.

*Sophia.* Too little, sir.

*Sir J.* The common consequence of bringing up girls above their situation.

*Sophia.* We endeavour to render him all the assistance we can; but his indulgence sometimes prevents even our feeble attempts. Mr. Rental knows it is his fault, but I believe his only one.

*Sir J.* He can't have one much worse. What, then, is your employment?

*Sophia.* I work at my needle for him, I read to him, I receive his instructions. I once received them from a mother. I repeat to him her precepts; they often draw his tears, but he assures me they are pleasing.

*Ann.* Yes, but I always stop them; the moment his eyes moisten, I sing, or chatter them dry.

*Sir J.* This is past bearing, Rental. The seat of innocence! it is the seat of witchcraft. I don't know whether the children of sorcery are not practising their charms upon me at this moment. I feel—Zounds! *(Wipes his eyes.)* I don't know how I feel.

*Rent.* Not witchcraft, but pure nature, sir.

*Sir J.* And what witchcraft's so powerful? Have you not learned that it is a blessing when the sex takes to artifice and affectation? Were women to continue in person and in heart as heaven designed them, they'd turn the heads of all mankind.

*Rent.* Permit me to say, sir, you are the first that was ever angry at finding them undegenerated.

*Sir J.* Have I not suffered by it? I lost a son by this sort of aimless nature before. My present hopeful, to be sure, is an exception; nature would stand a poor chance with him against French frippery and Egyptian mummery.

*Rent.* I'm glad, sir, you are easy upon that head.

*Sir J.* And so, my pretty little gipsey, your prattle is always at your tongue's end? *(To Annette.)*

*Ann.* Not always: I can hold my tongue to people I don't like. I talk to divert my father; and I would do the same now if I could put you in a humour to be his friend.

*Sophia.* Fie, Annette! you are very bold.

*Ann.* Sister, I'm sure the gentleman's not angry. I shouldn't have ventured to be so free, if he hadn't the very look, the sort of half-smiling gravity of papa, when he is pleased with me in his heart, and doesn't care directly to own it.

*Sir J.* Wheddling creature! But, may be, that's another proof of women in pure nature.

*Ann.* Indeed, sir, I mean no harm; and I'm sure you haven't thought I did; for your frowns vanish like summer clouds, before one can well say they are formed.

## AIR.—ANNETTE.

*Once a knight, oh! my story is true,  
Met a girl of a peasant's degree;  
The knight was good-humour'd, like you,  
And the girl young and silly, like me.  
She let her tongue run up and down,  
For seldom, sir, was she her guard on;  
But when the knight put on a frown,  
She courtied, and begg'd his pardon.*

*With, pray, sir!  
Dear sir!  
Kind sir!*

*Don't be angry with Annette.*

*Then the knight, and the same you'd have done,  
(For frowning much wa'n't in his way.)  
To smile with good humour begun,  
And banish'd the peasant's dismay.  
The silly girl, grateful like me,  
Determin'd to be more her guard on;  
And I hope, sir, my case it will be,  
When I courtsey and beg your pardon.*

*With, pray, sir!  
Dear sir!  
Kind sir!*

*Don't be angry with Annette.*

*Sir J.* This is past enduring. Rental. Take notice, the decree is past, irrevocable; no reply: this house, and all that belongs to it, father, daughters, servants, to the very linnets and kitchens, shall—

*Rent.* Be laid low, sir?

*Sir J.* No, sir; be secured, protected, rais'd! It shall become the mansion of plenty and joy, and these girls shall pay the landlord in song and sentiment; while their discharge in full shall be the delight I shall feel from having protected youth and innocence.

*Rent.* Sir, I thank you, in the name of their father. A man more worthy your favour does not live; and you only can save him from his enemies.

*Sir J.* Who are they?

*Rent.* He has one in particular, honourable, benevolent in his nature; but who yew'd enmity to him in a fit of passion, and has obstinately adhered to it ever since.

*Sir J.* Does he so? 'Gad! he's no fool though; no weathercock. I honour a man who sticks to his word. And how did he deserve this enmity? But that's no matter with a man of the decision and wisdom you describe.

*Rent.* You'll best decide upon the provocation, when the effects are laid before you, as an impartial judge.

*Sir J.* I hate impartiality, and set out on this business upon a quite contrary principle. Come

forward, my little clients, give me a kiss of partiality a-piece. Now I am feed your advocate for ever! so come to the castle in the evening; bring your father with you. Let this obstinate dog appear, if he dare. My obstinacy is now bound to defeat his, right or wrong: he shall give way; and he may look for an excuse to himself in the eyes of my little charmers.

*Rent.* He is very positive.

*Sir J.* He shall go to the stocks, if he is. I am as positive as he. Sir John Contrast is not a man to be diverted from his purpose. What, not yield, when the interest of my darlings is in question! By all that's steady, I'll build a new house of correction for him, and they shall keep the key.

*Rent.* But be upon your guard, sir; he will be asserting his former resolutions.

*Sir J.* (Strikes his cane on the ground.) That for his resolutions! [Exit Rental.] Let me see who dares second them; and, as a magistrate in commission, for propriety as well as peace, I'll commit him for a libel on the court of common sense, and contempt on the court of conscience.

## FINALE.—SIR JOHN CONTRAST, SOPHIA, ANNETTE, and PEGGY.

*Sir J.* Tell me not of his assertions;  
Mine are laws of Medes and Persians;  
Vain against them all endeavour  
Right or wrong, they bind for ever.

*Sophia.* Remember then a daughter's pray'r,  
Receive a parent to your care.

*Ann.* Frown on his foe's obdurate plea,  
But keep benignant smiles for me.

*Peggy.* When I see my betters hearty,  
How I long to be a party;  
Pardon me, if I intrude, sir,—

*Sophia.* Peggy, have done.

*Ann.* It is Sir John.

*Peggy.* I'm sure he looks compliant.

*Sophia.* } From hence he goes,  
*Ann.* } To crush our foes,

*Sir J.* As Jack once did the giant.

*Sophia.* Remember your clients with troubles beset.

*Ann.* Remember Sophia, remember Annette.

*Sir J.* The cause of my clients, I'll never forget;  
The kiss of Sophia, the kiss of Annette.

[Exeunt.]

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—A Landscape.

Enter PEGGY, followed by LA NIPPE, rubbing one of his ears.

*Peggy.* If you offer to be impudent again, you shall have it on both ears instead of one. I tell you I'm a married woman. Is not that an answer?

*La N.* Yes, of encouragement my dear. It seldom is an objection in the world I have inhabited. In London, a man and his wife are as little acquainted as cousin-german. There are a few singular exceptions, to be sure, who Darby and

Joan it; but then everybody laughs at them. Domestic comfort is all buz, and matrimonial fidelity a bore. Convenience makes the match, and constitution breaks it. The lawyers construct the settlement; the licence is procured, and interpreted *ad libitum*; and the proctors finish what the lawyers began; for the matrimonial *tithe-a-licke*, commenced in Chancery-lane, is seldom carried on farther than Doctors Commons.

*Peggy.* The world is at a fine pass, by your account. If this be the new style of matrimony, heaven keep Miss Sophia clear of it, I say.

*La N. O, my dear, you need be in no pain about that; she is not in the least danger.*

*Peggy.* Why, did you not tell me your master was mad in love for her, and would make my fortune if I would help him?

*La N.* Exactly; but what has that to do with marriage?

*Peggy.* What the deuce has it else to do with?

(*Surprised.*)

*La N.* You're monstrous dull, child. With pleasure and profit. He'll love her out of vanity, if she is his mistress; he'd hate her for fashion's sake, if she was his wife. Let us get the couple well established in London, who knows but you and I may be exalted to their toads.

*Peggy.* Toads!

*La N.* One takes any name for a fortune, and this is become a fashionable one, I assure you. In short, you will be the companion of her pleasures; dressed as well as herself; courted by every man who has a design upon her; make a market of her every day. You'll have me to assist you; we'll divide the spoil, settle a snug establishment of our own, and—

*Peggy.* Indeed! I've no longer any patience with the fellow's impudence! (*Aside.*) And have you the assurance—

*La N. (Stops her mouth.)* Come, don't be silly, and angry now. I have dealt openly with you, knowing you to be a girl of sense and spirit. (*She seems angry.*) Don't be in a passion, I tell you. Here, did you ever see this sort of thing before? (*Shows a rouleau of guineas.*)

*Peggy.* What is it?

*La N. (Measures the rouleau with his fingers.)* A rouleau. Fifty guineas in this small compass! One may know, from its make, it is from the first club in town. There it is, escaped from sharpers and creditors, to purchase beauty and kindness.

*Peggy.* I could tear his eyes out! Is there no way to be even with him! (*Aside.*)

*La N.* Ay, take a minute, my dear, to consider; I know but few of your sex would require that time.

*Peggy.* No means of fitting the rogue? 'Gad! I have a thought, if I am not too much in a passion to dissemble. I am not much used to artifice, but they say it never fails a woman at a pinch. (*Aside. Looks kindly.*) Why, to be sure, I was considering upon that little device. Let's feel: is it heavy? (*Takes the money.*)

*La N.* Oh! of great weight.

*Peggy.* Let not at all; I could carry a hundred of 'em. But, pray now, tell me fairly what I am to do for it.

*La N.* Merely an office of good nature; you are to put your mistress into my master's arms. You women can do more with one another in this sort of business in a day, than a lover (at least, such a one as ours,) can do in a year.

*Peggy.* Bless us! how modest you are all at once! Speak out. I am to seduce my mistress for—

*La N.* Fie! what names you are giving things! That, child, is not the new philosophy. You are merely to remove prejudices, to open a friend's eyes to their interest, to—Zounds! child, it's an office for a statesman.

*Peggy.* Oh! that's all.

*La N.* Net quite all: you know there's a something that regards ourselves; but that goes of course in negotiations of this sort.

*Peggy.* Oh! does it? And what do you call this pretty invention?

*La N.* An abridgment of polite arithmetic. A purse requires counting, which is troublesome; a note requires reading, which, to some persons, may be inconvenient; it is the true golden mean, and works wonders. You are a girl exactly after my own heart. Where shall we meet?

*Peggy.* Why, you must know, this is the day of our wake; and Sir John Contrast gives a treat to all his tenants, and everybody will be busy; so, about an hour before sun-set, come to the hay-rick, by the pool of the farm-yard.

*La N.* You jade, I shall have no patience if you make me wait.

*Peggy.* Whenever I see the coast clear, I'll come. In the meantime, you'll find a harvest keg, with a cup of cordial to keep up your spirits.

*La N.* A very necessary precaution, in the business of intrigue we are going about. A keg of spirits, you say?

*Peggy.* Oh, yes! in the country, we never make a bargain with dry lips.

*La N.* Ho, ho! my dairy-maid drinks drama. (*Aside.*)

*Peggy.* Be sure now to be punctual.

*La N.* And you to be complying.

*Peggy.* Oh! as for that, you know, the rouleau secures me. [*Exeunt.*]

## SCENE II.—A Country Wake; *Booths, &c.*

### SERGEANT SASH and recruits discovered.

*Serg. S.* Come, stir, my lad; up with the rest of the bills. We shall have the wake ready before we begin.

### Enter RENTAL.

*Rent.* Heyday! what have we here? If you have any show to exhibit, friend, you ought to ask leave, before you erect your booth.

*Serg. S.* Ah, sir! the lord of the manor is too good a subject to obstruct my work, which is all *pro bono publico*.

*Rent.* By your dress you belong to the army. Pray, sir, what is your real business?

*Serg. S.* I am a manufacturer of glory, a recruiting-sergeant, come here to raise aspiring heroes from the cart-whip to the musket, from the plough-tail to the parade of honour.

*Rent.* Do you mean to drain our country of its most useful hands?

*Serg. S.* No, no; the industrious are the only useful to you, and we look only for the idle; in our hands they become of service to their country; for the cultivator and defender of the land are equally valuable members of the community. But, patience; you shall see me practise.

Enter RALPH.

Well, my brave lad, you're come in good time.

Ralph. Nos, be I though? Hast anything good to gi' I?

Serg. S. Good? Yes. Are you a judge of likenesses?

Ralph. Anan!

Serg. S. Do you think that a likeness? 'Tis the king's picture set in gold.

*(Shows him a guinea.)*

Ralph. He, he, he! By gums, it's a guinea! I ha' no' seen one this money a day. I thought all the guineas were hoarded up at our banks.

Serg. S. Your banks?

Ralph. Ay, our country banks. There were a little bank in our village, awhile sin; but there were a run upon it, a matter of twenty pounds in one day, and they stopped payment, of course. Ecod! I lost all my little earnings by it; I repositied all my wages there.

Serg. S. Then I'll tell you a way to make up your loss. You want money, the king wants men; so it's a mutual accommodation. What say you to being a soldier?

Ralph. What, a sodger in right earnest?

Serg. S. Why, you wouldn't make a jest of so honourable a profession? What say you, my brave fellow?

Ralph. Do you think I might ever be made a captain or a corporal?

Serg. S. A captain or a corporal! Ay, a general, as soon as either one or t'other. Oh! you'd cut a fine figure at the head of a regiment.

Ralph. *(Hold himself very upright, ludicrously exhibiting his figure.)* Why, I were always reckoned a pratty chapp, and were so upright, townfolk used to saw I had swallowed the cart-whip; and if I were dressed in a red scarlet coat, wi' a swash, a sword by my side, and a couple of jingle-bob knockers on my shoulders, there's no telling what sort of a figure I might cut. By gums, how my grandmother would stare! though she always said—and she was a woman of desarmment—"Ralph," says she, "you're cut out for a great man."

AIR.—RALPH.

*From a chick I were always a notable boy,**Took cutely my larning at school;**And granny, she said, her eyes sparkling wif joy,**I never should turn out a fool.**And, "Ralph," says she, "Pr'ythee, boy, hold up thy head:**Of thy face, thou need'st ne'er be asham'd."**And, s'jacking! I minded what old granny said,**For still at prefacement I am'd.**To wrastle and run,**Make at single-stick one,**I beat Cloddy, and Robin, and Roger;**And so upright I'd walk,**It were all the town-talk**That Ralph were cut out for a sodger.**Rou de dou, fai de ral.**Wi' the girls I were always a fav'rite, I know,**And as red coats they never refuse;**Mayhap, if so be for a sodger I go,**I among 'em may then pick and choose.**When I go to the wars for my country and king,**Ise kill every Frenchman I see;**But, hold, mayn't it turn out another guess thing?**The Frenchman, mayhap, may kill me.**No matter for that,**Wi' cockade i' my hat.**Ise strut above Robin and Roger,**And if I come back**Of my glory I'll crack,**Odsbobbins! Ise go for a sodger.**Rou de dou, fai de ral.*

Serg. S. Well said, my hero! give me your hand. There's the listing-money, and to-morrow you shall be attested.

Ralph. What be that?

Serg. S. You must be sworn. You're to take an oath to be true to your king and country.

Ralph. Oh, mun! there be no occasion for oaths; that come as natural as roast beef and plum pudding to every true-born Englishman.

Serg. S. Come along, my fine fellow.

*(Shakes him by the head. They retire up the stage.)*

Enter TRUMORE, hastily.

Tru. Which is the commander of the party?

Serg. S. Your pleasure, sir?

Tru. A musket in a regiment on foreign service.

Serg. S. And a handsome bounty to boot, my lad of mettle. This is something like a recruit.

Rent. What's this? Trumore enlisting! Can I believe my eyes? *(Apart to Trumore.)*

Tru. Yes, and your heart too, which is always on the right side of a well-meant action.

Rent. What has driven you to this act of desperation? *(Apart.)*Tru. Rashly quits this country: I am convinced his repugnance to my union with his daughter is the cause. He is positive—I am undone. He is, besides, in immediate trouble, perhaps going to gaol upon information for killing game, I must give him a proof of my respect and friendship, as well as of my resignation. *(Apart.)*Rent. Generous youth! But I'll let things go on; if they do not unitedly work upon the old man's heart, it must be adamant. *(Aside.)* Sergeant, you'll see Sir John Contrast.Serg. S. I shall attest my recruits before him, and this brave fellow at their head. *[Exit Rental.]*

Tru. I shall be ready; but there is a condition must first be complied with.

Serg. S. Name it.

Tru. Twenty guineas to make up a sum for an indispensable obligation. I scorn to take it as enlisting money; it shall be repaid.

Serg. S. You shall have it. Anything more?

Tru. Absence for half an hour: in that time, depend on't, I'll meet you at the castle.

*(Sergeant Sash gives him money. [Exit.]*

Enter CORPORAL DRILL.

Corp. D. There's a fine set of country fellows getting round us. A march and song might do well. *(Apart to Sergeant Sash.)*Serg. S. You are right. *(Apart.)* Come, my lads, we'll give you a taste of a soldier's life. Corporal Snap, give 'em the song our officers used to be so fond of. Strike up the drums.AIR.—*(Original.)*—CORPORAL SNAP.*Gallant comrades of the blade,**Pay your vows to beauty;**Mar's toils are best repaid;**In the arms of beauty.*

*With the myrtle into the vine,  
Round the laurel let them twine;  
Then to glory, love, and wine,  
Pay alternate duty.*

[Exeunt.]

## SCENE III.

Enter SOPHIA and ANNETTE, crossing the stage.  
TRUMORE follows hastily.

Tru. Stop, Sophia!

Sophia. Trumore, this is the only moment I could refuse listening to you. My father is, for aught I know, going to gaol.

Tru. Comfort yourself on his part. I promise you his safety. I wouldn't leave the country till I was certain of it. I will now take leave of him, of you, and all that makes life dear.

Sophia. Oh, my fears! what means that riband in your hat?

Tru. The ensign of honour, when worn upon true principles. A passion for my country is the only one that ought to have competition with virtuous love: when they unite in the heart, our actions are inspiration.

## AIR.—TRUMORE.

*The cause of my country demands that I go,*

*This colour with ardour I wear!*

*'Tis the symbol of glory: a smile then bestow,*

*And no prize with its worth shall compare;*

*This riband for thee and my country shall prove,  
The ensign of honour, the emblem of love.*

*Let thy prayers for thy soldier, when absent, arise,*

*Who with glory to thee may return;*

*If he fails for his country, with glory he dies,*

*And his end is too noble to mourn.*

*This riband, &c.*

Sophia. This is too much for me. These heroic notions, how often do they lead to the misery of ourselves and of those we leave! I claim no merit in my apprehensions. Alas! they are too selfish.

Tru. I come to bid farewell in one short word; but utterance fails me. Annette, speak for me; and when I am gone, comfort your sister.

Ann. Indeed, Trumore, it will be out of my power: my notes now will be as melancholy as her own.

## Enter RENTAL.

Rent. What is here? A concert of sorrow? Reserve your tears, my young mistresses, if your smiles will not do the business better, to work upon the old baronet, in the cause of your father. He is going before him. Let a parent owe his happiness to you, in the first place, and may it be an omen for your lover being as fortunate in the next.

Tru. Rashly before the justice! I have an interest and business there before you. I fly to execute it. Then, heaven grant me one more interview with her, and take me afterwards to thy direction! [Exit.]

Rent. The moment is strangely critical to you all. Come in, young ladies. I have a story for you will surprise and encourage you.

Sophia. We are guided by you: but what can we hope for our ally tears, opposed to the malice of my father's enemies?

Rent. Everything. You know not half the interest you possess in the judge. [Exeunt Rent and Sophia.]

Ann. Indeed! My sister takes this too much to heart. Love is nothing without crosses; and if there was not a parting now and then, one would never know the pleasure of a meeting.

## AIR.—ANNETTE.

*If I had a beau*

*For a soldier who'd go,*

*Do you think I'd say no?*

*No, no, not I:*

*When his red coat I saw,*

*Not a sigh would it draw,*

*But I'd give him élat*

*For his bravery.*

*If an army of Amazons e'er came in play,  
As a dashing white sergeant I'd march away.*

*When my lover was gone,*

*Do you think I'd take on,*

*Sit moping, forlorn?*

*No, no, not I:*

*His fame my concern,*

*How my bosom would burn*

*When I saw him return,*

*Crown'd with victory.*

*If an army, &c.*

[Exit.]

## SCENE IV.

Enter PEGGY, with an empty harvest-bag.

Peggy. Ha, ha, ha! the rogues has drunk it every drop. Poppy-water and cherry-brandy together, work delightfully. He'll sleep some hours in a charming ditch to which I had him conveyed. Pleasant dreams to you, Mr. La Nippe: what would I give if I could requite your master as well.

## Enter CORPORAL DRILL.

Corp. D. [My life on't, the dog's off. The moment Sergeant Sash told me of his palaver, I suspected he was an old hand, with his voluntary service, his honour, and his half-hour. (Sees Peggy.) Mistress, did you see a young fellow, with a scarlet cockade in his hat, pass this way?

Peggy. Not I, indeed, friend; I was otherwise employed.

Corp. D. Nay, don't be cross. We are looking for a deserter; if you can give me intelligence, you you shall have the reward for apprehending him.

Peggy. Here's another bribe; one may have 'em, I see, for betraying either sex. (Looking out.) Hey! who's this coming? the hero of the plot, young Contrast; (rummages.) it would be special vengeance; a bold stroke it's true; but public justice to all womankind. Hang fear! I'll do't. (Aside.) Mr. What-d'y-call-um, did you ever see the man you are in search of?

Corp. D. No, but I think I should know him.

Peggy. That's your mark, I fancy. (Pointing.)

Corp. D. It must be so; but I don't see his cockade.

Peggy. O, it's not possible he should have pulled it out and thrown it away into the ditch, as he came over you stile.

Corp. D. Ah! an old hand, as I suspected. Meet me at the castle, where we shall convict him; you shall have the reward.

Peggy. Oh! to be sure; money does everything: but have some pity on the young man; don't be too severe with him.

Corp. D. No, no; handcuffs, the black-hole, and

bread and water till he's examined, that's all; a court-martial afterwards, and then the halberds.

*Puppy.* The first part will be a just retaliation for his roguery, the latter the interview with his father will prevent. *(Aside.)* Don't treat him hardy, poor fellow! Ha, ha, ha! *(Archly.)*

*[Exit.]*

*Enter CONTRAST, yawning; CORPORAL DRILL goes behind him, and taps him on the shoulder.*

*Corp. D.* Well overtaken, brother soldier!

*Con. Friend,* I conclude you are of this neighbourhood, by the happy familiarity that distinguishes it; but at present it is misapplied. You mistake me for some other.

*Corp. D.* Mistake you! No, no, your legs would discover you among a thousand. I never saw a fellow better set upon his piss.

*Con.* Not so much out there.

*(Looking at his legs.)*

*Corp. D.* But where have you been loitering so long? Is your knapsack packed?

*Con.* Sure, there is some mistake, or some strange quality in this air; the people are not only impudent, but mad.

*Corp. D.* I shall bring you to your senses though. Why did you pull your cockade out of your hat, you dog?

*Con.* Dog! You are an impudent puppy, by all that's canine! Cockade! what do you mean, fellow?

*Corp. D.* Don't fellow me; ar'n't you enlisted? have you not touched twenty guineas for the legs you are so proud of? pretty dearly bought!

*Con.* Now it's plain how well you know me; thy own gunpowder scorch me, if I'd lie two nights in a tent to be generalissimo of the united potatoes of Europe.

*Corp. D.* The dog's insolence outdoes the common—But come, march. *(Pushes him.)*

*Con. March! (Resisting.)*

*Corp. D.* Yes, and the rogue's march, too. *(Contrast resists more.)* Mutinous, eh!

*(Whistles.)*

*Enter six Soldiers, one with a knapsack.*

*1 Sold.* Here we are, corporal, what are your orders?

*Corp. D.* Lay hold of that fellow: he's a deserter, a thief, and the snarest dog in the army; have you no handcuffs?

*Enter MOLL FLAGGON.*

*Moll F.* No occasion for 'em, Corporal: don't be too hard upon the young man; brandy be my passion, but I like the looks of him. Here, my heart, take a whiff. *(Offers a pipe.)* What! not burn grinning? Come, load them.

*(Gives him a glass of brandy.)*

*Con.* It's plain; a set of murderers! no help, no relief!

*Moll F.* Belief, sirrah! you're not a sentry yet. Corporal, give me care of him. Moll Flaggon never failed when she answered for her man.

*Corp. D.* With all my heart, honest Moll, and see what you can make of him; he's an odd fish.

*Moll F.* An odd fish! I suppose, a little of the crab; but I'll make a true lobster of him before I've done. I'll make a soldier and a husband of him. Here, first of all, let's see. What a devil of a hat he's got! here, Jack, change with him. *(Puts a cap on his head.)* How it becomes him, like him like a glove on the wrong hand.

*Con.* Why, only hear me, I'm a man of fashion.

*Moll F.* Fashion! why, the fashion's altered now. I'll fashion thee. *(Puts a knapsack on him.)* There, now you look something like; and, in return for my having made you so smart, you must come down with the smart-money; so let's see what cash you have about you.

*Con.* Very little; but you shall have every farthing of it, if you will let me go.

*Moll F.* Go, you queer dog! ay, that you shall, through the world; you and I together. I'll stick to you through life, my son of sulphur.

*Con.* I'm a man of fashion, I tell you.

*Moll F.* You told me s' before, and I am a woman of fashion, and we shall match as well as most fashionable couples do; so march, my dear. Moll Flaggon's commanding officer; eyes right's the word; so, follow your nose, or I'll knock you down. March, I say, march, or hand over the cash.

*AIR.—(Original).—MOLL FLAGGON.*

*Come on, my soul,*

*Post the coil,*

*I must beg, or borrow;*

*Fill the can,*

*You're my man,*

*'Tis all the same to-morrow.*

*Sing and quaff,*

*Dance and laugh,*

*A fig for care or sorrow;*

*Kiss and drink,*

*But never think,*

*'Tis all the same to-morrow.*

*[Exit.]*

*SCENE V.—A large Gothic Hall.*

*Enter SIR JOHN CONTRAST.*

*Sir J. Egad!* I feel a strange interest in behalf of these girls, and their father too, though I have not seen him; I wonder who this decisive dog is who opposes them; I'll trim him. I begin to think decision without deliberation a little like obstinacy, which generally brings regret, when it is of no other use than to torment us fruitless; I don't know which is the worst, an obstinate man or obstinate woman.

*AIR.—SIR JOHN CONTRAST.*

*An obstinate man had a scold for his wife,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
They led, you'll suppose, a queer cat and dog life,  
Like tavern bells, always at jingle;  
Mr. P. was a man, to his word who stuck fast,  
He declar'd, "when he'd said it, he'd said it";  
Mrs. P. stuck to her word, and would have the last,  
So, for comfort you'll give 'em some credit,  
Poor souls!*

*To Richmond by water determin'd to go,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
He wanted the sail up, but she said "no!"  
The thoughts of it made her tingle;  
He insisted it should be put up, with a frown,  
And declar'd, when he'd said it, he'd said it";  
She wou'd, if it was put up she'd pull it down;  
So, for firmness you'll give 'em some credit,  
Queer souls!*

*For the sail then beginning to pull and to haul,  
Mr. and Mrs. Pringle;  
Says the boatman, "you'll into the Thames both fall,  
With other odd fish to mingle."  
And into the river they sure enough roll'd,  
As soon as the waterman said it;  
So, out of hot water, they got into cold,  
For extremes, then, you'll give 'em some credit,  
Firm souls!*

Enter SERGEANT SASH.

Well, Mr. Sergeant, I have attested part of the men, according to your beating order, and will finish the rest to-morrow; but I hope that nothing but honourable means have been resorted to in raising your recruits; for if I find to the contrary, I'll shew no more mercy to a poacher of men, than my son does to the poacher of manor game.

Serg. G. Your worship will find that I have acted fair and above board.

Enter CORPORAL DRILL, who whispers Sash.

But the Corporal has just apprehended a deserter; I am sure your worship would be glad to have him convicted; he is the worst of swindlers.

Sir J. True: he borrows for shew the most valuable commodities of the nation, courage and fidelity, and so raises money upon property of which he does not possess an atom; so bring him in. I'd rather see one thief of the public punished, than a hundred private ones.

Corp. D. Here, Moll, produce your prisoner.

Enter MOLL FLAGGON, who courtesies to Sir John.

Moll F. With all due veneration and reverence to your worshipful worship, we have comprehended a deserter, an obstinate rogue, who has taken the king's bounty, and like many others, abused it; and we have brought him to your worship, for the exercise of your worship's high prerogative, in all dignity and discretion.

Sir J. Silence, woman! if you deserve the name.

Moll F. Woman! no more a woman than your worship! Woman, indeed!

(Aside.)

Enter two soldiers, with CONTRAST.

Sir J. What, in the name of sorcery, is this? My son in soldier's accoutrements? I shouldn't have been more surprised, if he had been metamorphosed into a fish.

Con. I was in a very fair way to be food for one; I should have been shark's meat, before I got half way to the West Indies.

Sir J. Stark mad, by all that's obstreperous!

Moll F. Yes, he was very obstreperous, indeed, your worship.

Sir J. Peace, brute!

Moll F. Brute! to one of the fair sex!

(Aside.)

Sir J. Can nobody tell me how he was seized?

Con. By that ruffian, neck and heels; and for my accoutrements, you may ask this harpy, who assisted at my toilette.

Moll F. He was delivered to me, your worship, by the honourable Corporal; and I wished to make him look soldierlike and genteel for the honour of the service.

Sir J. I'll break your head for the honour of the service, you nondescript beldam (*Shakes his cane at her.*)

Moll F. Nondescript! I'm no nondescript, nor any such a thing, your worship; I'm a poor hard-working creature, with nothing but my reputation to depend on; and, as that's a delicate point to touch on, I hope your magnanimous worship won't injure it by any ungenteel observations.

Sir J. Begone, thou cargo of contraband commodities! thou retailer of run goods! thou—anything but woman.

Moll F. Anything but woman! he doubts my sex! (*Aside.*) I'll begone, your worship; but allow me to say, with all difference to your opinion, (*Affects to cry.*) that I hope I'm no disgrace to my sex; that I sell nothing but the true neat as imported; pay the duty honourably; and, though times are hard, to get an honest bit of bread, I never do more than double it on my customers. So, I hope your worship will bury all animosity, and in token of good-will, honour me with a chaotic salute.

Sir J. A what! If you don't get out of my sight, I'll salute your head with this cane. (*In a rage.*)

Moll F. Don't put yourself in a passion, your worship; I'll withdraw: a poor, lone, broken-hearted, injured woman!

(Retires, sobbing audibly.)

Sir J. How dare you, rascal, lay hands on the son of a baronet? (*To Corporal Drill.*)

Corp. C. A perfect innocent mistake, as I hope to be pardoned, your worship. But here comes the baggage that put him into my hands.

Enter PEGGY.

Peggy. Only a little retaliation, your worship. A wolf was in full chase of an innocent lamb, that, to be sure, I had foolishly helped to expose to its paws; a trap offered to my hand, and I must own I did set it, and the wolf was caught, as you see.

Con. Plague on you all mystery thickens, instead of clearing.

Serg. S. It's clear, however, my party is out of the scrape, and as for the fellow who was really enlisted—

Enter TREUMORE and RENTAL.

Tre. He is here to fulfil all his engagements.

Serg. S. Well said, my lad of truth; my twenty guineas are alive again, since you have not broken your parole.

Tre. Here are your twenty guineas; you shall see them employed; I would have mortgaged ten lives rather than have wanted them. (*To Sergeant Sash.*) Mr. Rashly is charged with informations for killing game to the amount of forty pounds; by assistance of this gentleman I have made up the sum: the law is cruel to him, to me it is kind; it enables me to shew him the heart he perhaps has doubted. (*To Sir John. Lays down the money.*) He is free; and now, (*to Sergeant Sash*) sir, I am your man, and will follow wherever the service of my country leads.

Rent. Brave, generous fellow!

Sir J. Oh, Rental! I'm glad you're come; you find me in a wilderness here.



*Rent.* A moment, sir, and I'm sure you'll not mistake your path.

*Peggy.* *(Opening the rouleau.)* The twist is magical indeed, I think, for I can't undo it. Oh! there it is at last. *(Pours money on the table.)* Put up yours again, Mr. Trumore; poor fellow! you'll want it in your new life.

*Con.* One of my rouleaus! I have been robbed, I see, as well as kidnapped.

*Sir J.* Hussy! how came you by all that money?

*Peggy.* Perfectly honest: I sold my mistress and myself for it; it is not necessary to deliver the goods, for his honour is provided with a mistress.

*Sir J.* Rental, do you see into this?

*Rent.* Clearly, sir; and it must end with reconciling you to your son.

*Sir J.* How! reconcile me to bribery and debauchery! Never! If the dog could succeed with a girl by his face, or his tongue, or his legs, or any advantage nature has given him, why, there's a sort of fair play that might palliate; but there's an unmanliness in vice without passion. But where is this Rashly and his girls?

*Enter RASHLY, between his Daughters, they throw themselves at Sir John Contrast's feet. A long pause.*

This Rashly! this the father of these girls! Do not his features deceive me? who is it I see?

*(In great surprise.)*

*Rent.* The son I meant to reconcile, who offended upon principles the most opposite to those you just now condemned.

*Con.* My elder brother come to light!

*Sir J.* Rise till I'm sure I'm awake; this is the confusion of a delirium.

*Rent.* Why do you not speak, sir?

*(To Rashly.)*

*Rash.* What form of words will become me? To say I repent, would be an injury to the dead and living. I have erred, but I have been happy. One duty I can plead, resignation to your will, sir; so may I thrive in the decision of this anxious moment, as I never taxed your justice.

*Sir J.* *(After a pause.)* Rental, do you expect I ever shall retract?

*Rent.* No, sir; for I was a witness to your vows, that you would protect the father of your little clients against all his enemies; right or wrong they should yield.

*Sir J.* Yes; but I never thought how very stubborn an old fellow I should have to deal with.

*Rent.* Come forward, clients.

*Sophia.* I am overcome with dread.

*Sir J.* Come, I'll make short work of it, as usual; hear all, my decree is made.

*Rent.* Now, justice and parental feeling!

*Sophia.* Memory and tenderness!

*Con.* Caprice and passion! *(Aside.)*

*Sir J.* Decision and consistency! I discarded one son for a marriage; I have brought up a second to attempt to debauch his own niece. I'll try what sort of vexation the other sex will produce; so, girls, listen, take possession of this castle, it is yours. Nay, I only keep my word. You remember how I promised to treat the old obstinate your father was afraid of. This is the house of self-correction, and I give you the key.

*Sophia and Ann.* Gratitude, love, and joy! *(Kneeling.)*

*Sir J.* Up, ye little charmers! your looks have asked my blessing this hour.

*Rent.* And now for Trumore to complete the happiness. Sir John, permit me your ear apart.

*(Takes him aside.)*

*Con.* The chances are against me, and my last stake's at hazard: the run of the last twelve hours exceeds all calculation, strike me pennyless! Where is that dog, La Nippe?

*Enter LA NIPPE, covered with mud.*

*La N.* Here he is in a pleasant plight! essence of cabbage-water, and otto of assafœtida's fool to it! Paha!

*Con.* From whence, in the name of filth, com'st thou?

*La N.* From the bottom of a black ditch. How I got there, I know no more than the man in the moon. I waked and found myself half smothered with dirt, lying like king log in the fable, with a congress of frogs on my back.

*Peggy.* Very good companions for a toad, eh! I hope, my dear, you are satisfied with your bargain; I did my best to settle your business completely.

*La N.* Oh! thou witch of Endor!

*(They retire, acting in dumb show.)*

*Sir J.* Another plot upon me, Rental! But does the young fellow himself say nothing for his pretensions?

*Try.* I have none, sir: they aspired too high when directed to Sophy Rashly; they must cease for ever when I think of Miss Contrast.

*Sir J.* Now, for the blood of me, I can't see that distinction. Can you, Contrast?

*(To Rashly.)*

*Rash.* So far from it, sir, that I think the purity of his attachment to the poor farmer's daughter, is the best recommendation to the fortune of the heiress.

*Sir J.* I confirm the decree. I am now convinced mutual affection makes the only true equality in marriage. What say you, man of fashion?

*Rash.* Dear sir, don't treat my brother's foibles so severely; his zeal to be eminent only wants a right turn.

*Sir J.* Let him find that turn, and he knows I have wherewithal to keep him from the inconvenience of a younger brother, though he loses Castle Manor.

*Con.* I resign it with all its appendages; and with all my faults, my brother shall find I am neither envious nor mercenary.

*Sir J.* And now to turn to my recruit: I promised he should be attested to-night, and so he shall to his bride; and if afterwards his country demands his assistance, get him a commission, Sophy, and pray for a quick end to the war, a prayer in which every good subject in the nation will join you.

*Rent.* Sir, the tenants from the wake, in eagerness of their joy, press to be admitted.

*Sir J.* Then open the doors, and let old English hospitality be the order of the day at Castle Manor.

**FINALE—(Original)—RASHLY, ANNETTE,  
TRUMORE, &c.**

**Rash.** *Partners of my toils and pleasures,  
To this happy spot repair;  
See how justly fortune measures  
Favours to the true and fair.*

**Ans.** *With choruses gay, proclaim holiday,  
In praise of the Lord of the Manor;*

*And happy the song, if it trains old and young  
In the lessons of Castle Manor.*

**Chor.** *With choruses gay, &c.*

**Tra.** *Gallants, learn from Trumore's story,  
To associate in the breast,  
Truth and honour, love and glory,  
And to fortune leave the rest.*

**Chor.** *With choruses gay, &c.*

[Exeunt.]

# ARDEN OF FEVERSHAM.

AN HISTORICAL TRAGEDY, IN FIVE ACTS.—BY GEO. LILLO.



Arden.—"I PRAY THEE, LOOSE THY HOLD!"—Act iv, scene 2.

## Persons Represented.

LORD CHEYNEY.  
MAYOR OF FEVERSHAM.  
ARDEN.  
FRANKLIN.  
MICHAEL.

GREEN.  
MOSBY.  
BRADSHAW.  
BLACK WILL.  
SHAKEBAG.

ADAM FOWL.  
OFFICERS.  
SERVANT.  
ALICIA.  
MARIA.

### ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Street before Arden's door.*

MOSBY discovered.

Mos. The morning's dark and horrid as my purpose.

Thrice have my snares been laid for Arden's life,  
And thrice hath he escap'd. I am not safe:  
The living may revenge. Oh, could I win  
Alicia to conspire her husband's fall,  
Then might I say, security, thou'rt mine;  
And laugh at all to come. For other instruments,  
There's Green: he bears him hard about his suit  
For th' abbey-lands, to which the hot youth pleads

Some fancied right. Michael, the trencher fav'rite;  
A bastard, bred of Arden's charity;  
He has been privy to our secret joys,  
And, on that trust presuming, loves my sister;  
Winks at adultery, and may at murder.  
Maria is his price. I've plac'd her here,  
Companion of my sweet Alicia's hours,  
To spread her charms for ever in his eye:  
To her are all my visits. But Alicia—  
She must, she shall comply: when to my arms  
Her honour she resign'd, her fond reluctance  
whisper'd  
She could deny me nothing. This to try.

Digitized by [unclear] [Exit into Arden's house.]

SCENE II.—*A Chamber.*

ARDEN in his night-gown.

Arđ. Unhappy Arden, whither canst thou wander

To lay thy heavy load of sorrows down?  
Will change of place relieve th' afflicted mind,  
Or does all nature yield a balm to cure  
The pangs of slighted love and broken faith?  
Ungrateful, false Alicia! false with Mosby,  
The vile dependant of my foe profess'd;  
Lord Clifford's full-fed flatterer! Oh, damn'd—  
Come, Franklin, come: Arden, thy friend, invites thee;

And let me pour my griefs into thy bosom,  
And find in friendship what I've lost in love.

*Enter ALICIA.*

Alī. Why, Arden, do you leave your bed thus early?

Have cold and darkness greater charms than I?  
There was a time when winter nights were short,  
And Arden chid the morri that call'd him from me.

Arđ. This deep dissembling, this hypocrisy,  
(The last worst state of a degenerate mind)  
Speaks her in vice determin'd and mature.

*(Aside.)*

Alī. What maid, that knows man's variable nature,

Would sell her free estate for marriage bonds?  
From vows and oaths, and every servile tie,  
The tyrant man at pleasure is set free:  
The holy nuptial bond leaves him at large;  
Yet vests him with a power that makes us slaves.  
'Tis heavenly this—

Arđ. To stop my just reproach,  
Art thou the first to tax the marriage state?

Alī. Are you not jealous? Do you not give ear

To vain surmises and malicious tongues,  
That hourly wound my yet untainted fame?

Arđ. And would'st thou make me author of the shame

Thy guilt has brought on us? I'll bear no longer.  
The traitor, Mosby, curs'd, detested Mosby,  
Shall render an account for both your crimes.

Alī. What do I hear?

*(Aside.)*

Arđ. That base, mechanic slave  
Shall answer with his blood.

Alī. Oh, hear me speak.

Arđ. No, I am deaf: as thou hast ever been  
To fame, to virtue, and my just complaints.

Alī. Thus, on my knees—

Arđ. Adultress, dost thou kneel  
And weep, and pray, and bend thy stubborn heart  
(Stubborn to me) to sue for him? Away!  
Away this instant, lest I kill thee, too.

*(Recovering himself.)*

No; not the hell thou'st kindled in this bosom  
Shall make me shed thy blood.

Alī. I do not hope it.

Arđ. For me be as immortal as thy shame.

Alī. I see your cruel purpose: I must live,  
To see your hand and honour tain'd with blood;  
Your ample fortune seiz'd on by the state;  
Your life a forfeit to the cruel laws.  
Oh, Arden, blend compassion with your rage,  
And kindly kill me first.

Arđ. Not for my sake

Are all thy tears; then had you felt them sooner:

Plead not the ruin you have made; but say  
Why have you driven me to these extremes?  
Why sacrificed my peace, and your own fame,  
By corresponding with a menial slave?

Alī. Thou canst not think that I have wrong'd  
thy bed?

Arđ. Would I could not!

Alī. By heaven!—

Arđ. No perjuries.

But now, as you lay slumb'ring by my side,  
I still awake, anxious and full of thought,  
(For thou hast banish'd sleep from these sad eyes.)

With gentle accents thrilling with desire,  
You call'd on Mosby; love made me doubt my ears,

And question if the dark and silent night  
Conspir'd not with my fancy to deceive me:

But soon I lost the painful, pleasing hope;

Again you call'd upon your minion, Mosby.

Confirm'd, I strove to fly your tainted bed,

But, wanting strength, sunk lifeless on my pillow.

You threw your eager arms about my neck,  
You press'd my bloodless cheeks with your warm lips,

Which glow'd, adultress, with infernal heat!

And call'd a third time on the villain Mosby.

Alī. A dream, indeed, if e'er I call'd on him.

Arđ. Thy guilty dreams betray thy waking thoughts.

Alī. I know I'm simple, thoughtless, and unguarded;

And what is carelessness, you construe guilt.

Yet were I weak as those fantastic visions,

Sure, I could ne'er have condemn'd you, Arden,

On circumstances and an idle dream.

Arđ. But such a dream!

Alī. Yet were it but a dream,

Which, tho' I not remember, I shudder;

And mourn with tears, because it gives you pain.

Arden, you do not wish me innocent.

Or on suspicions could you deem me guilty?

Arđ. Not wish these insinuations? Do you think  
mariners,

When struggling with the raging seas for life,

Wish the assistance of some friendly plank?

'Tis that, and that alone, can bring me comfort.

Alī. Oh, jealousy, thou fierce, remorseless fiend,

Degen'rate, most unnatural child of love;

How shall I chase thee from my Arden's bosom?

Arđ. There is a way, an easy way, Alicia.

Alī. Oh, name it—speak.

Arđ. What's past may be forgotten.

Your future conduct—

Alī. You distract me, Arden.

Say, how shall I convince you of my truth?

Arđ. I ask but this: never see Mosby more.

By heaven, she's dumb! *(He starts.)*

Alī. Oh, how shall I conceal

My own confusion, and elude his rage?

*(Aside.)*

Arđ. Thou'rt lost, Alicia! lost to me and heav'n.

Alī. Indeed I'm lost, if you unkindly doubt me.

Arđ. Wilt thou, then, ne'er converse with Mosby more.

Alī. If e'er I do, may heav'n and you forsake me!

Arđ. You'll keep your word, Alicia? Pr'ythee, say.

Alī. You'll break my heart.

Arđ. I'd rather break my own.

Then thou art innocent, and lov'st me still.

*Al.* And ever will.

*Ar.* Give me thy hand—thy heart,  
Oh, give me that.

*Al.* That always was thy own.

*Ar.* Thou flatterer! then whence this cruel  
strife?

Still art thou cold: nor warm as thy embraces,  
Nor sparkle in thine eyes the fires of love:  
Cold, cold, and comfortless.

*Al.* Indeed you fright me.

*Ar.* 'Tis possible—

*Al.* What?

*Ar.* That thou may'st yet deceive me.

*Al.* Oh, I am wretched.

*Ar.* Both, perhaps, are so.

But if thou ever lov'd, thou'lt not despise me,  
And wilt forgive me, if, indeed, I've wrong'd  
thee,

As I've forgiven thee. Pity, I'm sure, I need.

[*Exit.*]

*Al.* Thou hast it, Arden, e'en from her that  
wronges thee.

All, all shall pity thee, and curse Alicia.  
Can I feel this, and further tempt the stream  
Of guilty love? Oh, whither am I fallen?

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* A happy day, Alicia; and may each  
morn  
Of coming life be usher'd with like joy.  
Franklin, from court return'd has brought the  
grant

Of the abbey-lands, confirm'd by the young king,  
To Arden for his life: nor will deliver  
But to himself the dead.

*Al.* A worthy friend!

The grant is not more welcome to my husband,  
Than Franklin's company.

*Mar.* He's flown to meet him.

*Enter a Servant.*

*Serv. (To Maria.)* Madam, your brother Mosby—

*Al.* Where is Mosby?

*Serv.* He waits below.

*Al.* Oh! haste, and lead me to him.

*Serv.* Madam, he but desires to see his sister.

*Al.* His sister! What, did he not ask for me?

*Mar.* Perhaps—

*Al.* Pray, give me leave—looks he in health?

*Serv.* He seems in health.

*Al.* Here, and not ask for me!

Seems he or angry, then, or melancholy?

Answer me, stock, stone!

*Serv.* Truly, I can't say.

*Al.* Thou canst say nothing. Get thee from my  
sight.

Yet, stay—no matter. I'll myself go seek him.

[*Exeunt Alicia and Serv.*]

*Mar.* Where reason is, can passion thus prevail?

[*Exit.*]

SCENE III.—A Parlour in Arden's House.

*Enter ALICIA meeting MOSBY.*

*Al.* Mosby, that brow befits our wayward fate.  
The evil hour, long fear'd, is fall'n upon us,  
And we shall sink beneath it. Do not frown;  
If you're unkind, to whom shall I complain?

*Mos.* Madam, it was my sister I expected—

*Al.* Am I forgotten, then? Ungrateful man!  
This only could have added to my woes.

Did you but know what I have borne for you,  
You would not thus, unmov'd, behold my tears.

*Mos.* Madam, you make me vain.

*Al.* Insult not, Mosby.

You were the first dear object of my love,  
And could my heart have made a second choice,  
I had not been the object of your scorn:  
But duty, gratitude, the love of fame,  
And pride of virtue, were too weak 't erase  
The deep impression of your early vows.

*Mos.* Therefore, you kindly chose to wed an-  
other.

*Al.* Reproach me not with what I deem'd my  
duty.

Oh! had I thought I could assume the name,  
And never know th' affection of a wife,  
I would have died ere giv'n my hand to Arden.

*Mos.* You gave him all.

*Al.* No, no; I gave him nothing:

Words without truth; a hand without a heart.  
But he has found the fraud; the slumbering lion,  
At length, hath rous'd himself—

*Mos.* And I must fall

The victim—

*Al.* No, he knows not yet his wrongs.

*Mos.* But quickly will.

*Al.* That, that's my greatest fear.

*Mos.* Then, branded with a strumpet's hated  
name,

The cause abhor'd of shame, of blood, and ruin,  
Thou'lt be expos'd and hooted thro' the world.

*Al.* Oh! hide the dreadful image from my view  
Chaste matrons, modest maids, and virtuous  
wives,

Scorning a weakness, which they never knew,  
Shall blush with indignation at my name.

*Mos.* My death—but that, tho' certain—

*Al.* Labour not

To drive me to despair. Fain would I hope—

*Mos.* You may—and be deceiv'd. For me, I  
know

My fate's resolv'd: and thee the instrument;  
The willing instrument of Mosby's ruin.

Inconstant, false Alicia!

*Al.* False indeed;

But not to thee, cruel, injurious Mosby.

*Mos.* Injurious! false one, might not all these  
dangers

That threaten to involve us both in ruin,  
Ere this have been prevented?

*Al.* Ha! Say on.

*Mos.* And not preventing, art not thou the cause?

*Al.* Ah! whither, Mosby, whither would'st thou  
drive me?

*Mos.* Nay, didst thou love, or would'st secure thy  
fame,

Preserve my life, and bind me yours for ever,  
'Tis yet within your power.

*Al.* By Arden's death!

Mean'st thou not so? speak out, and be a devil.

*Mos.* Yes, 'tis for thee I am so. But your looks  
Declare, my death would please you better, madam.

*Al.* Exaggerating fiend! be dumb for ever.

His death! I must not cast a glance that way.

*Mos.* Is there another way? Oh! think, Alicia.

*Al.* I will, for that will make me mad: and  
madness

Were some excuse. Come, kind distraction!  
come,

And Arden dies : my husband dies for Mosby.

(*Shrinks and runs to Mosby.*)

Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN.

He's here! Oh, save me! tell me, did he hear?

Arden. (*Starting.*) Franklin, support your friend.  
I shake with horror.

Frank. What moves you thus?

Arden. See, Mosby with my wife!

Mos. But, madam, I shall spare your farther trouble:

In happy time behold my neighbour here.

(*As taking leave of Alicia.*)

Alicia. Mischief and wild confusion have begun.

And desolation waits to close the scene. [*Erit.*]

Mos. Sir, I would gladly know, whether your grant

Of the rich abbey-lands of Feversham  
Be yet confirm'd or not?

Arden. What, if I tear

Her faithless heart, ev'n in the traitor's sight,  
Who taught it falsehood? (*Aside.*)

Frank. He is lost in thought.

But I can answer that: it is confirm'd.  
I brought the deed, with the great seal annex'd,  
Sign'd by our pious Edward and his council.

Mos. I'm satisfied.

Arden. So am not I. By hell,  
There's justice in the thought. I'm strangely  
tempted. (*Aside.*)

Mos. My friend seems rapt in thought: I came  
to advise him.

That Green, by virtue of a former grant  
His father long enjoy'd—

Arden. For my estate,

The law and this good seal is my security;  
To them I leave Green and his groundless claim.  
But my just right to false Alicia's heart,  
(So dearly purchas'd with a husband's name,  
And sacred honour of a gentleman.)  
I shall assert myself, and thus secure  
From further violation. (*Draws.*)

Mos. Her known virtue  
Renders the injury your fancy forms,  
A thing of air.

Frank. Impossible to thought.

Whence, Arden, comes this sudden madness on  
thee,

That your Alicia, ever dear esteem'd,  
And deeply lov'd—

Arden. Out on the vile adulteress!

But thou demure, insinuating slave, (*To Mosby.*)  
Shalt taste my vengeance first. Defend thyself.

Mos. I scorn to take advantage of your rage.

Arden. A coward, too. Oh! my consummate  
shame.

Mos. This I can bear from you.

Arden. Or any man.

Why hangs that useless weapon by your side,  
Thou shame to manhood? Draw. Will nothing  
move thee? (*Strikes Mosby.*)

Frank. Hold! Whither would your mad revenge  
transport you?

Arden. Shall shameful cowardice protect a villain!

Mos. You choose a proper place to shew your  
courage.

Arden. Go on. I'll follow to the ocean's brink,  
Or to the edge of some dread precipice,  
Where terror and despair shall stop thy flight,  
And force thy trembling hand to guard thy life.

Mos. What I endure to save a lady's honour!

(*To Franklin.*)

Frank. Your longer stay will but incense him  
more.

Pray, quit the house.

Mos. Sir, I shall take your counsel.

Arden. He hath escap'd me, then. But, for my  
wife—

Frank. What has she done?

Arden. Done! Must I tell my shame?

Away, begone; lest, from my prey withheld,  
I turn, and tear th' officious hand that holds me.  
Soft! art thou Franklin? Pardon me, sweet  
friend:

My spirits fail—I shake—I must retire.

Frank. To your Alicia?

Arden. To my lonely couch;

For I must learn to live without her, Franklin.

Frank. Pray heaven forbid!

Arden. To hate her, to forget her, if I can:  
No easy task for one who doats like me.

From what a height I'm fallen! Once smiling  
love

Of all its horrors robb'd the blackest night,  
And gilt with gladness ev'ry ray of light,  
Now tyrant-like his conquest he maintains,  
And o'er his groaning slave with rods of iron reigns  
[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—The Street.

Enter GREEN and MOSBY.

Green. You pity me, and know not my estate.  
I'm ruin'd, Mosby, thoughtless and ill-advis'd;  
My riotous youth will leave my age a beggar.  
These abbey-lands were all the hopes I'd left:  
My whole support.

Mos. Base and ungentle Arden!  
To force a man, born equal to himself,  
To beg or starve.

Green. By heaven! I will do neither:

I'll let the proud oppressor know—

Mos. How blind is rage!

Who threatens his enemy, lends him a sword  
To guard himself.

Green. Robb'd of the means of life,  
What's life itself? an useless load, a curse;  
Which yet I'll dearly sell to my revenge.

Mos. You mean to kill him, then?

Green. I do, by heaven!

Mos. Suppose you fail.

Green. I can but lose my life.

Mos. Then where is your revenge, when he, so  
cure,

Riots unbounded in his ill-got wealth?

Green. What can I do?

Mos. 'Tis plain you wish him dead.

Green. Each moment of his life is to my soul  
A tedious age of pain; for while he lives,  
Contempt, and all the ills a Lazar knows,  
Must be my wretched lot, and lengthen out  
The miserable hours. What grovelling wretch  
Would wish to hold his life on such conditions?

Mos. But change the scene: suppose but Arden  
dead,

Your land restor'd, and fortune in your pow'r;  
Honour, respect, and all the dear delights  
That wait on wealth, shall wing the joyful hours,

And life contracted seem one happy day.  
I hate this Arden, and have stronger motives  
Than any you can urge to wish his death;  
He has accus'd, insulted, struck me;  
Nay, his fair, virtuous wife, on my account—

*Green.* If fame speaks true, you're to be envied there.

*Mos.* The world will talk—But be that as it may, I want not cause, nor will, nor means, nor friends.

*Green.* Nor opportunity shall long be wanting.

*Mos.* Enough: his fate is fix'd. See, Bradshaw's here.

Enter BRADSHAW.

*Brad.* Save, save you, gentlemen.

*Mos.* We thank you, neighbour.  
But whither in such haste?

*Brad.* To the Isle of Sheppey,  
To wait on good Lord Cheyney. As he holds  
In high esteem our worthy townsman, Arden,  
I shall first call on him. 'Tis well I met you,  
For yonder two were but bad road-companions.

*Green.* They seem of desperate fortunes.

*Mos.* Have they names?

*Brad.* One I know not; but judge him from his comrade.

The foremost of the two I knew at Boulogne,  
Where, in the late king's reign, I serv'd myself.  
He was a corporal then, but such a villain!  
Beneath a soldier's name: a common cut-throat,  
That preys on all mankind, and knows no party.

*Mos.* A horrid character you give him, Bradshaw.

*Brad.* No worse than he deserves.

*Mos.* (*Aside.*) An useful hint:  
He shall not want employment. What's his name?

*Brad.* Black Will. His family-name I never heard.

*Mos.* (*To Green.*) A word—write you a letter to Alicia:

Disguise your hand. This honest fool may bear it.

Hint at these men. In case her courage fail,  
She will be glad to shift the deed on them.

*Green.* I am instructed.

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

*B. Will.* What, comrade Bradshaw. How fare you, man? 'Sblood! dost not remember honest Black Will. Why, thou'rt grown purse-proud, sure.

*Brad.* Why, you are not easily forgotten, Will. But, prithee, what brings thee to Feversham?

*B. Will.* A soldier, you know, is at home wherever he comes. *Omne solum fortis patri.* There's Latin. Give's a taster.

*Brad.* In time of peace we should apply to some honest, creditable business, and not turn the name of soldier into vagabond.

*B. Will.* Yes, as you have done. I'm told, you keep a goldsmith's shop here in Feversham; and, like a mechanical rogue, live by cheating. I have more honour.

*Brad.* Would thou hadst honesty!

*B. Will.* Where do our honesties differ? I take a purse behind a hedge, and you behind a counter.

*Brad.* Insolent slave!

*B. Will.* You cent, per cent rascal! I may find a time to teach you better manners.

*Brad.* Go, mend thy own.

*B. Will.* Thou wert always a sneaking fellow, Bradshaw, and could'st never swear, nor get drunk. Come, shall I and my comrade Shakebag taste your ale?

*Brad.* My house entertains no such guests. Farewell, gentlemen.

*Mosby.* Along with Bradshaw,  
And leave the management of these to me.

(*Aside to Green.*)

*Green.* It shall be done. Bradshaw, a word with thee.

*Brad.* Your pardon, gentlemen.

[*Exit Green and Brad.*]

*B. Will.* He was a cadet in the last French war. like other soldiers, then; but now he has got a neat and feathered it a little, he pretends to reputation. 'Sblood! had this been a fit place, he had not escap'd me so. You have surveyed us well. (*To Mosby.*) How do you like us?

*Mosby.* Methinks I read truth, prudence, secrecy,

And courage writ upon your manly brows.

*B. Will.* What hellish villany has this fellow in hand, that makes him fawn upon us? (*Aside.*)

*Mosby.* I fear the world's a stranger to your merit.

If this may recommend me to your friendship—  
(*Gives a pause.*)

*B. Will.* Of what dam'd deed is this to be the wages?

*Shake.* Hast ever an elder brother's throat to cut?

*B. Will.* Or an old peevish father to be buried?

*Mosby.* Neither of these.

*Shake.* A rival then, mayhap.

*Mosby.* There your come nearer to me.

*Shake.* Then speak out.

We're honest, sir.

*B. Will.* Trusty, and very poor.

*Mosby.* Metal too fit for me. (*Aside.*) Then, hear me, sir.

But you must both, ere I disclose my purpose, Promise, and bind that promise by your oaths, Never—(*They both laugh.*)—Why this unseasonable mirth?

*B. Will.* You'd have us swear?

*Mosby.* Else why did I propose it?

*B. Will.* There's the jest. Are men who act in despite of all law, honour, and conscience; who live by blood; (as it is plain you think we do;) are we free-thinkers, like silly wenches and canting priests, to be confined by oaths?

*Shake.* Would you bind us, let the price equal the purchase, and we'll go to hell for you with pleasure.

*Mosby.* Horrid! they shock ev'n me who would employ 'em.

(*Aside.*)

I apprehend: the business, then, is this: 'n Feversham, there lives a man, call'd Arden, in general esteem, and ample means; And has a wife the very pride of nature. I have been happy long in her affections; And, he once dead, might with her share his fortunes.

He's jealous, too, of late, and threatens me. Love, int'rest, self-defence, all ask his death.

*B. Will.* This man you'd have despatch'd?

*Mos.* I would.

*B. Will.* Rich, you say?

*Mos.* Immensely so.

*B. Will.* And much below'd?

*Mos.* By all degrees of men.

*B. Will.* George, this will be a dangerous piece of work.

*Shake.* D—d dangerous. A man so known; and of reputation, too.

*B. Will.* And then, the power and number of his friends must be considered.

*Mos.* What, does your courage shrink already, sir?

*Shake.* No.

*B. Will.* This is ever the curse of your men of true valour; to be the tools of crafty, cowardly knaves, who have not the heart to execute what their heads have projected. It is a d—d, ungrateful world. What money have you more about you?

*Mos.* Ten pieces.

*B. Will.* I've had as much for stealing a dog.

*Mos.* I give you that as a retaining fee:

When the deed's done, each shall have twice that sum,

And a good horse to further his escape.

*Shake.* Sir, will you have him murdered in a church?

*Shake.* Or on the altar? say the word, and it shall be done.

*Mos.* Some safer place; the street, highway, or fields,

Will serve my turn as well.

*Shake.* Just as you please.

*Mos.* Where may I find you, gentlemen?

*B. Will.* At Adam Fowl's, the Flower-de-luce.

*Mos.* I have confederates in this design; When we've contriv'd the manner of his death, I'll send you word.

*B. Will.* You'll find us always ready.

*Mos.* And determined?

*B. Will.* Ay, fear not. Farewell.

[*Exeunt several ways.*]

## SCENE II.—A Room in Arden's house.

*Enter ALICIA, with a letter.*

*Al.* He doubts me; yet he dares not tell me so! But thus, by Green, whets my unsettled mind.

[*Reads.*]

"Strike home, or not at all. In case you fail, We have found instruments by means of Bradshaw."

He shall not find me undetermined now. Hark! Michael's on the watch. If Arden sleeps, (For so he seems dispos'd,) he'll bring me word: That's the safest time. This promis'd marriage With Mosby's sister has remov'd his qualms.

*Enter MICHAEL.*

Why dost thou break me unawares?

What of your master?

*Mich.* He's scarce sunk to rest, But full of meditated rage 'gainst Mosby.

*Al.* He'll sleep in a while ere long.

*Mich.* Think not on that.

Oh! did Maria bless me with her smiles, As you do Mosby, had I twenty lives, I'd risk 'em all to win her to my arms.

*Al.* I pray thee, leave me, Michael. [*Exit Mich.*]

What is nature?

There is a pow'r in love, subdues to itself All other passions in the human mind.

This wretch, more fearful than the lonely murderer,

Who with enquiring eyes some stranger views,

Would meet the king of terrors undismay'd,

For her he loves, and dare him to the combat.

And shall not I preserve my Mosby's life,

And shall not I a husband! What's a husband?

I have a soul above th' unnatural tie,

That tells me, I'm his right, and only his,

Who won my virgin heart. Ye tender parents,

Whose cruel kindness made your child thus wretched,

Turn not your eyes towards earth to view this scene;

'Twill make you sad in heav'n.

[*Exit.*]

## SCENE III.—Another Room.

*ARDEN sleeping on a couch. Enter ALICIA with a dagger in her hand.*

*Al.* See! Jealousy o'erwatch'd its sunk to rest, While fearful guilt knows no security, But in repeated crimes. My weary eyes, Each moment apprehensive of his vengeance, Must seek for rest in vain till his are clos'd. Then for our mutual peace, and Mosby's love.

[*Approaching to stab him, starts.*]

He wakes! Defend me from his just revenge!

And yet, he sees me not, nor moves a finger To save his threaten'd life. Then, whence that voice,

That pierc'd my ears, and cried, Alicia, hold!

Can mimic fancy cheat the outward sense, And form such sounds? If these heart-racking thoughts

Precede the horrid act, what must ensue?

Worse plague I cannot fear from Arden's death;

But from his life, the death of him I love.

Perish the hated husband! Wherefore hated?

Is he not all that my vain sex could wish?

My eyes, while they survey his graceful form,

Condemn my heart, and wonder how it stray'd.

He sighs—he starts—he groans. His body sleeps,

But restless grief denies his mind repose.

Perhaps he dreams of me; perhaps he sees me.

Thus, like a fury, broke from deepest hell,

Lust in my heart, and murder in my hand—

[*Alicia drops the dagger. Arden starts up.*]

*Ar.* Her dagger, Michael! seize it, and I'm safe.

How strong she is! Oh! what a fearful dream!

Before me still! speak, vision, art thou Alicia,

Or but the coinage of my troubled brain?

*Al.* Oh, Arden! husband—lord—

*Ar.* Art thou my wife?

Thou'rt substance — I'm wrapp'd in wonder! Hence!

Hast lost all sense of fear as well as shame,

That thou durst haunt me thus, asleep and waking,

Thou idol and thou torment of my soul?

*Al.* My bleeding heart—

*Ar.* Away, begone and leave me;

Lest, in the transports of unbounded rage,

I rush upon thee, and deface those charms,

That first enslav'd my soul! mangle that face

Where, spite of falsehood, beauty triumphs still;

Mar that fair frame, and crush thee into atoms.

Avoid me, and be safe. Nay, now you drive me hence.

[*Alicia kneels, he turns away.*]



Cruel and false as thou hast been to me,  
I cannot see thee wring thy suppliant hands,  
And weep and kneel in vain. [Exit.

Alc. This, this is he  
I came prepar'd to murder. Carst Alicia!  
(Takes up the dagger.)

In thy own bosom plunge the fatal steel,  
Or his who robb'd thee of thy fame and virtue.  
It will not be: fear holds my dastard hand.  
Those chaster pow'rs that guard the nuptial bed  
From foul pollution, and the hand from blood,  
Have left heir charge, and I am lost for ever.

[Exit.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—A Road near Feversham.

Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.

Shake. D——n! posted as you were, to let him  
'scape!

B. Will. I pray thee, peace.

Shake. Green and I beheld him pass carelessly  
by within reach of your dagger. If you had held it  
but naked in your hand, he would have stabbed  
himself as he walked.

B. Will. I had not power to do it: a sudden damp  
came over me; I never felt so in my life. A kind  
of palsy seized me.

Shake. Palsy! when you're upon your duty! Go,  
go, and sleep, or drink away your fears. You  
tremble still.

B. Will. I tremble! my courage was never yet  
called in question, villain. When I fought at Bou-  
logne under the late king, both armies knew and  
feared me.

Shake. That might be, because they did not  
know you. Dog, I'll shake you off to your old  
trade of fleching in a throng. Murder's too genteel  
a business for your capacity. Sirrah! I have taken  
more gold at noon-day, than ever you fleched copper  
by candle-light.

B. Will. Cowardly slave, you lie!

Shake. A coward! 'Sblood! that shall be proved.  
Come on.

B. Will. To thy heart's blood.

Shake. To thine. (They fight.)

Enter GREEN.

Green. What are you mad? For shame, put up  
your swords.

Shake. Not till I've had his life.

B. Will. Fool, guard thy own.

Green. Pray hear me, gentlemen.

B. Will. Stand farther off.

Shake. Away.

Green. This broil will ruin all.

Shake. He begun it.

B. Will. Ay, and will end it too.

Green. Arden, you know, returns, and will you  
let him

Escape a second time?

Shake. Who did the first?

Green. No matter, that may be repair'd.

B. Will. Brand me with cowardice!

Green. Come, come, you're both to blame.

Speak, will you lay aside this senseless broil?

B. Will. Nay, let him speak.

Shake. Why, rather than lose this opportunity—

(Puts up his sword.)

B. Will. Ay, we'll defer it till Arden's dead;  
I'm for doing business first, and then for play.  
Shake. Challenge me, when thou darest.  
Green. The night draws on. Are you resolv'd?  
Shake. We are.  
Green. Enough. See where he comes. I must  
withdraw;

But when you've done the deed, and sent his  
soul—

No matter where—I'll come to you again. [Exit.

B. Will. Something rises in my throat; I can  
scarcely breathe: I'd rather poison half-a-dozen  
cardinals than kill this honest man; but I'll do't  
for my reputation.

Shake. He comes. Retire a little. Let him ad-  
vance, then bury your dagger in his heart. If you  
fail, I'll second you.

B. Will. Stand further off, I shall not need your  
aid.

Shake. Now strike.

Enter ARDEN first, and then LORD CHEYNEY,  
attendant.

B. Will. Again prevented! Ten thousand devils  
take them all!

Lord C. Arden, well met. You're to the Isle of  
Sheppey

Grown quite a stranger. Shall we see you there?

Arden. I purpos'd soon t' have waited on your lord-  
ship.

Arden. Well, will you sup with me to-night at  
Shorlow?

Arden. Franklin, my lord, who is my guest at pre-  
sent,

Expects me at my house.

Lord C. Then you will dine with me to-mor-  
row?

Arden. I'll not fail your lordship.

Lord C. Believe me, worthy friend, I'm glad to  
see you.

Walk you towards Feversham?

Arden. So please your lordship.

(Exit Lord C. and Arden.)

B. Will. Just as I had taken aim, too! 'Sblood!  
I could kill myself for vexation.

Enter GREEN.

Green. Well, Arden is at last dispatch'd?

Shake. Yes, safe to Feversham.

Green. Safe, say you? his good fortune mocks  
us all.

These strange escapes have almost stagger'd  
me;

But, thinking of my wrongs, I'm more confirm'd.

B. Will. Well said, my man of resolution. A gen-  
tleman commits a murder with double the satisfac-  
tion for such a heart. We must lay out snakes  
more cunning for the future.

Green. We should consult with Michael, Arden's  
man.

The pigmy-hearted wretch, though long ago  
He swore his master dead, acts with reluctance.

Shake. The coward must be spurred. He does it,  
or he dies.

Enter MICHAEL.

Mich. I saw my master and Lord Cheyney  
pass,

And my heart leap'd for joy. (Apart.)

B. Will. What says the villain?

Mich. Would I were gone! (Aside.) Sir, if I give  
offence— (Going.)

*Green.* Michael, come back; you must not leave us so.

*Mich.* What is your pleasure?

*Green.* Why, we understand You are in love with Mosby's beautiful sister.

*Mich.* Suppose I am.

*B. Will.* You deal too mildly with the peasant. You swore to kill your master, villain. Be an honest man of your word, and do't then, white liver!

*Mich.* Sir, I repented.

*B. Will.* Repented! What's that? Dog! know your rank, and act as we command, or your heart's blood—

*Mich.* What must I do? *(Frightened.)*

*B. Will.* Do! You must shew us the house, appoint the time and place, and lure your master thither. We'll take care of him without your trouble.

*Green.* So shall you purchase noble Mosby's friendship!

And, by his friendship, gain his sister's love.

*Mich.* They'll murder me, too, should I not comply. *(Aside.)*

*Green.* Think on your love, your interest.

*B. Will.* Or your death.

*Mich.* To-night, soon as the abbey-clock strikes ten, *(Trembling.)*

Come to his house, I'll leave the doors unbar'd: The left-hand stairs lead to my master's chamber: There take him, and dispose him as you please.

*Green.* This cannot fail.

*Shake.* Unless this love-sick coward thinks to deceive us.

*Mich.* I will not, by heaven!

*B. Will.* I believe thee; for, by hell! thou dar'st not.

*[Exeunt Green, B. Will, and Shake.]*

*Mich.* Master, thy constant love and daily bounty Deserve more grateful offices from Michael.

*[Exit, weeping.]*

## SCENE II.—A Room in Arden's House.

*ALICIA discovered.*

*Ali.* When vice has spread her poison thro' the soul,

How lifeless, slow, confus'd, and insincere,  
Are our resolves in the pursuits of virtue!  
What wonder, then, heav'n should refuse its aid  
To thoughts, that only blossom for a time,  
Look-blooming to the eye, but yield no fruit.

*Enter MOSBY.*

*Mos.* I come, Alicia, to partake thy griefs;  
For fire divided burns with lesser force.

*Ali.* I know thee: thou art come to fan the flame

Thy breath hath kindled here, till it consume us  
But tears and sighs shall stifle in my heart  
The guilty passion.

*Mos.* Is heroic love,

That form'd the bright examples of thy sex,  
Made their lives glorious, and their fame immortal,  
A crime in thee? Art thou not mine by oaths,  
By mutual sufferings, by contract mine?

*Ali.* Why do you urge a rash, a fatal promise,  
I had no right to make, or you to ask?  
Why did you practise on my easy heart?  
Why did I ever listen to your vows?

In me 'twas foolish guilt and disobedience;  
In you, 'twas avarice, insolence and pride.

*Mos.* 'Twas love in me, and gratitude in you.

*Ali.* 'Twas insolence in you, meanness in me  
And madness in us both. My careful parents,  
In scorn of your presumption and my weakness,  
Gave me in marriage to a worthy gentleman,  
Of birth and fortune equal to my own.

Three years I liv'd with him without reproach,  
And made him in that time the happy father  
Of two most lovely children. I, too, was happy;  
At least, I liv'd in hopes I might be so:

For time, and gratitude, and Arden's love,  
I hop'd might quench my guilty flame for you,  
And make my heart a present worthy him.

*Mos.* And dost thou glory in thy perjuries?

In love, inconstancy alone's a crime.  
Think on the ardour of our youthful passion,  
Think how we play'd with love; nor thought it  
guilt,

Till thy first falsehood, (call it not obedience,)  
Thy marriage with this Arden made me desperate;  
Think on the transports of our love renew'd,  
And—

*Ali.* Hide the rest, lest list'ning winds should  
hear,  
And publish to the world our shameful tale.  
Here let remembrance of our follies die.

*Mos.* Shall our loves wither in their early  
bloom?

*Ali.* Their harvest, else, will be to both our  
shames.

Hast thou not made a monster of me, Mosby?  
You should abhor me, I abhor myself.

When unperceiv'd I stole on Arden's sleep,  
(Hell steel'd my heart, and death was in my hand,)  
Pale anguish brooded on his ashy cheek,  
And chilly sweats stood shivering on his brow.  
Relentless murder, at a sight so sad,  
Gave place to pity; and, as he wak'd, I stood  
Irresolute, and drown'd in tears.

*Mos.* She's lost;

And I in vain have stain'd my soul with blood.  
*(Aside.)*

*Ali.* Give o'er in time: in vain are your at-  
tempts

Upon my Arden's life; for heav'n that wrested  
The fatal weapon from my trembling hand,  
Still has him in charge.

*Mos.* Little she thinks *(Aside)*

That Arden's dead ere now. It must be so;  
I've but that game to play, ere it be known.

*Ali.* I know our dangerous state; I hesitate;  
I tremble for your life; I dread reproach.  
But we've offended, and must learn to suffer.

*Mos.* Then Arden live in his Alicia's breast,  
And Mosby wretched. Yet should chance or na-  
ture

Lay Arden gently in a peaceful grave,  
Might I presume to hope? Alicia, speak.

*Ali.* How shall I look into my secret thoughts,  
And answer what I fear to ask myself?

*(A long pause.)*

*Mos.* Silence speaks best for me. His death once  
known,

I must forever the fact, and give these tools  
To public justice: and not live in fear. *(Aside.)*

Thy heart is mine. I ask but for my own.  
Truth, gratitude, and honour, bind you to me,  
Or else you never lov'd.

*Ali.* Then why this struggle?

Not lov'd! Oh! had my love been justly plac'd,

Assure it was exalted and sincere,  
I should have gloried in it, and been happy.  
But I'll no longer live the abject slave  
Of loose desire: I disclaim the thought.

*Mos.* I'll ask no more what honour should deny;

By heav'n, I never will!

*Alk.* Well, then, remember,

On that condition only, I renew

My vows. If time and the event of things

(*Giving her hand.*)

Should ever make it lawful, I'll be yours.

*Mos.* Oh! my full joys—

*Alk.* Suppress thy frantic transports;

My heart recoils, I am betray'd; oh! give me back  
My promis'd faith.

*Mos.* First, let the world dissolve.

*Alk.* There is no joy nor peace for you or me:

All our engagements cannot but be fatal.

*Mos.* The time may come when you'll have other  
thoughts;

*Tim.* Then, farewell (*Aside.*) Now, Fortune, do thy  
worst.

*Alk.* Mosby, return. He's gone, and I am  
wretched;

I should have banish'd him my sight for ever.

You happy few once, whose untainted fame

Has never yet been blasted with reproach,

Fly from th' appearance of dishonour far.

Virtue is arbitrary, nor admits debate:

To doubt is treason in her rigid court;

But if ye parley with the foe, you're lost.

(*Exit.*)

SCENE III.—Another Room in Arden's house.

ARDEN and FRANKLIN sitting together on a couch;

*Arden thoughtful.*

*Frank.* Nay, wonder not. Tho' ev'ry circum-  
stance

Thus strangely met to prove the lady false,

And justify the husband's horrid vengeance,

Yet it appears to ev'ry honest eye,

(Too late for the poor lady,) she was wrong'd.

*Ard.* Is't possible?

*Frank.* Ay, very possible:

He lives that proves it so. Conceal'd from jus-  
tice,

He pines with ceaseless sorrow for his guilt,

And each hour bends him lower towards his  
grave.

*Ard.* I know thy friendship and perceive its  
drift.

I'll bear my wrongs—for, sure, I have been  
wrong'd.

Do I but think so, then? What fools are men

Whom love and hatred, anger, hope, and fear,

And all the various passions, rule by turns,

And in their several turns alike deceive!

*Frank.* To cast away, and on suspicion only,

A jewel, like Alicia, were to her

Unjust, and cruel to yourself.

(*Clock strikes ten.*)

Good night,

The clock has stricken ten.

*Ard.* I thought it more.

*Frank.* I thought it not so much.

*Ard.* Why, thus it is:

Our happy hours are few, and fly so swift,

That they are past ere we begin to count 'em:

But when with pain and misery oppress'd,

Anticipating time's unvarying pace,

We think each heavy moment is an age.

*Frank.* Come, let's to rest. Impartial as the  
grave

Sleep robs the cruel tyrant of his pow'r,

Gives rest and freedom to the o'erwrought slave,

And steals the wretched beggar from his want.

Droop not, my friend, sleep will suspend thy  
cares,

And time will end them.

*Ard.* True; for time brings death,

The only certain end of human woes.

Sleep interrupts, but waking we're restor'd

To all our griefs again. Watching and rest,

Alternately succeeding one another,

Are all the idle business of dull life.

What shall we call this undetermin'd state;

This narrow isthmus 'twixt two boundless  
oceans;

That whence we came, and that to which we  
tend?

Is it life chequer'd with the sleep of death?

Or death enliven'd by our waking dreams?

But we'll to bed. Here, Michael, bring the  
lights.

*Enter MICHAEL, with lights.*

Heav'n send you good repose.

(*Gives Franklin a light.*)

*Frank.* The like to you.

*Mich.* Shall I attend to you, sir?

*Frank.* No, no; I choose to be alone. Good  
night,

(*Exit Franklin. Michael attends his master,  
and returns.*)

*Mich.* I, who should take my weapon in my  
hand

And guard his life with hazard of my own,

With fraudulent smiles have led him, unsuspecting,

Quite to the jaws of death: but I've an oath;

Mosby has bound me with a horrid vow,

Which, if I break, these dogs have sworn my  
death.

I've left the doors unbarr'd. Hark! 'twas the  
latch.

They come—I hear their oaths, and see their  
daggers

Insulting o'er my master's mangled body,

While he for mercy pleads. Good master, live:

I'll bar the doors again. But should I meet  
'em—

What's that? I heard 'em cry, "Where is this  
coward?"

Arden once dead, they'll murder me for sport.

Help! call the neighbours! Master! Frank! in!  
help!

*Enter ARDEN and FRANKLIN, undressed.*

*Ard.* What dismal outcry's this?

*Frank.* What frights thee, Michael?

*Mich.* My master, Franklin!

*Ard.* Why dost tremble so?

*Mich.* I dream'd the house was full of thieves and  
murderers.

(*Trembling.*)

*Ard.* Dream'd! what, awake? Are all the doors  
made fast?

*Mich.* I think they are.

*Arđ.* I'll go and see myself.  
*Frank.* You made a fearful noise.

*Mich.* Did I?

*Arden.* (Within.) Why, Michael!

*Frank.* You tremble still. Has any one been here?

*Mich.* No, I hope not. My master will be angry.

*Re-enter ARDEN.*

*Arđ.* This negligence not half contents me, sir:

The doors were all left open.

*Mich.* Sir—

*Arđ.* To bed,

And, as you prize my favour, be more careful.

[*Exit Michael.*]

*Frank.* 'Tis very cold. Once more, my friend—

*Arđ.* Good night.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Street before Arden's door; the door shut.*

*Enter BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG.*

*B. Will.* Zeunds! Michael has betray'd us;  
 The doors are fast. Away, away! Disperse!

[*Exeunt.*]

#### ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Flower-de-Luce.*

*Enter MOSBY and MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* Though I with oaths appeal'd to conscious heav'n,

That Arden rose and shut the door himself,  
 Yet, but for Green, these bloody rogues had kill'd me.

We must desist; Franklin and sweet Maria  
 Have promis'd, at Alicia's own request,  
 To interfere—

*Mos.* Such ever be the employ  
 Of him I hate.

*Mich.* The morning fair, all chang'd,  
 By me conjures you, (and with tears she spoke it.)

Not to involve yourself and her in ruin,  
 By seeking to renew a correspondence  
 She has renounc'd for ever.

*Mos.* How! confusion!

*Mich.* And hopes, as heav'n, in answer to her pray'rs,

Hath reconcil'd her duty and affection,  
 You will approve her resolution—

*Mos.* Doubtless.

*Mich.* And learn, by her example, to subdue  
 Your guilty passion.

*Mos.* Ha, ha, ha! exquisite woman.

So, rather than not change, she'll love her husband!

But she will not persevere.

*Mich.* Yes, sure, she will.

*Mos.* Have I then sighted her whole sighing sex,

Bid opportunity and fortune wait;

And all to be forsaken for a husband!

By heav'n, I am glad he has so oft escap'd,

[*Exit.*]

That I may have him murder'd in her sight.

*Enter GREEN.*

*Green.* How strange a Providence attends this man!

'Tis vain to strive with heav'n; let's give it o'er.

*Mos.* No; when I do, may I be curs'd for ever,

Hopeless to love, and hate without revenge;  
 May I ne'er know an end of disappointment,  
 But press'd with hard necessity, like thee,  
 Live the contempt of my insulting foe.

*Green.* I scorn the sbject thought; had life

Hung on each hair, he dies. If we succeed,  
 (To Michael.)

This very night Maria shall be thine.

*Mich.* I am a man again.

*Mos.* I've thought a way  
 That may be easy under friendship's mask,  
 Which, to a foe suspected, may be hard.

*Green.* Friendship! impossible—

*Mos.* You know him not.

You, with your ruffians, in the street shall seek him.

I follow at some distance. They begin  
 (No matter how) a quarrel, and at once  
 Assault him with their swords. Straight I appear,

Forget all wrongs, and draw in his defence;  
 Mark me, be sure, with some slight wound; then fly,

And leave the rest to me.

*Mich.* I know his temper.  
 This seeming benefit will cancel all  
 His former doubts, and gain his easy heart.

*Green.* Perhaps so; yet—

*Mos.* Further debates are needless.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II.—*A Room in Arden's house.*

*Enter FRANKLIN and MARIA.*

*Frank.* Well, in what temper did you find Alicia?

*Mar.* Never was anguish, never grief like hers:

She sat nor sleeps. Her lovely, downcast eyes,  
 That us'd to gladden each beholder's heart,  
 Now wash the flinty bosom of the earth.  
 Her troubled breast heaves with incessant sighs,  
 Which drink the purple streams of life, and blast

Her bloom, as storms the blossoms of the spring.

But, sure, her pray'rs must quickly reach high heav'n,

Relenting Arden, kindly sooth her sorrows,  
 And her lost peace restore.

*Frank.* Their mutual peace, Maria!

For his can ne'er be found but in Alicia.  
 Asham'd to view the face of man or day,  
 As Mosby's name was written on his brow,  
 He cheerless wanders; seeks the darkest gloom  
 To hide his drooping head, and grieve alone.  
 With a full heart, swollen eyes, and faltering tongue,

He sometimes, seeking to beguile his grief,  
 Begins a mournful tale; but straight a thought  
 Of his imagin'd wrongs crossing his memory,

Ends his sad story ere the half be told.  
Oh! may our pains with wish'd success be crown'd.

*Enter ARDEN.*

Arden No, Franklin, no; your friendly cares are vain:

Were I but certain she had wrong'd my bed,  
I then might hate her, and shake off my woes,  
But thus perplex'd, can never taste of comfort.

Frank. O jealousy! thou bane of social joys!  
Oh! she's a monster, made of contradictions!  
Let truth in all her native charms appear,  
And with the voice of harmony itself,  
Plead the just cause of innocence traduc'd;  
Deaf as the adder, blind as upstart greatness,  
She sees nor hears. And yet let slander whisper,  
Or evil-eye'd suspicion look oblique,  
Rumour has fewer tongues than she has ears;  
And Argus' hundred eyes are dim and slow,  
To piercing jealousy's.

Arden No more, no more;  
I know its plagues, but where's the remedy?

Mar. In your Alicia.

Frank. She shall heal these wounds.

Arden She's my disease, and can she be my cure?

My friends should rather teach me to abhor her,

To tear her image from my bleeding heart.

Mar. We leave that hateful office to the fiends.

Frank. If you e'er lov'd, you'll not refuse to see her:

You promis'd that.

Arden Did I?

Frank. Indeed you did.

Arden Well, then, some other time.

Frank. No; see her now.

Arden Franklin, I know my heart, and dare not see her.

I have a husband's honour to maintain,  
I fear the lover's weakness may betray.  
Let me not do what honour must condemn,  
And friendship blush to hear.

Frank. That Arden never will.

Mar. Did you but know her grief—

Arden Am I the cause?

Have I, just heaven, have I ever injur'd her?  
Yet I'm the coward. O preposterous fear!

See where she comes, arm'd with my num'rous wrongs.

I'll meet, with honourable confidence,  
Th' offending wife, and look the honest husband.

Frank. Maria, we'll withdraw; even friendship here

Would seem impertinence.

*[Exeunt Franklin and Maria.]*

Arden Be still my heart!

*Enter ALICIA, not seeing Arden.*

Alc. How shall I bear my Arden's just reproaches?

Or can a reconciliation long continue,  
That's founded on deceit? can I avow  
My secret guilt? No; at so mean a thought  
Abandon'd infamy herself would blush.  
Nay, could I live with public loss of honour,  
Arden would die to see Alicia scorn'd.  
He's here! earth open—hide me from his sight.

Arden Guilt chains her tongue. Lo! silent, self-condemn'd,

With tearful eyes and trembling limbs she stands.  
Alc. Fain would I kiss his footsteps; but that look,

Where indignation seems to strive with grief,  
Forbids me to approach him.

Arden Who would think  
That anguish were not real?

Alc. I'm rooted here.

Arden Those tears, methinks, ev'n if her guilt were certain,  
Might wash away her pains.

Alc. Support me, heav'n!

Arden Curse on the abject thought. I shall relapse

To simple dotage. She steals on my heart,  
She conquers with her eyes. If I but hear her voice,

Nor earth nor heaven can save me from her snares.

Oh! let me fly, if I have yet the pow'r.

Alc. Oh, Arden! do not, do not leave me thus.

*(Kneels, and holds him.)*

Arden I pray thee, loose thy hold.

Alc. Oh, never, never!

Arden Why should I stay to tell thee of my wrongs,

To aggravate thy guilt, and wound thy soul?

Thyself, if all these agonizing struggles  
Of tears, of sighs, of groans, of speechless sorrow,

Be but sincere, thyself will do it better.  
One thing I'll tell thee: (for perhaps 'twill please thee.)

Thou'st broke my heart, Alicia.

Alc. Oh! *(She falls to the ground.)*

Arden And canst thou,  
Can woman pity whom she hath undone?

Why dost thou grasp my knees? what wouldst thou say,

If thou could'st find thy speech?

Alc. Oh, mercy, mercy!

Arden Thou hast had none on me: let go my hand;

Why dost thou press it to thy throbbing heart,  
That beats—but not for me?

Alc. Then may it be'er beat more.

Arden At least, I'm sure it did not always so.

Alc. For that my soul is pierc'd with deep remorse;

For that I bow me to the dust before thee,  
And die to be forgiven. Oh! Arden, Arden!

Arden Presumptuous fool! what business hast thou here?

Did I not know my weakness, and her power!  
Rise, rise, Alicia.

Alc. No; here let me lie

On the bare bosom of this conscious earth,  
Till Arden speak the word of peace and comfort,

Or my heart break before him.

Arden Oh, Alicia!

Thou inconsistent spring of grief and joy,  
Whence sweet and bitter streams, alternate flow,  
Come to my arms, and in this too fond bosom  
Disburden all the fulness of thy soul.

Alc. Let me approach with awe that sacred temple,

Resume my seat, and dwell for ever there.

Arden There ever reign, as on thy native throne,

Thou lovely wanderer!

*Alc.* Am I at last,  
In error's fatal mazes long bewild'rd,  
Permitted here to find my peace and safety?

*Arđ.* Dry up thy tears; and tell me, truly tell me,

Has my long suffering love at length prevail'd,  
And art thou mine indeed?

*Alc.* Heav'n's my witness,  
I love thee, Arden; and esteem thy love  
Above all earthly good. Thy kind forgiveness  
Speaks to my soul that peaceful calm confirm'd  
Which reason and reflection had begun.

*Arđ.* Thou'rt cheaply purchas'd with unnum-  
ber'd sighs,

With many a bitter tear, and years of patience,  
Thou treasure of more worth than mines of gold.  
I will not doubt my happiness. Thou art,  
Thou wilt be mine, ever, and only mine.

*Alc.* I am, I will. I ne'er knew joy till now.

*Arđ.* This is our truest, happiest nuptial day.  
To-night, thou knowest, according to my cus-  
tom,

Our yearly fair returning with St. Valentine,  
I treat my friends. I go to countenance  
Their honest mirth, and cheer them with my  
bounty.

Till happy night farewell. My best Alicia,  
How will our friends rejoice, our foes repine,  
To see us thus?

*Alc.* Thus ever may they see us!  
The wand'ring fires that have so long misled me,  
Are now extinguish'd, and my heart is Arden's.  
The flow'ry path of innocence and peace  
Shines bright before, and I shall stray no longer.  
Whence, then, these sighs, and why these floods of  
tears?

Sighs are the language of a broken heart,  
And tears the tribute each enlighten'd eye  
Pays, and must pay, for vice and folly past,  
And yet the painfulst virtue hath its pleasure.  
Thou' dangers rise, yet peace restor'd within,  
My soul collected shall undaunted meet them.  
Thy trouble, grief, and death, the lot of all,  
On good and bad without distinction fall;  
The soul which conscious innocence sustains,  
Supports with ease these temporary pains;  
But, stung with guilt, and loaded by despair,  
Becomes itself a burden none can bear. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Street. People at a distance as at a fair.*

*Enter ARDEN on one side, and BLACK WILL and SHAKBAG on the other; GREEN directing them.*

*B. Will.* Shakebag, you'll second me. 'Sblood! give the way. (*Pushes Arden.*)

*Shake.* May we not pass the streets?

*Arđ.* I saw you not.

*B. Will.* Your sight, perhaps, is bad; your feel-  
ing may be better. (*Strikes him.*)

*Arđ.* Insolent villains! (*Drives.*)

*B. Will.* Come, we'll teach you manners.

*Arđ.* Both at once! barb'rous cowards!

*Enter MOSBY.*

*Mosby.* O bloody dogs! attempt a life so pre-  
cious!

*B. Will.* This is a fury, George.

*Shake.* I've pluck'd him tho'.

[*Black Will and Shakebag beaten off.*]

*Arđ.* Villains come back, and finish your de-  
sign.

*Mosby.* Shall I pursue them, sir?

*Arđ.* Not for the world.

*Mosby.* Amazing generosity!

*Mos.* I hope you are not hurt.

*Arđ.* Pierc'd to the heart—

*Mos.* Forbid it, heaven! quick, let me fly for help.

*Arđ.* With sharp reflection; Mosby, I can't bear  
To be so far oblig'd to one I've wrong'd.

*Mos.* Who would not venture life to save a  
friend?

*Arđ.* From you I've not deserv'd that tender  
name.

*Mos.* No more of that; would I were worthy of  
it.

*Arđ.* I own my heart, by boiling passions torn,  
Forgets its gentleness; yet it is ever open

To melting gratitude. Oh! say what price

Can buy your friendship?

*Mos.* Only think me yours.

*Arđ.* Easy, indeed. I am too much oblig'd.

Why reek'd not your good sword its justice on  
me,

When mad with jealous rage, in my own house,  
I urg'd you to my ruin?

*Mos.* I lov'd you then

With the same warmth as now.

*Arđ.* What's here! you bleed.

Let me bind up your wound.

*Mos.* A trifle, sir.

*Arđ.* Your friendship makes it so. See, Frank-  
lin, see

*Enter FRANKLIN.*

The man I treated as a coward, bleeding,  
(Wretch that I am!) for his defence of me.

Look to your wound. And, Mosby, let us hope  
You'll sup with me. There will be honest Brad-  
shaw,

And Franklin here, and—

*Mos.* Sir, I will not fail.

*Frank.* I shall not come.

*Arđ.* Nay, Franklin, that's unkind.

*Prythee—*

*Frank.* Nay, urge me not. I have my reasons.

*Mos.* Avoids my company! So much the bet-  
ter.

His may not be so proper. (*Aside.*) An hour  
hence,

If you are not engag'd, we'll meet at Fowl's.

*Arđ.* I will be there.

*Mos.* Till then I take my leave. [*Exit.*]

*Arđ.* How have I been mistaken in this man?

*Frank.* How are you sure you're not mistaken  
now?

*Arđ.* No doubt he loves me; and I blush to  
think

How I've suspected him, and wrong'd Alicia.

*Frank.* May you be ever happy in your wife:

But—

*Arđ.* Speak—But what? Let's have no riddles  
here.

Can she be innocent, and Mosby guilty?

*Frank.* To speak my thoughts, this new officious  
fondness

Makes me suspect: I like him worse than ever.

*Arđ.* Because I like him better. What a churl.

*Frank.* You're cred'lous, and treat my serious doubts  
With too much levity. You vex me, Arden.

[*Exit.*]

*Arden.* Believe me, friend, you'll laugh at this hereafter.

[*Exit.*]

*MOSBY* having watched *Franklin* out, re-enters with *GREEN*.

*Mos.* The surly friend has left him, as I wish'd. You see how eagerly the foolish fowl Flies headlong to our snare; now to inclose him. At eight, the guests are bidden to his banquet, And only Michael, of his numerous train, Keeps home with his *Alicia*. He'll secure The keys of all the doors, and let you in With my two trusty blood-hounds. *Alicia* seems Averse at present.

*Green.* She'll not dare betray us.

*Mos.* Not when the deed is done. We know too much.

She'll be our prisoner, and shall be observ'd. Towards evening, then, upon a slight pretence, To pass an hour at draughts, (a game he loves,) I'll draw this husband home. You'll be prepar'd In th' inner room, (Michael will show it you,) Till at a signal given, you all rush forth, And strangle him.

*Green.* Good; 'tis a death that leaves No bloody character to mark the place.

*Mos.* Howe'er, come all provided with your daggers.

Do you seek Michael, I'll instruct the rest.

*Green.* What shall the signal be?

*Mos.* These words in th' game:

"I take you now."

*Green.* Arden! thou'rt taken now, indeed.

*Mos.* His body, thrown behind the abbey-wall, Shall be descried by th' early passenger Returning from the fair. My friend, thy hand: Shakes it? Be firm, and our united strength, With ease, shall cast dead Arden to the earth.

*Green.* Thanks to his foolish tenderness of soul.

*Mos.* True; he who trusts an old inveterate foe, Bares his own breast, and courts the fatal blow.

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

### SCENE I.—*Arden's House.*

*Enter ALICIA.*

*Alc.* What have I heard! Is this the house of Arden?

Oh! that the pow'r which has so oft'n sav'd him, Would send his guardian angel to him now, To whisper in his ear his present danger! Fly, Arden, fly! avoid this fatal roof, Where murder lurks, and certain death awaits thee.

Wander, no matter where, turn but from hence, Thou canst not miss thy way. The house is theirs. I am suspected: Michael guards the door, And ev'n Maria's absent. Bloody Mosby, These are the fruits of thy detested lust. But hark! the fiends approach. Green had humanity,

*Enter GREEN, BLACK WILL, SHAKBAG, and MICHAEL.*

Could I prevail on him! Oh, sir—

[*Talks apart with Green.*]

*B. Will.* What a fair house! rich furniture; what piles of massy plate; and then yon iron chest. Good plunder, comrade.

*Shake.* And Madame Arden there, a prize worth them all to me.

*B. Will.* And shall that fawning, white-liver'd coward, Mosby, enjoy all these?

*Shake.* No doubt he would, were we the fools he thinks us.

*Green.* Had he as many lives as drops of blood, I'd have them all. [To *Alicia*.]

*Alc.* But for one single night—

*Green.* I'd not defer his fate a single hour,

Tho' I were sure myself to die the next.

So, peace, irrelative woman, and be thankful For thy own life.

*Alc.* Oh! mercy, mercy—

*Green.* Yes,

Such mercy as the nursing lioness, When drain'd of moisture by her eager young, Shews to the prey that first encounters her.

*B. Will.* Who talks of mercy, when I am here?

*Green.* She would prevent us; but our steady courage

Laughs at her coward arts.

[*Knocking gently at the gate.*]

Why, Michael.

*Mich.* Sir!

*Green.* Thou bloodless coward, what dost tremble at?

Dost thou not hear a knocking at the gate?

[*Exit Michael.*]

Mosby, no doubt. How like a sly adulterer, Who steals at midnight, and with caution gives Th' appointed signal to his neighbour's wife.

*B. Will.* Which is the place where we're to be conceal'd?

*Green.* This inner room.

*B. Will.* 'Tis well. The word is "Now I take you." [Knocking louder than before.]

*Green.* Ay, there's authority. That speaks the master.

He seems in haste. 'Twere pity he should wait, Now we're so well prepar'd for his reception.

[*Green, B. Will, and Shakebag, go into the inner room.*]

*Alc.* Now whither are they gone? the door's unbar'd;

I hear the sound of feet. Should it be Arden, And Mosby with him—I can't bear the doubt, Nor would I be resolv'd. Be hush'd my fears, 'Tis Mosby, and alone.

*Enter MOSBY.*

Sir! hear me, Mosby.

*Mosby.* Is this a time—

*Alc.* I will be heard

And mark me, when I swear, never hereafter,

By look, word, act—

*Mosby.* Be d—d—your husband—

*Alc.* Ha!

[*She screams.*]

*Enter ARDEN and MICHAEL.*

*Arden.* Am I a monster, that I fright thee thus? [To *Alicia*.]

Say, what has happen'd since I left the house?  
 'Thou look'st, Alicia, as if wild amazement  
 Had chang'd thee to the image of herself.

*Ali.* Is Franklin with you?

*Arcl.* No.

*Ali.* Nor Fowl, nor Bradshaw?

*Arcl.* Neither, but both expected.

*Ali.* Merciful heav'n!

*Arcl.* I meant to dedicate this happy night  
 To mirth and joy, and thy returning love.

*(She sighs.)*

Make me not sad, Alicia; for my sake;  
 Let discontent be banish'd from your brow,  
 And welcome Arden's friends with laughing eyes.  
 Amongst the first let Mosby be enroll'd.

*Ali.* The villain! *(Aside.)*

*Arcl.* Nay, I am too well convinc'd  
 Of Mosby's friendship, and Alicia's love,  
 Ever to wrong them more by weak suspicions.  
 I've been, indeed, to blame; but I will make thee  
 A large amends, Alicia. Look upon him  
 As on the man that gave your husband's life.

*Ali.* Would take my husband's life! I'll tell him  
 all,

And cast this load of horror from my soul:  
 Yet, 'tis a dreadful hazard. Both must die.

A fearful thought! Franklin may come, or Bradshaw;

Oh! let me not precipitate his fate! *(Aside.)*

*Mos.* I see my presence is offensive here.

*(Going.)*

*Arcl.* Alicia! No; she has no will but mine.

*Mos.* It is not fit she should; and yet, perhaps,  
 'Twere better, sir. Permit me to retire.

*Arcl.* No more. Our friendship publicly avow'd  
 Will clear her injur'd virtue to the world.

*Mos.* Something there is in that—

*Arcl.* It is a debt

I owe to both your fames, and pay it freely.

*Mos.* For her sake, then, not for my own.

*Ali.* *(Aside.)* O d—d dissembler.

*Arcl.* Come, take your seat; this shall not save  
 your money.

Bring us the tables, Michael. *(They sit and play.)*

*Ali.* *(Aside.)* Oh! just heaven,

Wilt thou not interpose? How dread this pause!  
 Ten thousand terrors crowd the narrow space.

*Arcl.* Your thoughts are absent, Mosby.

*B. Will.* Blood! why don't Mosby give the word?

*Mich.* Give back, the game's against him.

*Ali.* Fly, Franklin, fly! to save thy Arden's life.

Murder himself, that chases him in view,  
 Beholding me, stand back, and for a moment

Suspends her thirst for blood. *(Apart.)*

*Arcl.* Come, give it up; I told you I should win.

*(Rises.)*

*Mos.* No; I see an advantage; move again.

*Arcl.* There.

*Mos.* Now I take you.

*(Black Will throws a scarf over Arden's head, in order to strangle him; but Arden disengages himself, wrests a dagger from Shaksbag, and stands on the defence, till Mosby getting behind and seizing his arm, the rest assassinate him.)*

*Ali.* Oh! power omnipotent! make strong his

arm,  
 Give him to conquer. Ha! my prayers are

curses,  
 And draw down vengeance where they meant a  
 blessing.

*Arcl.* Inhospital vill'ain!

*Ali.* Oh! he dies.

*Arcl.* Oh! hold your bloody—Mosby, too! Nay,  
 then, *(Falling.)*

I yield me to my fate. Is this, Alicia,  
 This the return for my unequal love?

*Ali.* Or death, or madness, would be mercies  
 now,

Therefore, beyond my hopes.

*Arcl.* Oh! Mosby, Michael Green,

Why have you drawn my blood upon your souls?

*Mos.* Behold her there, to whom I was betroth'd,  
 And ask no further.

*Green.* Think on thy abbey-lands

From injur'd Green.

*Arcl.* You now are your own judges,  
 But we shall meet again where right and truth—  
 Who, who are these? But I forgive you all.  
 Thy hand, Alicia.

*Ali.* I'll not give it thee.

*Arcl.* O wretched woman! have they kill'd thee,  
 too;

A deadly paleness, agony, and horror,  
 On thy sad visage sit. My soul hangs on thee,  
 And though departing, just departing, loves thee:  
 Is loath to leave, unreconcil'd to thee,  
 This useless, mangled tenement of clay.  
 Dismiss her pleas'd, and say thou'rt innocent.

*Ali.* All hell contains not such a guilty wretch.

*Arcl.* Then welcome death! tho' in the shape of  
 murder.

How have I doated to idolatry!  
 Vain, foolish wretch, and thoughtless of her-  
 after;

Nor hop'd, nor wish'd a heav'n beyond her love.

Now, unprepared, I perish by her hate.

*Ali.* Though blacker and more guilty than the  
 fiends,

My soul is white from this accursed deed.

Oh, Arden, hear me—

*Arcl.* Full of doubts I come,  
 Oh, thou Supreme, to seek thy awful presence.

My soul is on the wing. I own thy justice.

Prevent me with thy mercy— *(Dies.)*

*Ali.* Turn not from me:

Behold me, pity me, survey my sorrows.

I who despis'd the duty of a wife,

Will be thy slave. Spilt on me, spurn me, sir,

I'll love thee still. Oh! could'st thou count my  
 scorn,

And now abhor me, when I loved thee more,

If possible, than e'er thou lov'd Alicia.

*Mos.* Mad fool, he's dead, and hears thee not.

*Ali.* 'Tis false!

He smiles upon me and applauds my vengeance.

*(Snatches a dagger, and strikes at Mosby. A  
 knocking at the gate.)*

*Mos.* D—n!

*B. Will.* 'Sdeath! we shall leave our work un-  
 finish'd, and be betray'd at last. Let's hide the  
 body.

*Mos.* Force her away!

*Ali.* Inhuman, bloody villains!

*(She swoons as she is forced from the body.)*

*Enter MARIA.*

*Mar.* Mosby here?

My sliding feet, as they move trembling forwards,  
 Are drench'd in blood. Oh, may I only fancy  
 That Arden there lies murder'd.

*Mos.* How fares Alicia?



*Al.* As the howling damn'd; and thou my hell.

*Mar.* Unhappy brother!  
If thou hast done this deed, hope not to 'scape:  
Merely herself, who only seeks for crimes,  
That she may pardon and reform the guilty,  
Would change her nature at a sight like this.

*Enter* MICHAEL.

*Mich.* The guests are come; the servants all return'd.

*Mos.* Alicia, be thyself; and mask thy heart

*(Mosby lifts up Alicia.)*

From every prying eye, with courteous smiles.

*Al.* Thou canst not think me mean enough to live.

*Mos.* You would not choose an ignominious death?

*Al.* That's all I dread. Might but the silent grave,

When it receives me to its dark abode,  
Hide, with my dust, my shame! Oh, might that be,

And Arden's death reveng'd. 'Tis my sole prayer.  
If not, may awful justice have her course.

*[Exit.]*

*Mos.* Sister, our lives are thine—

*Mar.* Though Mosby has shook off humanity, I can't be his accuser. *[Exit.]*

*Mos.* Follow them, Green, and watch Alicia's conduct.

*Green.* I will, but cannot answer for my own.

Oh, Arden, Arden! could we change conditions—

*[Exit.]*

*B. Will.* Why, what a crew of cowards!  
In the same moment murdering and repenting.

*Mos.* Give me the ring that is on Arden's finger.

*Shake.* There. Will you have his purse, too?

*Mos.* No, keep that.

*B. Will.* Thanks for our own; we should have kept the ring.

Were it not too remarkable.

But how must we dispose of the body?

*Mos.* Convey it thro' the garden, to the field  
Behind the abbey-wall: Michael will shew the way.

The night is dark and cloudy; yet take heed,  
The house is full of company.

*B. Will.* Sir, if you doubt our conduct, do't yourself.

*Mos.* Nay, gentlemen—

*Shake.* Pretend to direct us!

*Mos.* For your own sakes—Arden will soon be miss'd.

*Shake.* We know our business, sir.

*Mos.* I doubt it not.

There's your reward. The horses are both saddled,

And ready for your flight.

*B. Will.* Use them as yourself:

I hope we're as safe as you.

*Mos.* Why, gentlemen—Arden, I used thee worse.

*(Aside.)*

*B. Will.* We shall take care, however, for our own sakes.

*Mos.* 'Tis very well; I hope we all are friends.

So, softly, softly, Michael! not that door.

*(Michael going out of the wrong door.)*

So, make what speed you can: I'll wait you there. *[Exit.]*

## SCENE II.—A Hall in Arden's House.

MOSBY discovered.

*Mos.* They must pass undescried: gardens and fields

Are dreary deserts now. Night-fowls and beasts of prey

Avoid the pinching rigour of the season,

Nor leave their shelter at a time like this.

And yet this night, this ling'ring winter night,  
Hung with a weight of clouds that stops her course,

Contracts new horrors, and a deeper black,  
From this d-d deed. Mosby, thou hast thy wish.

Arden is dead; now count thy gains at leisure.  
Dangers without, on every side suspicion;

Within, my starting conscience marks such wounds,  
As hell can equal, only murderers feel.

*(A pause.)*

This, this the end of all my flatt'ring hopes!

Oh, happiest was I in my humble state;

Though I lay down in want, I slept in peace:

My daily toil begat my night's repose,

My night's repose made daylight pleasing to me.

But now I've climb'd the top-bough of the tree.

And sought to build my nest among the clouds:

The gentlest tales of summer shake my bed,

And dreams of murder harrow up my soul.

But hark! not 'tis dreadful being alone.

This awful silence, that unbroken reigns

Through earth and air, awakes attention more,

Than thunder bursting from ten thousand clouds:

'Sdeath! 'tis but Michael. Say—

*Enter* MICHAEL.

*Mich.* Dead Arden lies

Behind the abbey; 'tis a dismal sight!

It snow'd apace while we disposed the body

*Mos.* And not as you return'd?

*Mich.* No, sir.

*Mos.* That's much—

Should you be question'd as to Arden's death,

You'll not confess?

*Mich.* No, so Maria's mine.

*Mos.* She's thine, if all a brother can—

*Mich.* What's it?

I brought hear dear, at hazard of my soul,

And force shall make her mine.

*Mos.* Why, how now, coward!

*Enter* MARIA.

*Mar.* The guests refuse to take their seats without you.

Alicia's grief, too, borders on distraction.

Thy presence may appease—

*Mos.* Increase it rather.

*Mar.* Michael, your absence, too, has been observed.

*Mos.* Say we are coming *[Exit Maria.]*

*Mich.* One thing I'd forgot:

Soon as the company have left the house,

The ruffians will return.

*Mar.* What would the villains?

*Mich.* They muttered threats and curses,  
And seem'd not satisfy'd with their reward.

*Mos.* Let them take all. Ambition, a'rice, lust,  
That drove me on to murder, now forsake me.  
Oh! Arden, if thy discontented ghost  
Still hovers here to see thy blood reveng'd,  
View, view the anguish of this guilty breast,  
And be appeas'd. [Exit.]

SCENE III.—*A Room in Arden's house. A table spread for supper.*

GREEN, BRADSHAW, ADAM FOWL, ALICIA,  
MARIA, &c., discovered.

*Brad.* Madam, be comforted.

*A. Fowl.* Some accident, or business unforeseen,  
detains him thus.

*Brad.* I doubt not of his safety.

*Ali.* I thank you, gentlemen; I know you lov'd  
My Arden well, and kindly speak your wishes.

*Enter MOSBY.*

*Mos.* I am asham'd I've made you wait: be  
seated.

*Green.* Madam, first take your place.

*Ali. (Aside.)* Make me not mad;  
To me, henceforth, all places are alike. (Sits.)

*Mos.* Come, since we want the master of the  
house,

I'll take his seat for once.

*Ali.* Dares he do this? (Aside.)

*Mos.* I'm much afflicted that he stays so late;  
The times are perilous.

*Green.* And he has enemies,  
Though no man, sure, did e'er deserve them less.

*Mos.* This day he was assaulted in the street.

*Green.* You sav'd him, then?

*Mos.* Would I were with him now!

*Mar.* She starts, her looks are wild. (Aside.)

How fare you, madam?

*Ali.* I'm lost in admiration of your brother.

*Mar.* I fear her more than ever. (Aside.)

*Mos.* Michael, some wine. Health and long life  
to Arden. (Drinks.)

*Ali.* The good you wish, and have procur'd for  
Arden, (Rising.)  
Light on thyself.

*Mar.* For heav'n's sake!—

*Ali.* Give me way. (Comes forward.)  
Let them despatch, and send me to my husband:

(All rise.)

I've liv'd too long with falsehood and deceit.

(Knocking at the gate.)

*A. Fowl.* What noise is that? [Exit Michael.]

*Brad.* Pray heaven, that all be right.

*Mos.* Bar all the doors.

*Enter MICHAEL.*

*Mich.* We are discover'd, sir. (To Mosby.)

The mayor, with officers, and men in arms.

*Enter Mayor, with Officers.*

*Mayor.* Go you with these, and do as I directed.

[Exit Officers and others.]

I'm sorry that the duty of my office

Demands a visit so unreasonable.

*Mos.* Your worship, doubtless, were a welcome  
guest

At any hour; but wherefore thus attended?

*Mayor.* I have received a warrant from the coun-  
cil,

To apprehend two most notorious ruffians;  
And information being made on oath,  
That they were seen to enter here to-night,  
I'm come to search.

*Green.* I'm glad it is no worse. (Aside.)

*Mos.* And can you think that Arden entertains  
Villains like those you speak of? Where be here,  
You'd not be thank'd for this officiousness.

*Mayor.* I know my duty, sir, and that respect,  
So justly due to our good neighbour's worth.  
But where is Arden?

*Ali.* Heavens! where indeed!

*Mar.* Alicia, for my sake— (Aside.)

*Ali.* If I were silent,

Each precious drop of murder'd Arden's blood  
Would find a tongue, and cry to heaven for ven-  
geance.

*Mayor.* What says the lady?

*Mos.* Oh! sir, heed her not:

Her husband has not been at home to-night,  
And her misboding sorrow for his absence,  
Has almost made her frantic.

*Mayor.* Scarce an hour

Since I beheld him enter here with you.

*Mos.* The darkness of the night deceiv'd you,  
sir:

It was a stranger, since departed hence.

*Mayor.* That's most surprising. No man knows  
him better.

*Frank. (Without.)* Within there! ho! bar up your  
gates with care,

And set a watch. Let not a man go by!

*Enter FRANKLIN and others, with lights.*

And ev'ry tongue, that gave not its consent  
To Arden's death, join mine and cry aloud  
To heaven and earth for justice. Honest Arden,  
My friend, is murder'd.

*Mayor.* Murder'd!

*Green.* How?

*Mos.* By whom?

*Frank.* How shall I utter what my eyes have  
seen!

Horrid, with many a gaping wound, he lies

Behind the abbey, a sad spectacle!

O vengeance! vengeance!

*Mayor.* Justly art thou mov'd.

Passion is reason in a cause like this.

*Frank.* Eternal Providence, to whose bright eye  
Darkness itself is as the noon-day blaze,  
Who brings the midnight murder and his deeds  
To light and shame, has, in their own security,  
Found these.

*Mayor.* Here seize them all—this instant:

(Alicia faints.)

Look to the lady. This may be but feign'd.

Your charge but goes along with my suspicions.

*Brad.* And mine.

*A. Fowl.* And mine.

*Frank.* First hear me, and then judge,  
Whether on slight presumptions I accuse them.  
These honest men, (neighbours and townsmen all,)  
Conducted me, drooping with grief and fear,  
To where the body lay; with them I took these  
notes,

Not to be trusted to the faithless memory:

"Huge clots of blood and some of Arden's hair

May still be seen upon the garden-wall;

Many such rushes as these floors are strew'd with

Sticks to his shoes and garments: and the prints

Of several feet may in the snow be trac'd,

From the stark body to the very door."

These are presumptions he was murder'd here,  
And that th' assassins having borne his corpse  
Into the fields, hither return'd again.

*Mos.* Are these your proofs?

*Green.* These are but circumstances,  
And only prove thy malice.

*Frank.* And this scarf,  
Known to be Arden's, in the court was found,  
All blood.

*Mayor.* Search 'em.

*Alicia.* I thought I'd thrown it down the well.

*(Aside.)*

*Mayor.* *(To an Officer.)* Enter that room, and search  
the lady there;

We may, perhaps, discover more.

*(Officer goes out and re-enters; in the mean-  
time another Officer searches Mosby and  
Green.)*

1 *Officer.* On Arden's wife I found this letter.

2 *Officer.* And I this ring on Mosby.

*Mayor.* Righteous heaven!

Well may'st thou hang thy head, detested villain;  
This very day did Arden wear this ring;  
I saw it on his hand.

*Mos.* I freely yield me to my fate.

*Enter another Officer.*

*Officer.* We've seiz'd two men behind some stacks  
of wood.

*Mayor.* Well, bring 'em in.

BLACK WILL and SHAKEBAG brought in.

They answer the description;  
But let them wait till I have done with these.  
Heav'n's! what a scene of villany is here.

*(Having read the letter.)*

*B. Will.* Since we're sure to die, though I could  
wish it were in better company, (for I hate that  
fawning rascal, Mosby,) I'll tell the truth for  
once. He has been long engaged in an affair with  
Arden's wife there; but fearing a discovery, and  
hoping to get into his estate, hired us to hide him.  
That's all.

*Mayor.* And you the horrid deed perform'd?

*Shake.* We did, with his assistance, and Green's  
and Michael's

*Mayor.* This letter proves Alicia, from the first,  
Was made acquainted with your black design.

*B. Will.* I know nothing of that; but if she was,  
she repented of it afterwards. So, I think, you  
call that a change of mind.

*Mayor.* That may avail her at the bar of heav'n,  
But is no plea at ours.

*Enter ALICIA with Officers.*

Bear them to prison;

Load them with irons, make them to feel their  
guilt,

And groan away their miserable hours,  
Till sentence of the law shall call them forth  
To public execution.

*Alicia.* I adore

Th' unerring hand of justice; and with silence  
Had yielded to my fate; but for this maid,  
Who, as my soul dreads justice on her crimes,  
Knew not, or e'er consented to this deed.

*Mayor.* But did she not consent to keep it secret?

*Mos.* To save a brother and most wretched  
friend.

*Mayor.* She has undone herself; behold how in-  
nocence

May suffer in bad fellowship. And Bradshaw,  
My honest neighbour, Bradshaw, too: I read it  
With grief and wonder.

*Brad.* Madam, I appeal

To you, as you are shortly to appear  
Before a judge that sees our secret thoughts,  
Say, had I knowledge, or—

*Alicia.* You brought the letter,  
But well I hope, you knew not the contents.

*Mayor.* Hence with them all, till time and further  
light

Shall clear these mysteries.

*A. Fowl.* If I'm condemn'd,  
My blood be on his head that gives the sentence.  
I'm not accus'd, and only ask for justice.

*Frank.* You shall all have justice, rig'rous jus-  
tice.

So shall the growth of such enormous crimes,  
By their dread fate be check'd in future times:  
Of av'rice, Mosby a dread instance prove,  
And poor Alicia of unlawful love.

*[Exeunt.]*

# THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

## A COMIC OPERA, IN THREE ACTS.—BY JAMES COBB.



Serask.—"WHAT'S THIS?"—Act II, scene I.

### Persons Represented.

THE SERASKIER.  
COLONEL COHENBERG.  
LEOPOLD.

PETER.  
USEPH.  
ANSELM.

ISMAEL.  
MICHAEL.  
CATHERINE.

LILLA.  
GHITA.  
FATIMA.

### ACT I

SCENE I.—*The Village of Servia, with the Danube; on one side, the Turkish camp; on the other, the Austrian, which appears at a distance.*

*Enter several Turkish Soldiers, who range themselves on each side of the stage; then enter Turkish Peasants of both sexes, who dance; after the dance,*

### CHORUS.—TURKISH SOLDIERS.

*Wave our prophet's fam'd standard of glory on high,  
Till the envious moon die away in the sky;  
And, like the pale Christians, leave Danube's fair stream  
To reflect our victorious crescent's bright beam.*

### Enter USEPH.

Useph. Be silent, you soldiers: his highness the Seraskier is coming; he has just arrived with the Turkish army under his command to relieve Belgrade. I have been conversing with him; I told him your loyalty to the sublime Porte. "Sir—your highness—my dear highness," says I; for we talked it very familiarly: "I am the chief magistrate of this village; I know the Ottoman Porte has not more loyal subjects in all the province of Servia; and as for your highness—always talking of your highness—your highness's name is never out of our mouths." By-the-by, remember his name is Mohamed Aboubeker Ben Abdallah Ben Ali; I dare say you never heard it before. So, says the Seraskier to me, "My dear Useph Ben Yacomb

Ben Mustapha" — at the same time graciously laughing at me with great condescension. (*Flourish.*) Oh! here he comes: now you shall see how his highness is pleased to honour me; I shall certainly be created a pacha of three tails.

*Enter SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Attendants.*

*Seras.* Useph, come hither.

*Useph.* Yes, your highness. (*Apart to the Peasants.*) Now he is going to consult me on some great military operation.

*Seras.* Are there many pretty girls in this neighbourhood?

*Useph.* Ha, ha, ha! That's a good joke. Ah! your highness will conquer every way, I see. Ha, ha, ha! Your highness is pleased to make me laugh. Ha, ha, ha!

*Seras.* You are too familiar.

*Useph.* My lord?

*Seras.* Begone.

(*Exeunt Useph and Peasants.*)

*Enter LILLA, who kneels to the Seraskier*

AIR.—LILLA.

*Lost, distress'd, thus driven from home.*

*Whither shall poor Lilla go?*

*Wheresoe'er my steps may roam,*

*Tyrant power will prove my foe.*

*Seras.* Who is this beautiful girl? Rise, lovely fair one.

*Lilla.* I humbly beg your highness' pardon for my boldness; I am not used to talk to great folks.

*Seras.* Speak, charming angel! bless me with the voice of nature; who are you?

TRIO.—SERASKIER, LILLA, and ISMAEL.

*Seras.* *Speak, I command thee, tell thy grief.*

*Say, can my power afford relief;*

*For my trembling heart must yield belief.*

(*Aside.*)

*Lilla.* *Ah! may I dare to tell my grief,*  
*And, humbly, thus, implore relief;*  
*To my faltering tongue, oh! yield belief.*

*Ismael.* *Beauty may boldly tell her grief;*  
*Such fine eyes command relief;*  
*And his trembling heart must yield belief.*

*Lilla.* I am but a poor country girl, sir; my name is Lilla; but I love Leopold, and Leopold loves me; yet my cross, ill-natured brother wants me to refuse Leopold, to marry that ugly old miser, Useph, a justice of peace in our village.

*Seras.* Useph! Oh! the old poacher! (*Aside.*) Does your brother object to Leopold?

*Lilla.* He says, and please your highness, that Leopold is too passionate to make a good husband; now, I owe he is rather violent, but I don't like him a bit the worse for that.

*Seras.* Where is Leopold?

*Lilla.* Ah! my lord, my mind misgives me that some mischief has happened to him; but they locked me up to prevent my going in search of him.

*Seras.* Then how came you here?

*Lilla.* Please your highness, I jumped out of the window.

*Seras.* What a pleasing sample of rustic simplicity; how handsome she is! (*To Ismael.*)

*Ismael.* What, my lord, do you forget your Austrian captive?

*Seras.* Forget her; no: but why should I confine myself to a single rose, when I can form a bouquet of them. Well, charming Lilla, within this half-hour I promise you redress. Conduct her to my tent, and attend her well.

*Lilla.* A thousand thanks, your highness.

(*Exit.*)

*Seras.* Is she not beautiful, Ismael?

*Ismael.* I own, my lord, she is beautiful; but—

*Seras.* But what?

*Ismael.* I beg your highness' pardon; but while I see the black eagle soar upon the walls of Belgrade, I cannot forget that I am a soldier.

*Seras.* Nor I, Ismael; but I have room in my heart for love and valour at the same time; I never fight better than when I am in love; Mars never smiles so propitiously upon me as when I am paying my adoration to Venus; so, if you wish me to conquer the Austrians, you must get me this girl. (*Exit Ismael.*) She is a charming creature, and shall be mine.

AIR.—SERASKIER.

*The rose and the lily their beauties combining,*

*Delight in adorning a form so divine;*

*Such charms to a peasant consigning,*

*Ah! must I reign?*

*Forbidden, ye powers! to love 'tis a treason:*

*Yet, ambition, assuming the semblance of power,*

*Commands me, with scorn, the mean thought to decline.*

*Wealth and power, what are your worth,*

*To pleasure if you give not birth?*

*Rich in ambition's gilded toys,*

*I barter them for real joys.*

(*Exit.*)

SCENE II.—*Inside of Peter's house.*

*Enter PETER and GHITA.*

DUET.

*Ghita.* *How the deuce I came to like you,*  
*I am sure I cannot tell;*  
*Had my face ne'er chanc'd to strike you,*  
*I'd been pleas'd, sir, just as well.*

*Peter.* *Faith! as you say, I, too, wonder*  
*Why to like you I'm inclin'd:*  
*Though in love we're apt to blunder;*  
*Love, you know, they say, is blind.*

*Ghita.* *You're ogling all the ladies.*

*Peter.* *You're simp'ring at each lad.*

*Ghita.* *Each hour in falsehood passes.*

*Peter.* *You flirt it quite as bad.*

*Both.* *You had better not provoke me;*  
*Though you think as you're bespoke me,*  
*I shall let you break my heart,*  
*But I'm ready now to part.*

Peter. *Then, suppose I take my leave?*  
 Ghita. *Do; I'm sure I shall not grieve.*  
*Will you stay, or will you go?*  
 Peter. *Shall I stay, or shall I go?*  
 Both. *As you please, say yes or no.*

*Enter USEPH.*

Useph. What, the deuce! quarrelling before marriage! Oh, fie! that is very irregular; wait till the ceremony is over, and then you will quarrel of course.

Peter. Indeed, sir!

Ghita. Hear me, sir.

Useph. No, I'll not hear you: am I to be talked to by you? I, who have conversed with his highness the Seraskier?—besides, I hate to hear both sides of the question; it perplexes me so, that I never know how to make a decision.

Peter. Why, then, sir, how can you decide?

Useph. Why, I decide that you are both in the wrong. I fancy that decision will hold good in most quarrels; my friend, his highness the Seraskier, could not make a better decision. But where is your sister? where is my dear Lilla?

*(To Peter.)*

Ghita. Why, Peter has locked her up, to keep her from your rival, Leopold.

Useph. Ah! that's a desperate dog: he is always in a desperate passion, and always pretending to keep his temper; he is the very torch of sedition, and always in a blaze. *(Leopold singing without.)* Eh! why, that's his voice. I—I—I don't much wish for meeting—Here he comes.

*Enter LEOPOLD.*

Leop. How are you? how do you do? Harkye! you, sir, where's your sister?

Peter. Why, as to that, Leopold—

Leop. Oh! I know what you are going to say: you mean to say that I am in a passion. Ah! Ghita, how do you do? Very fine, pleasant, disagreeable, temperate weather, I think.

Useph. Rather cloudy.

Leop. What?

Useph. It was rather cloudy when I was talking to his highness the Seraskier just now. But I believe I can answer your inquiries: in the first place—

Leop. What do you mean by that? I'd have you know that I won't take an insult from any man living.

Useph. Why, there is no talking to you: I can't reason with you.

Leop. It's false; you—I say, you are mistaken. I insist upon your reasoning with me; d—e! you shall reason with me; say, and coolly, too, though I know you are my rival.

Useph. But give me leave—

Leop. Well, I know what you are going to say, that people needn't quarrel because they are rivals.

Useph. Granted; and besides—

Leop. Well, I know, I know; and you mean to observe, that warmth and anger betray a weakness on these occasions, which, I trust, I am freed from. Harkye! you rascal, *(to Peter)* I know your sister is locked up; if you don't give me the key, d—e! I'll break your head; I will, by—

Useph. Sir, do you remember who I am; a ma-

gistrate and a cavalier: do you respect my authority?

*(Marching up to Leopold, who draws back.)*

Leop. *(Marching up to Useph, who draws back.)* No, I do not: that for your authority. *(Snaps his fingers.)* A magistrate, indeed! Ha, ha, ha! Look at the magistrate. What have you to say now, magistrate?

Useph. Nothing: if you don't respect authority, there's an end of the matter.

Leop. *(To Peter.)* Give me the key.

Peter. Why, to say the truth, Leopold, I have lost it.

Leop. Lost it! Oh! very well. But it's no matter: I believe this right shoulder of mine will force any lock. I'll break open the door; and I'll do it without any violence, only to shew how I can keep my temper; now I defy any of you to say that I put myself in a passion. D—e! stand out of the way, or I'll knock you down, you old goat.

*[Pushes violently against Useph, and exits.]*

Ghita. What do you think now, sir?

Useph. Faith! I don't know; my thoughts are rather confused;—I—I—I—*(Noise without.)* There, there, he has broke the door all to smash. Good morning to you: perhaps his highness waits for me. *(Going.)*

Peter. Consider, sir, you had better not leave us.

Useph. Indeed, I beg your pardon; our good humoured friend may come back and knock out my brains very coolly; only to shew what he can do without being in a passion. *[Exit, with Peter.]*

Ghita. Poor Lilla! I hope Leopold will carry her off. I am sure she loves him, and that he loves her; the whole village will rejoice at their wedding.

## AIR.—GHITA.

*All will hail the joyous day,  
 When love his triumph shall display;  
 The dance shall mingle old and young.  
 The rustic pipe assist the song;  
 The sprightly bells with welcome sound,  
 Shall spread the happy news around,  
 And give a hint to maidens coy,  
 That youth they should not misemploy  
 Useph will, with sullen pride,  
 Envy joys to wealth denied;  
 And as we trip with merry glee,  
 Wish himself as poor as we.  
 The sprightly bells, &c.*

*[Exit]*

SCENE III.—Outside of Peter's house; a garden wall round it.

LEOPOLD discovered at the window, out of which is a veil hanging.

Leop. Poor Lilla! nowhere to be found: she's gone; and, by her veil hanging here out of the window, in a fit of despair. I'll after her. *(Jumps out and comes out of the door of the garden wall with the veil.)* This relic of my beloved Lilla shall serve to keep my resentment alive. But where's that cruel villain, Peter? d—e! I'll maul him.

*[Retires into the garden.]*

*Enter PETER.*

Peter. Ha! the window open! say, then

madam's off: but where's that mad-brained Leopold?

*Enter LEOPOLD.*

*Leop.* Have I caught you sirrah? Now, what have you to say for yourself?

*(Seizes him by the throat.)*

*Peter.* Why, nothing, to be sure, if you stop my breath.

*Leop.* Harkye, rascal! if you don't tell me where Lilla is—

*Peter.* Why, you are in such a passion, Leopold.

*Leop.* It's false: I'm not in a passion. If you say I'm in a passion, I'll kick you, you scurvy knave.

*Enter USEPH and Officers.*

*Useph.* Seize that fellow directly.

### TRIO AND CHORUS.

*Useph.* *Seize him, seize him, I say.*

*Peter.* *Seize him, seize him! Why, pray?*

*Leop.* *Let me come at him, pray.*

*Chorus.* *Haste, let us bear him away.*

*Useph.* *Don't fear, I'll protect you.*

*Leop.* *You're a rogue; I suspect you.*

*Useph.* *Knock him down; I command it.*

*Chorus.* *Knock him down, he commands it.*

*Peter.* *How can justice demand it?*  
*Hear me.*

*Chorus.* *Hear me.*

*Leop.* *No, hear me*

*Useph.* *We are none of us safe—*

*Chorus.* *While that fellow is free.*

*[Exeunt.]*

### SCENE IV.—*Inside of Anselm's Cottage.*

*Enter ANSELM.*

*Ana.* The hour is almost come. I wonder if Colonel Cohenberg be yet arrived; perhaps he may be the chosen instrument of heaven to destroy this Turkish tyranny, that like a baneful weed, chokes up our every seed of freedom.

### AIR.—ANSELM.

*The sapling oak lost in the dell,  
Where tangled brakes its beauties spot,  
And every infant shoot repel.  
Droops hopeless o'er the exhausted soil,  
At length, the woodman clears around  
Where'er the noxious thickets spread;  
And high rearing from the ground,  
The forest monarch lifts his head.*

*Enter COLONEL COHENBERG.*

*Ana.* Colonel Cohenberg!

*Col.* My friend Anselm!

*Ana.* What could induce you, Colonel, to trust yourself so far within the enemy's camp?

*Col.* Two powerful motives, my Anselm, love and glory. Our general means to attack this post to night, and I am honoured with the command of the detachment. Will the villagers assist us, think ye?

*Ana.* Assist ye! ay, Colonel, to the last drop of our blood, every man of us. We have groaned under Turkish oppression too long. But you mentioned the word love, Colonel: may I venture to inquire after the fair Catharine, whom I saw at Vienna last year?

*Col.* Adorable girl! she had just consented to be mine, when I was suddenly ordered to the siege of Belgrade.

*Ana.* That was unlucky. How did she bear the news?

*Col.* Like a heroine; when I attempted a faltering adieu, "What," says she, "will you now refuse the hand you have so often solicited? Should the bitter hour of misfortune overtake you, my Cohenberg, you will need the consolation of friendship: and have you a dearer friend than your Catharine? I will go with you, and shall find my happiness in fulfilling the duties of a wife."

*Ana.* You married her, then?

*Col.* Ay, but was immediately obliged to join my regiment. How shall I speak the remainder of my melancholy story. She attempted to follow me, but was taken prisoner by a straggling party of the Turkish army, just arrived to the relief of Belgrade.

*Ana.* Then, I fear she is taken to the Seraskier's seraglio.

*Col.* That's what I dread. In what part of the camp is his seraglio?

*Ana.* You may have observed, about two miles from hence, a convent almost in ruins, which he has converted into his seraglio.

*Col.* I am not personally known to the Seraskier. By pretending business to him I may easily gain admittance to his presence. I have prepared two letters, one to the Seraskier, in my own name, another to my Catharine, informing her of my design.

*Ana.* And if you find her there what then?

*Col.* What then! why, then I'll storm the Seraskier's tent, and carry her off this night.

*Ana.* Heaven prosper you! 'tis a hazardous enterprise.

*Col.* Hazardous, my Anselm! I scorn the thought. I have picked the gallant fellows whom I command; my brave hussars, the flower of the Austrain army; we have fought, we have bled, we have conquered together: and that leader hazards little, who has thought it his first duty to treat his soldiers as his friends.

*Ana.* But you know, Colonel, friends in all situations will sometimes desert.

*Col.* I am not speaking of the weathercock friendship that only shews which way the wind of caprice points. We have tried each other in adversity and prosperity, and have cemented our friendship with our blood on the field of battle. But come, lead me to the Seraskier; be diligent, confident, and secret;

*Then trust our cause to Providence above,  
The never-failing hope of faithful love.*

*[Exeunt.]*

SCENE V.—*The Seraskier's Tent.**Enter* LILLA.

[AIR.]

*Blythe as the hours of May,  
Were those I now deplore;  
When first I own'd love's gentle sway;  
They will return no more.  
Every fond hope is lost;  
No comfort can they bring;  
Winter's untimely chilling frost  
Destroys'd the infant spring.  
But as the hours, &c.*

*Enter* GHITA.

*Ghita.* Ah! my dear Lilla, I am glad I have found you. Do you know, the surly guard denied me admittance at first. Well, how did you come here? tell me all about it?

*Lilla.* Hush! some other time; here comes his highness; now, pray don't leave me alone with him.

*Enter* SERASKIER.

*Seras.* Ha! a companion with her! that obstacle must be removed. (*Aside.*) Well, Lilla, you shall find me a man of my word; I promised you redress, and you shall have it, but I must first talk with Useph on the business, and this pretty maiden shall be my messenger, to say that I desire his immediate attendance on me.

*Ghita.* Yes, your highness. Come, Lilla.

*Seras.* Lilla you may remain with me.

*Ghita.* (*Aside.*) Oh! yes, she's like to remain, indeed, whilst his highness is so violently in love with justice; yes, yes, I understand it very well; ay, ay.

[Exit.

*Seras.* Lilla, why are you so much alarmed? you have nothing to apprehend, do you know, Lilla, it is in your power to make me very happy?

*Lilla.* Is your highness unhappy?

*Seras.* I am. Tell me Lilla, are you sensible of love.

*Lilla.* Ah! that I am indeed, sir.

*Seras.* Suppose I were to love you

*Lilla.* I should be sorry for that, my lord.

*Seras.* Why so?

*Lilla.* Because, my lord, I couldn't love you in return: pray, my lord, don't be angry.

*Seras.* I am not angry: but come, Lilla, I must inspire you with an ambition for grandeur.

*Lilla.* Will grandeur make me happy, sir?

*Seras.* Certainly.

*Lilla.* Then how can your highness be unhappy?

*Seras.* Oh! that is—that is—I cannot explain that to your comprehension—but say, Lilla, when you behold from your cottage-window the magnificent building and gardens of Belgrade, do you not—

*Lilla.* Oh! my lord, I own I admire then; but my favourite is an humble flower, which, I fear, I shall not find in your highness's gardens.

*Seras.* What's that?

*Lilla.* Heart's-ease, sir.

*Seras.* Come, come, you shall misunderstand me no longer.

(Takes hold of her.)

*Enter* GHITA, *hastily*

*Ghita.* Oh, my lord, my lord!

*Seras.* You are soon returned.

*Ghita.* Oh! yes, my lord; ~~the~~ news, you know, flies apace. Some officers have seized poor Leopold, and are hurrying him to prison, for affronting that wicked old justice Useph.

*Lilla.* Ah! my lord, pray, have compassion on an unfortunate lover.

*Seras.* You must first set me an example: the law must have its course.

TRIO.—SERASKIER, LILLA, and GHITA.

*Seras.* When justice claims the victim due,  
Her dictates I obey.

*Lilla & Ghita.* } Yet should distress for pity sue,  
You'll own the gentle way.

*Seras.* Law must prevail.

*Lilla.* And so it may,  
Except when love is in the way

*Seras.* Your arts forbear,  
No more I'll hear.

*Lilla.* When justice she attended,  
Let her not find a foe.

*Ghita.* When justice I attended,  
Let me not find a foe.

*Lilla.* In what has she offended?  
Alas! I do not know.

*Ghita.* In what have I offended?  
Alas! I do not know.

*Seras.* In what you have offended,  
Dissembler, well you know.

*Lilla & Ghita.* } On what will he resolve?

*All.* My troubled bosom eering,  
In varied forms perplexing,  
A thousand doubts resolve.

*Lilla & Ghita.* } Compassion thus entreating,  
In vain shall we implore?

*Seras.* In vain shall they implore.

*Lilla & Ghita.* } May pity, sorrow greeting,  
Our happiness restore.

*All.* In what have I offended, &c.

*Enter* ISMAEL, USEPH, PETER, LEOPOLD and Officers.

*Useph.* Please your highness, here's a most unruly, obstreperous country fellow, who has broken open a door, and attempted to knock down a magistrate; and all, forsooth, because he's under the influence of the tender passion; he is the most violent, unmannerly—

*Leop.* It's false, I am not violent.

*Ismael.* (*Aside to Seras.*) This fellow has an honest heart; the magistrate is a villain; the villagers are already disaffected to us; be careful how you act in this affair, my lord. Subdue them by your justice—your clemency.

*Seras.* (*To Ismael.*) I will take your advice for the present, but I must have the girl sooner or later. Hear me.

*Ismael.* Silence; attend to his highness.



Seras. You all know my affection for the good people of this village—

Leop. (*Half aside.*) The women, I believe, know it very well.

Useph. Silence, sirrah!

Seras. I consider you all as my children—

Leop. (*Aside.*) If he were to stay amongst us much longer the whole village would be his children in another generation.

Useph. How dare you mutter, you reprobate?

Seras. (*Whispers Ismael, who goes off.*) I would willingly content you all, but that's impossible; let my sentence be publicly known. (*The curtain at the back of the tent is drawn up; the Turkish camp is seen; Soldiers, Peasants, &c. enter through the tent, and place themselves on each side of the stage.*)

Ghita. (*Aside.*) Now for some terrible sentence.

Seras. Leopold, you are in love with Lilla?

Leop. Yes, my lord,

Seras. And loved by her in return?

Leop. Yes, your highness.

Seras. Then marry her.

Leop. Thanks to your highness.

Seras. You are in love with Lilla, Useph?

Useph. Yes, my lord.

Seras. And not beloved by her?

Useph. I fear not, my lord.

Seras. Leopold has offered you an affront?

Useph. He has, my lord.

Seras. You are a man of authority, and should set an example of moderation; you must forgive him.

Leop. How do you like that, old one? (*Aside to Useph.*)

Seras. (*To the Officers.*) Take off his chains.

*Enter LILLA and ISMAEL.*

Lilla. That be my task; it is my duty and happiness. (*Takes off his chains.*)

### FINALE.

Lilla. *So kindly condescending,  
To our complaints attending,  
Your highness us befriending,  
No more shall wrongs assail.*

Chorus. *So kindly, &c.*

Leop. *Your highness, please to hear me—*

Lilla. *Be silent, I beseech.*

Leop. *Zounds! I'll be cool, don't fear me.*

Peter. *Oh! let us hear his speech.*

Ghita. *We're bound to you for ever.* (*To Seras.*)

Seras. *No silly compliments, I pray.*

Lilla. *To thank you I'd endeavour—*

Seras. *You soon, methinks, might learn the way.*

(*To Lilla.*)

Chorus. *So kindly, &c.*

Seras. *Seemingly condescending,  
To their complaints attending,  
Though love my bosom's rentling,  
Yet shall my scheme prevail.*

Chorus. *May fate our prayers befriending,  
No disappointment sending;  
Let love and truth prevail,*

*Securely, bliss enjoying,  
All fear of power annoying,  
Your clemency destroying,  
Now justice shall prevail.*

[*During the finale, the Seraskier takes hold of Lilla's hand and kisses it; Leopold observes this, and takes Lilla's place; the Seraskier takes Leopold's hand's supposing it to be Lilla's, but finding his mistake, appears confused.* Ercunt.]

### AOT II.

#### SCENE I.—A Convent.

*Enter CATHERINE.*

#### AIR

*My plaint in no one pity moves.  
Save echo, who in plaints replies:  
Like me, I priv'd of him she loves,  
With sympathy she counts my sighs.  
Pleas'd with the strain, the hapless maid  
Repeats the unavailing moan;  
And, while she lends her soothing aid,  
Laments my sorrows and her own.*

Unhappy as I am, it is some consolation to me that Cohenberg knows my heart, and will not wrong me so far as to doubt my constancy. But see, the Seraskier—he treats me with respect, though he is still ignorant who I am.

*Enter SERASKIER.*

Seras. Alas! madam, shall I never have the happiness of seeing you wear those smiles which nature, prodigal in adorning you, meant as her last gift to perfect your charms.

Cath. I am your prisoner, sir; my indignant heart swells whilst I avow it.

Seras. I am your prisoner; does not my every sigh—

Cath. You are a soldier, sir; do not disgrace that character by insulting a defenceless woman.

*Enter ISMAEL.*

Ismael. My lord, a deserter of no vulgar rank, from the Austrian camp, desires to be admitted to your presence.

Seras. Conduct him hither. (*Exit Ismael.*) I presume, madam, you would wish to retire?

Cath. If I stay, I may hear some news of my friends. (*Aside.*) I request, sir, you will permit me to remain here.

Seras. I thank you, madam, for the request, since it, at last, gives me an opportunity of obliging you.

*Re-enter ISMAEL with COLONEL COHENBERG.*

Cath. (*Aside.*) Oh, heavens! my Cohenberg!

Col. (*Aside.*) My Catherine!

Seras. What are you?

Col. An Austrian.

Seras. What have you to communicate?

Col. Colonel Cohenberg is not unknown to your highness.

Cath. (*Aside.*) What can he mean?

Seras. His character is not unknown to me; what then?

Col. Your highness once wrote to him as to an exchange of prisoners; consequently, you know his hand.

Seras. Perfectly well.

Cath. (Aside.) I perceive some artifice; but what a hazard does he run!

Co'. (Giving a letter.) Here, sir, is my commission.

Seras. 'Tis his seal, his writing. (Reads.) "The dearest is in my confidence; if you wish for my aid, tell him on what terms you are willing to acquire my friendship and assistance.—COHENBERG." Is it possible that I shall be the happy means of gaining Cohenberg to the Ottoman cause? Tell the gallant Christian I deem his friendship invaluable; and in the name of my most illustrious sovereign, promise, as a debt of gratitude, whatever he shall ask. Do you know this Colonel Cohenberg, madam?

Cath. Yes, my lord, so well, that I have him now before me. (Looking to the Colonel.) He married a lady who was dear to me as myself; they were separated by the chance of war, and Cohenberg now lives to see her he loves in slavery and sorrow.

Col. Take comfort, madam; he loves her more tenderly than ever, and vows to relieve her, or perish in the attempt.

Seras. Say, Christian, if I writ, when I may expect an answer?

Col. Within these few hours you may depend on seeing me again.

Cath. (Aside.) Indeed!

Seras. Heavens! madam, how you are altered! To what am I to attribute this blissful change?

Cath. To the blessed tidings I have just now heard. I am charmed to hear of Cohenberg's inviolable constancy, and transported with the hope of his Catherine being, one day, restored to freedom, by the arms of the hero she adores.

Seras. You take so warm an interest in his favour that, were he here, I should almost suspect myself reduced into his rival.

Cath. There would be no fear of that, for well he knows his Catherine will not suffer him to have a rival.

Seras. I hardly comprehend you. But I must send my answer of Cohenberg's letter. (Sits down to write.) 'Tis done. Now, madam, if you have any kind things to say in behalf of your friend, I'll be your secretary; continue those smiles, and you shall find a Mussulman can be as complaisant a lover as any Christendom can boast. What shall I tell him?

Cath. Tell him—

#### DUET.—SERASKIER and CATHERINE.

*Of plighted faith so truly kept,  
Of all love's dictates tell:  
Of restless thoughts that never slept,  
Since when she bade farewell.  
The rising sigh, the frequent tear,  
The flush of hope, the chilling fear;  
So may the sympathetic soul,  
Direct kind fancy's wing,  
Where future hours in transport roll,  
And love's reward shall bring.*

(During this scene the Colonel and Catherine shew their joy at seeing each other, unobserved by the Seraskier, who is between them. In the course of the duet the Colonel makes an unsuccessful effort to give her a letter.)

Seras. (Gives the Colonel a letter.) There is my answer; and by our holy prophet do I swear faithfully to perform each article. (The Colonel gives a letter to Catherine, unperceived by the Seraskier. A slave enters, snatches it from her, and presents it to the Seraskier on his knee.) What's this? (Reads.) "I have ventured into the Turkish Camp in hopes of seeing you my beloved Catherine." Ha! Catherine! "This night I mean to storm the Seraskier's fort, and give you liberty. Your true COHENBERG." What ho! a guard!

Enter ISMAEL and Guard.

Seize him,

Cath. Hear me, my lord.

Seras. No more, dissembler! Bear her away.

Cath. My Cohenberg, I have undone thee.

Seras. Away with her (Exit Guards with Cath.) Slaves, on your lives I charge you, guard well this hypocrite, this liar. (The Colonel, in great agitation, feels for his sword which the Guards have taken from him and missing it, clasps his hands in agony.) Deep in the darkest dungeon of the fort let him be chained; there shall he stay till his associates in perfidy shall come to burst his bonds, and storm the post I guard.

Col. Alike I scorn thy menaces and taunts. I glory, though I failed, in the attempt. Heap cruelty on cruelty on me, I can bear it; my darkness is the loss of Catherine's eyes, my chains the despair of seeing her; and death were transport to the pangs I feel in knowing her a slave to thee, barbarian!

[Exit, guarded]

Sera. Ismael!

Ismael. My lord?

Seras. Wilt thou not despise me when I tell thee neither Cohenberg's plot, nor Catherine's charms, can drive this rustic Lilla from my heart. I'll carry her off this night. Have you prepared the disguises as I commanded?

Ismael. I have, my lord.

Seras. Give orders that my tent be pitched in yonder wood, and my seraglio instantly removed thither.

Ismael. Why so, my lord?

Seras. To elude the search that will be made after Lilla: besides, Cohenberg's design have taught me that I lie too near the frontiers of the Austrians. Away! and see my orders are obeyed.

[Exit Ismael]

#### AIR.—SERASKIER.

*Confusion! thus defeated!  
With bitter scorn thus treated!  
Whatever thought pursuing,  
Where'er I turn my eyes,  
Surrounding mists of ruin  
In dark'ning circles rise:  
In frost, on fire, by turns,  
My bosom freezes—burns—  
'Tis fix'd—my rival finds a grave.  
Ye! honour bids me save  
From death the captive brace.  
Confusion! thus defeated!  
With bitter scorn thus treated!  
Whatever thought pursuing,  
Where'er I turn my eyes,  
Surrounding mists of ruin  
In dark'ning circles rise.*

[Exit.]

## SCENE II.—A Wood.

*Enter ANSELM and Peasants.*

*Ans.* It is as I suspected. I am sure 'twas Colonel Cohenberg I saw hurried to the fort. I fear the worst.

*1 Peas.* Is there no help, Anselm?

*Ans.* None but this: some of you must swim the river, and inform the Austrian out-posts of Cohenberg's danger; and, perhaps, their succour may arrive in time to free him. I will remain on this side, that, should they arrive, I may conduct them by short and secret paths to the Seraskier's tent.

*2 Peas.* I'll go.

*1 Peas.* And I, if I drown for it: let's all go.

*Ans.* Hear me, hear me, friends. You two shall undertake this message to the Austrians, the others stay with me to excite the villagers to revolt.

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE III.—Another part of the Village.

*Enter LILLA and GHITA.*

## DUET.

*Haste, gentle zephyrs, o'er the glade,  
If there my love discerning,  
Kindly with fluttering pinions aid  
His weary steps returning  
So may thy wings (their wanton play  
No scorching sun oppressing)  
Still gladly fan the sultry day,  
And prove the summer's blessing.*

*Ghita.* Love they call a gentle passion,  
Boast its power to calm the breast;  
I prefer the jealous fashion;  
Sweets when dash'd with sour are best.  
While the ever-cooing doves,  
In fond nonsense tell their loves;  
Scarcely ecstatic, nought desiring;  
Cloy'd with bliss, as well they may;  
They, with languor half expiring,  
Dose their stupid lives away.

*Lilla.* Let me in true pleasure's mirror  
Tranquil view love's placid form;  
Free from every jealous terror,  
Give me the calm, take you the storm.

*Lilla.* Well, Ghita, now we are married, I hope our husbands will take their leave of jealousy.

*Ghita.* Paha! Lilla, how often must I tell you jealousy follows love like a shadow.

*Lilla.* Then love is a pretty thing and an ugly shadow. But I have seen my shadow often in the sun, and it appeared so tall and frightful that I am sure it couldn't be like me. But it begins to grow late. I wish our husbands would come home.

*Ghita.* There are two men coming this way.

*Enter SERASKIER and ISMAEL in long cloaks.*

*Seras.* (To Ismael.) Desire my followers to keep back.

*Ghita.* (To Lilla.) See, they have wrapped themselves up in long cloaks that we shouldn't know them.

*Lilla.* Ah! this is another of Leopold's jealous frolics. But I'll not speak first, I am determined.

*Seras.* Lilla, Lilla!

*Lilla.* I can't bear to see him uneasy; I must speak to him.

## SESTETTO.

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Night thus from me concealing  
The form of him I love;  
Oh! let his voice, revealing  
His truth, my fears remove.*

*Seras. & Ismael.* } *Night thus from me concealing  
The form of her I love;  
Oh! let her voice, revealing  
The truth, my fears remove.*

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Oh, heavens! the Seraskier!  
A lover's accents hear;  
With sympathetic passion,  
Fond expectation cheer.*

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Ah! should my husband hear us  
What could poor Ghita do?  
What could poor Lilla do?*

*Enter LEOPOLD and PETER.*

*Leop. & Peter.* } *Hark! I'm sure there's some one near us.*

*Peter.* Ghita!

*Leop.* Lilla!

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Our husbands! near us!*

*Ghita.* My love, I'm here.

*Leop. & Peter.* } *You're here!*

*Peter.* Then, who is so near?

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Honest peasants, homeward going  
From their labour, I suppose.*

*Leop. & Peter.* } *How, I pray, are you so knowing,  
Whether they be friends or foes?*

*Leop. & Peter.* } *Jealous fears perplexing,  
Like whelming billows roll,  
And wreck my tortur'd soul  
Begone; 'tis thy falsehood*

*(To Lilla and Ghita.)*  
*Distracts my tortur'd soul.*

*Lilla and Ghita.* } *Ah! can my dear suspect me?*

*Ghita.* My truth he cannot fear.

*All.* } *Suspense, in clouds, shuts in the day.  
Hope, cheering star, affords thy ray  
Of silver light; and, to our eyes,  
Oh! bid thy bright creation rise.*

*[Exeunt.]*

## SCENE IV.—Inside of Peter's House.

*Enter PETER and LEOPOLD.*

*Peter.* A pretty adventure this.

*Leop.* Yes, a very pretty adventure, indeed.

*Peter.* How do you feel, Leopold?

*Leop.* Oh, I'm composed, quite composed.

*Peter.* For my part, I own I am in a passion.

*Leop.* Oh, then you are wrong, my dear friend; you are wrong, Peter.

*Peter.* My suspicions are not easily roused, but now—

*Leop.* Oh, for shame, Peter, can't you be calm? Death and d—n! can't you be cool?

*Peter.* I confess I am angry, and—

*Leop.* But you shan't be angry, I tell you. You must be cool; d—e! you shall.

*Peter.* Must I?

*Leop.* Yes.

*Peter.* Why, then, I will; you know I am naturally very peaceable.

*Leop.* Peaceable! Here's a fellow, now, that would stand by quietly to have his horns fitted on; by my troth, if I must wear mine, I'll butt with them like a mad bull.

*[Exit.]*

*Peter.* Poor Leopold, he's angry with me for not putting myself in a passion, desires that I will be cool, then flies in a rage because I follow his advice.

### AIR.—PETER.

*How few know how to value life,  
And taste its real joys,  
Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,  
With anger, pride, and noise!*

*Let riches, power, and pomp surpass,  
And scorn me, if they please;  
Let me love, laugh, and take my glass,  
And lead a life of ease.*

*Limpid and pure life's current seems,  
Till passion's wild mistake,  
In madness troubles all the streams  
Of which he must partake.*

*Let riches, &c.*

### Re-enter LEOPOLD.

*Leop.* I say, Peter, Ghita's coming this way. Now don't you say anything to her, because you won't keep yourself cool; leave me to manage her, I know more about these matters than you do.

### Enter GHITA.

Well, Ghita, your husband and I have been laughing over the whimsical affair that happened just now.

*Ghita.* Yes, it was whimsical, indeed. All's safe, I find.

*Leop.* Well, and so they were countrymen, returning from their day's labour, were they?

*Ghita.* Yes, countrymen returning from labour.

*Leop.* Oh! I dare say they were. Curse me, if I believe a word out! *(Aside.)* Well, but who were they?

*Ghita.* I know no more of the matter than Lilla does.

*Peter.* Oh! here comes Lilla.

### Enter LILLA.

*Leop.* Lilla, my dear, come here, I want to speak with you: now you know that I never put myself into a passion; but a lie provokes me, therefore, have a care; now I expect you to tell me the truth, for Ghita has confessed the whole matter.

*Lilla.* Has she, indeed?

*Leop.* She has; therefore, have a care.

*Peter.* *(Aside to Leop.)* Now, Leopold, I tell you—

*Leop.* Be quiet, you fool; keep yourself calm.

*(Ghita makes signs to Lilla that she has not told.)*

*Lilla.* *(Aside.)* Oh, oh! very well.

*Leop.* *(To Lilla.)* Come, why don't you speak? these countrymen.

*Lilla.* Ay, these countrymen—Who were they? Why don't you tell me? I am sure you know.

*Leop.* I know! here's a pretty piece of business.

*Lilla.* Well, if you won't tell me, Ghita will.

*Leop.* Harkye! Lilla, I am convinced you are wrong; therefore I insist on your confession.

*Lilla.* Oh! you will have me confess.

*Leop.* Yes, I will; therefore, recollect yourself, I will have it. I say, Peter, this is the way to manage a wife. You see I have carried my point.

### AIR.—LILLA.

*What can mean that thoughtful frown?  
Why those eyes to earth cast down!  
Tell me what amiss they see  
Let them kindly look on me,  
La ra la! la!*

*What then would my dearest have?  
Come, indeed, I will be grave  
And, with melancholy face,  
Calmly hear thy piteous case.  
La ra la! la!*

*(During the song she dances slowly between Peter, Leopold, and Ghita.)*

*Peter.* I say, Leopold, this is the way to manage a wife; you see you have carried your point.

*Leop.* Why, I—I don't know how it is, but ecod! she has danced me into a good humour, I think.

*Lilla.* Now, Leopold, how could you serve me so? Why, Ghita says you have been laughing at her.

*Leop.* Why, yes, I believe I am in a merry humour.

*Lilla.* I don't think you are merry; you seem grumpy.

*Leop.* Psha! no such thing; I am not grumpy.

*Ghita.* Ah! you don't deserve the supper we have prepared for you. But come, Lilla, we must forgive 'em.

*Lilla.* Well, if we must we must.

*(Brings the table with supper forward.)*

*Leop.* *(Aside to Peter.)* Well, Peter, what do you think of this?

*Peter.* *(Aside to Leop.)* Why, for my part, I think it looks like innocence.

*Leop.* So it does, so it does; but we'll watch them, though; so, mum! Peter. *(All sit.)* Egad! I never was happier in my life; come, let's have a toast.

*Lilla.* I'll give you one: may our happiness ever continue!

*Leop.* Very well; very well, indeed. *(All drink.)* So good a toast deserves a second bumper. *(Drinks again.)* Now away with suspicions for ever.

SERASKIER signs without.

### SERENADE.

*To mighty love, the trembling strings are pressing;  
Sacred to him they praise, their sweet employ.  
Ah! the fond heart, whose passion they're expressing,  
Vibrates like them to love, but not to joy.*

*Leop.* What's that!

*Peter.* It sounds like music.

*Ghita.* What delightful harmony!

*Leop.* Curse harmony! I don't like it at all.

*(Rises.)*

*Lilla.* Sit down, Leopold.

*Leop.* I won't sit down.

*Lilla.* Nay, don't be angry; here's a merry thought for you.

*Leop.* Eat it yourself, then.

*Lilla.* You shall sit down. It is only the villagers amusing themselves; and you know, Leopold, that people of fashion often have music at supper.

*(Seraskier sings without.)*

*Leop.* Oh! choke your singing.

*Lilla. (Aside to Ghita.)* We are undone! 'tis the Seraskier.

*Peter.* Ah! Leopold, there's danger in that voice. How melodious!

*Leop.* Horribly melodious! Harkye! Peter, are you courageous?

*Peter.* Tolerably so.

*Leop. (Takes two swords, and gives one to Peter.)* Here, then, take this sword, and follow me. We'll join the concert; and if I don't put these gallants out of tune, I'll be—it's astonishing how I continue to keep my temper.

[Exit with Peter.]

*Lilla.* What will become of us! Let's follow them; I fear there will be mischief. I wonder that Leopold keeps his temper.

[Exit.]

*Enter USEPH at a back door.*

*Useph.* All quiet; then I'm sure Leopold can't be here; and I have such a dread of that d-d fellow, that—*(Seeing the supper.)* Eh! What have we here? a good supper, and nobody to eat it. I think my appetite returns, as my fright goes off. Egad! I'll pick a bit. There's nothing in the world I like better than a good supper, especially when anybody else pays for it. Ha, ha, ha! Eh! What's this? *(Holding a large slice of ham on his fork.)* Oh! the Christian dogs! what, eat pork! Oh, horrible! *(Eats the ham eagerly.)* Oh, fie! oh, fie! What have we here? Wine! worse and worse! Wine, indeed! How can people be so impious to drink—*(Drinks a large cupful.)*—Though I believe a Mahometan may take a cup of wine when nobody sees him. Egad! I'll take another. Here's to the founder of the feast. *(Drinks.)* Now if I could but meet Lilla—Good cheer puts one in such excellent spirits, and makes one so valiant and so loving, that—*(Pistols fire.)*—Oh, Lord! *(Starts up.)* They are firing pistols against the door. Oh, dear! oh, dear! What will become of me? *(Goes to the door at the back.)* Eh! this door is fast! Mercy on me! *(Hides under the table.)*

*Enter PETER and GHITA.*

*Ghita.* Stay here, my dear Peter, if you love me; all opposition is fruitless. I am sure the Seraskier is amongst them.

*Peter.* Poor Leopold! he'll be overpowered by numbers. Run up to the house-top, Ghita, and alarm the neighbours. [Exit Ghita.] How unlucky that this accident should happen just at supper-time!

*Enter LEOPOLD.*

*Leop.* Confusion! they have carried off my Lilla. Plague on my sword for failing me, when I might have rescued her; but I'll raise the neighbourhood, and if I can but find that old scoundrel, Useph. *(Turns round, and sees Useph.)* Ha, villain, what brought you here?

*Useph.* What brought me here? Why, I heard a riot, so I came to—to—

*Leop.* To what?

*Useph.* Why, to quell it, and defend your house and, besides, I came to wish you joy on your marriage, my dear friend.

*Leop.* And how did you get into the house?

*Useph.* I came through the garden, and in at the back-door, quietly and peaceably as a magistrate should do, and agreeably to my function.

*Peter.* Yes, and you seem to have been eating some of our supper: was that agreeably to your function?

*Leop.* Ah, sirrah, who asked you to supper?

*Useph.* I only picked a bit.

*Leop.* Hold your tongue. Harkye, rascal! my Lilla's carried off; and I am almost sure that you are in the plot; so, come along, and if I find my suspicions right, I'll hang you on the next tree.

[Exit.]

SCENE V.—A Turkish Watch-tower.

*Enter the SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Guards, from the Tower.*

*Seras.* Well, Ismael; so far we have proceeded successfully, and Lilla is safe within my power. The villagers fought manfully.

*Ismael.* I fear, my lord, we shall experience other proofs of their valour.

*Seras.* To what am I to attribute these unusual apprehensions, Ismael?

*Ismael.* My lord, I never before fought in a cause I was ashamed of.

*Seras.* No more: it's time to think of Cohenberg. Are the executioners prepared?

*Ismael.* They are, my lord.

*Seras.* Are the horsemen ready to bear off Catherine?

*Ismael.* They have their orders, my lord. *(Retires back.)*

*Seras. (To the Guards.)* Strike off his chains, and bring your prisoner forth. Do you conduct the lady hither. [To another Guard, who exits]

*The Guards lift up a trap-door, one descends and returns with COLONEL COHENBERG.*

*Col.* To what new indignities am I reserved?

*Enter Guard with CATHERINE.*

*Seras.* Hear me, Christian: had the chance of battle made you my prisoner, I should have treated you as a soldier; but you have degraded yourself into a spy, and an ignominious death is, by the law of nations, your reward; yet life or death, on one condition, may still be yours.

*Col.* And if that one should be unworthy, learn, though life and liberty are dearer to me than all the treasures of your eastern world, I have a gem within my keeping, more valuable far,—my honour! which I scorn to barter for it. *(Muffled drums are heard.)*

*Seras.* Hark! that is thy knell. When thrice those sounds, within a few short moments, shall have passed upon thy obstinacy, that instant is thy last. Attend: this night thy Austrians mean to attack my fort. Let the deceivers be deceived: deliver them to my sword. Renounce your Christian worship: do this; and, in my Sultan's name, I promise you power, wealth, honour, your Catherine, all your wishes can desire.

*Col.* My Catherine! she is a reward so valuable, so truly great, that—

*Cath.* Hear me, Cohenberg: should an unmanly tenderness for me make thee forget thy faith, thy country, and thy king, though that instant be my last, I'll tear thee, coward, from my bleeding heart, and cast thee off, unworthy of my love.

*Seras. (Aside.)* Death to my hopes! she ruins all my purposes.—Christian, reflect: be quick, or both your lives shall expiate thy fault.

*Cath.* This is the greatest mercy thou canst shew. He dares to die, and I dare not live to see him dishonoured.

*Seras. (Muffled drums.)* Appear, ye ministers of death.—*(Enter black Slaves.)*—Now, Christian, this moment is thy last.

*Col.* Oh, heavens!

*Seras.* Bear her away!

*Cath.* To torture—death. My Cohenberg, remember me.

*Col.* In life and death, my Catherine.

*Seras.* Away with her! *[Exit Cath. guarded.]*

*Col.* Come, tyrant, give me the fatal bowstring, and end at once this pageant of thy cruelty. Thy threats I boldly despise; thy offers thus I tread beneath my feet; and, though this worthless frame may fall before thee, fixed as the founded rock, my soul shall stand, firm to my God, my king, and my country.

*Seras.* I'll hear no more.

*Col. (Kneels.)* Preserve my Catherine, heaven! *(Muffled drums. The Slaves put the cord round his neck, and prepare to strangle him.)*

*Seras.* Despatch him, slaves!

*Col.* Good angels, guard my Catherine!

*Seras.* Christian, thy prayers are vain. *(A great shout is heard, and the drums beating to arms.)*

*Seras.* Destruction! we are betrayed. *[Exit.]*

*Col.* Off, off! ye slaves.

*Enter ANSELM, PETER, LEOPOLD, &c.* Anselm gives the Colonel a sword. Slaves go off. Anselm, Peter, and Leopold, go into the tower. SERASKIER re-enters with his sword drawn; the Colonel fights with him, and drives him off. The Turks are driven from the tower; the Turkish flag is taken down, and the Austrian colours hoisted. A party of Austrians enter from the tower, with PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, and Peasants. COLONEL COHENBERG enters. Drums and trumpets.)

*Col.* The villain has escaped me in the throng. But, oh! Catherine is nowhere to be found.

*Peter.* A Turkish soldier told me, even now, some horsemen bore her over yonder plain.

*Col.* Ha! over yonder plain! *[Exit.]*

# FINALE.

Now victory has, like a mistress kind,  
Put an end to all our quarrels;  
In a brimming cup our joys we'll find,  
From the vine we'll pluck our laurels.  
Let us drink as we fight; with loud hurrahs,  
We'll charge, and scorn all shrinking;  
Till our wine, like the foe, retreats apace,  
And we shew our valour in drinking.

*[Exeunt.]*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Inside of the Seraskier's tent.*

Several Ladies discovered.

## CHORUS.

On the warlike plains descending,  
Night, in pity, casts her veil;  
Hostile strife awhile suspending,  
Short-lived peace and rest prevail.

*Enter FATIMA and LILLA. Lilla in an elegant Turkish habit:*

*Fatima.* Then you are resolved to leave us, Lilla?

*Lilla.* Yes, your ladyship, that I will as soon as I can.

*Fatima.* And are you not sorry to part with your fine clothes, and quit the pleasures of the seraglio?

*Lilla.* Pleasures, madam, what are they?

*Fatima.* Why, 'tis our pleasure to obey his highness the Seraskier, who is our lord and husband.

*Lilla.* And have you no other husband?

*Fatima.* Why, that's a very odd question.

*Lilla.* Nay, I beg your ladyship's pardon; but I understand there are five and twenty; if so, what a pity you should only have one husband amongst you.

*Fatima.* Nay, nay; I ought not to be sorry at your going, or for the beautiful stranger leaving us. I have, hitherto, been the Seraskier's favourite; and you are two dangerous rivals. Oh! here she comes.

*Enter CATHERINE from the tent.*

*Cath.* This intelligence of Cohenberg's safety, gives me new life. Now let fortune do her worst. Well, Fatima, are the sentinels bribed to let us pass?

*Fatima.* I gave Selim the gold, as you desired; who, doubtless, has obeyed your orders.

*Cath.* So, Lilla, I find you are to be my guide to the castle. Are you sure you know the way?

*Lilla.* Yes, my lady; 'tis by the private path, which leads directly to it. I dare say we shall be safe. *(Trembling.)*

*Cath.* Why do you tremble, Lilla?

*Lilla.* No, my lady—yes—yes—yes, I believe I am a little afraid.

*Cath.* Oh, for shame! You a lover! Consider.

*Lilla.* No, I won't consider. Now, pray, madam talk finely to me, as you did a little while ago, and don't let me think of difficulties.

*Cath.* Difficulties! they are the test of virtue, the spur to courage; the noble mind would lose half its splendour, were it not for the pleasure of surmounting difficulties.

## AIR.—CATHERINE.

No more I heave the heart-felt sigh;  
No more I drop the briny tear;  
Hope's promise'd hour of bliss is near.  
Yet dangers surrounding,  
My reason confounding,  
Ah! whither shall I fly!

*Enter a Turkish Soldier.*

*Sold.* The drums are beating to arms; we expect to be attacked every moment. *[Exit.]*

*Cath.* Come, Lilla. Adieu, kind Fatima!

*Peter. (Without.)* The enemy's camp's on fire. Plunder's the word. *[Exeunt.]*

*Enter PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, Peasants, and Austrian Soldiers, who cut down the Seraskier's Tent, and carry it off in pieces. The Turkish camp is seen on fire, at a distance. Drums and trumpets are heard. Re-enter LEOPOLD and PETER.*

*Leop.* Lilla not to be found! Oh! she is in the plot; I am sure she is; she has done it on purpose.

I knew she would run away when I married her: I was certain.

*Peter.* 'Tis a pity, indeed.

*Leop.* 'Tis false! 'tis not a pity.

*Peter.* Well, then, 'tis not a pity. What a plague, mustn't I be sorry for you?

*Leop.* Rot your sorrow! No.

*Peter.* Well, I won't be sorry, then.

*Leop.* But are you really sorry for me, Peter!

*Peter.* To be sure I am: you know the friendship I have had for you, ever since we were boys together.

*Leop.* Give me your hand, then. I ask your pardon. But why will you provoke me?

*Peter.* Why was you provoked, then?

*Leop.* No, I was not; but I mean that—I say I mean—Zounds! I don't know what I mean.

### SONG.—LEOPOLD.

*How provoking your doubts! Do you think I'm a fool?*

*In the heat of the battle you know I was cool;*

*While ours and our neighbours*

*With guns, pistols, sabres,*

*Were cutting and slashing,*

*Mahomedans hashing.*

*But need I care, for that, since time is on the wing;*

*You see I am merry, you hear how I sing.*

*Tot de rol, &c.*

*You see I am merry, you hear how I sing.*

*That jade, madam Lilla, that gipsy, ofar,*

*Is gugging away to the Turkish guitar;*

*While great smooth-chinn'd strabblers,*

*With vile squeaking trebles,*

*Chant her praises to cheer*

*That cruel Sraazier!*

*Till the handkerchief's thrown—But, then, what's that to me?*

*It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.*

*Tot de rol, &c.*

*It can't make me uneasy—I'm happy, you see.*

[*Exeunt.*]

### SCENE II.—An Apartment at Colonel Cohenbry's.

*Enter an Austrian Soldier, and LILLA, veiled,*

*Sold.* Pray, walk this way, our Colonel will be so glad to see you.

*Lilla.* Indeed, sir, he won't.

*Sold.* Oh! but I am sure he will, my lady.

*Lilla.* Sir!

*Sold.* I beg your ladyship's pardon; but, though bred in the ranks, I know good manners.

*Lilla.* Ah! that's my misfortune. I wish you did not; for, then, you would quit the room, and let me alone.

[*Soldier bows, and exit.*]

*Useph.* (*Without.*) Come along, Michael.

*Lilla.* Oh, heavens! that wretch, Useph! What shall I do! Though, perhaps, he won't know me in this dress. (*Retires.*)

*Enter an Austrian Soldier, conducting in USEPH, and MICHAEL. Useph dressed as an Austrian officer.*

*Useph.* Pray, don't disturb the noble Colonel; but when his honour is quite at leisure, let his honour know that I humbly wait to offer my congratulations. My name is Heoon Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blanderkerstoon Schwartzzenbergen.

[*Exit Soldier.*]

*Mich.* Why, heyday! I thought your name had been Ben Yacomb Ben Mustapha.

*Useph.* Ay, that was my Turkish title; but it won't do now the Austrians are our masters. I think I have got a good name, eh! Michael?

*Mich.* Yes; and as you never had a good name before, I hope you will keep it, now you have got it.

*Useph.* Ha, ha! Very well; you are a sharp fellow, Michael; I'll recommend you to the Colonel, when I am appointed to some post of great emolument under him: you shall be my deputy, and do all the business for me,—(*aside*) and I'll take all the money.

*Mich.* So I will. I have often wondered where the deuce you could conceal your riches.

*Useph.* Ay, that's a secret I mean to let you into; for I don't think my hoards are quite safe in this time of warlike combustion. We'll remove them, Michael. (*Lilla listens.*)

*Mich.* But where are they?

*Useph.* Why, you know the burying-place, about a mile off, which the Turks hold so sacred. In the middle of that ground, stands a high and spacious tomb; there I have hid it. But, mum!

*Enter an Austrian Soldier.*

*Sold.* (*To Lilla.*) Our Colonel is not at home, madam; but I shall be happy to attend your ladyship.

*Useph.* (*To the Sold.*) Harkye! my lad, pray, who is this pretty piece of camp furniture, eh?

*Sold.* Hush! 'tis our Colonel's lady. I was the first who saw her here, and expect to be made a corporal for it. [*Exit.*]

*Useph.* (*Aside to Michael.*) Oh, ho! then I know my cue.—Leave us, Michael.—[*Exit Michael.*]  
(*Useph bows to Lilla.*) How happy are we all to see your ladyship returned! The Colonel is a most amiable creature; he does me the honour to live in my house: it was mine yesterday. Indeed, he forgot to ask my leave; but true politeness overlooks trifles. He must have a number of very pretty things at his disposal. Oh! if ever I should live to be appointed a commissary—and if your ladyship would but stand my friend—Pray, is your ladyship fond of jewels?

*Lilla.* (*Aside.*) If I speak to him, he'll know my voice.

*Useph.* (*Aside.*) I have some of the most beautiful here, which I should be proud to present to your ladyship. (*Offers a casket.*)

*Lilla.* (*Aside.*) I believe I had best take them, to prevent further questions. (*Takes the casket.*)

*Useph.* (*Aside.*) I can see that she is used to bribery.

*Enter a Soldier.*

*Sold.* The Colonel is not returned yet, madam; till he do, we shall be proud to obey the wife of our noble commander.

*Lilla.* (*Throws open her veil.*) I am not his wife, sir.

*Useph.* Why, heyday! Zounds! this is my wife that ought to be.

*Lilla.* I'll not be the wife of any of you. But, since you say, sir, you will obey my commands, pray, be kind enough to turn that wicked old justice of the peace out of the house.

*Sold.* Oh! that we will directly. [*Exit.*]

*Useph.* What turn me out of the house! that's a d—d good joke. Well, but Lilla, I'll trouble you for my pearls again, dear.

*Lilla.* Why, I thought you gave them to me.

*Useph.* Yes, I gave them you to look at.

*Lilla.* Well, I have looked at them, and like them very well.

*Useph.* Come, come; I must have my jewels.

*Enter two Soldiers.*

*Lilla.* Turn him out.

*Useph.* I won't go without my pearls. At your peril, detain them. Lookye! my lads, I'm a magistrate; I see you are well-disposed persons, and so I'll explain to you the nature of justice as to private property. For instance: my pearls—I say, my pearls—*(Soldiers push him out.)*

*Lilla.* Ha, ha, ha! I think I shall be even with you, Mr. Justice. I am glad I know where his money is hidden. I wish I had told that gentleman of the fine lady that came away with me: I dare say she is the Colonel's wife. Ah! but, then, perhaps, he would have been angry with me for losing her. Well, thanks to fortune, here I am at present; so I'll think no more of past dangers.

**AIR.—LILLA.**

*Domestic peace, my soul's desire,  
The dearest bliss fate could bestow,  
At length, to thee I must aspire;  
Misfortune's storms no longer blow.  
Escap'd their ire, now safe on shore,  
I listen to the tempest's roar;  
And while the billows idly foam,  
They but endear my long lost home.* *[Exit.]*

**SCENE III.—Outside of Colonel Cohenberg's house.**

*USEPH* discovered being pushed out of the house by two Soldiers.

*Useph.* Well, but hear me: I say, that—there! they have turned me out, and won't hear me. Nobody will attend to me. What a miserable dog I am! Never was there so unhappy a magistrate!

*Enter LEOPOLD.*

*L'op.* Cruel, cruel, Lilla!

*Useph.* What!

*Leop.* She has robbed me of my peace for ever!

*Useph.* She has robbed me, too; however, I am ready to make the matter up, if you'll pay me for the pearls.

*Leop.* What does the fellow mean?

*Useph.* I mean the pearls Lilla had of me.

*Leop.* What! had of you?

*Useph.* Hear me patiently, and I'll tell you all.

*Leop.* Zounds! I am patient.—Well?

*Useph.* I intended those pearls as a present to a certain person.

*Leop.* And you gave them to Lilla?

*Useph.* Yes, in my house—Colonel Cohenberg's, I mean; for there she is.

*Leop.* What, Lilla there! Oh, ho! *(Knocks.)*

*Sold. (Within.)* What, you won't go along!—*(Comes out, and sees Leopold.)* Ha! brother soldier, how are you?

*Leop.* Very well, thankye. Well, and so you are here. And how are you? Isn't there a young woman—I'm glad to see you—I say a young woman—How long have you been here?—Called Lilla, at this house?

*Sold.* Yes, she's within. Come with me.

*(Exeunt Leopold and Soldier. Useph attempts to follow; but is pushed back, and the door shuts.)*

*Useph.* What, shut the door in my face! I see there is no chance of getting the pearls; and I shall be ruined if I stay here; so, I'll e'en pack up my remaining treasure, and go over to the Turks. I got all my money by changing sides, and I'll change sides to keep it.

**AIR.—USEPH.**

*Some time ago, I married a wife,  
And she, poor soul! was the plague of my life;  
I thought, when I lost her, my troubles were done,  
But, 't'faith, I found they're just begun.*

*Tho' she's gone,*

*Still 'tis all one,*

*My troubles, alas; are just begun.*

*A magistrate I next became.*

*To be impartial was my aim;*

*No distinction I made between great and small;*

*Plaintiffs, defendants, I fleec'd them all;*

*Great and small, fleec'd them all.*

*Turks and Christians, I cheated 'em.*

*In praise of honesty, I've heard,*

*As policy, 'tis much prefer'd;*

*Then, if 'tis best, in life's repast,*

*The daintiest dish I'll taste the last.*

*Honest at last,*

*Tir'd of the past,*

*Perhaps, as a change, I may try it at last.* *[Exit.]*

**SCENE IV.—A Room at Colonel Cohenberg's.**

*Enter LEOPOLD and LILLA.*

*Lilla.* My dear Leopold, how glad I am to see you! Was it not lucky that I heard Useph say where his riches were?

*Leop.* Yes, very lucky.—*(Aside.)* Not a word of the pearls yet.—Well, but, Lilla—I say this fine dress of yours—Zounds! I can't bear to look at it.

*Lilla.* What, more suspicious, Leopold?

*Leop.* No, my suspicions are vanished.

*Lilla.* I am glad of it.

*Leop.* Yes, I am convinced of your falsehood.—Where are the pearls that Useph gave you? I suppose you can explain that to me.

*Lilla.* I'll explain nothing, Leopold. Your want of confidence in me vexes me to the heart. I am sure we shall never be happy, if this be the case.

*(Cries.)*

*Leop.* Oh! very well. I see what—you wish to part—Oh! with all my heart.

*Lilla.* And with all mine.

**DUET.—LEOPOLD and LILLA.**

*Lilla.* *Though you think by this to vex me,  
Love no more can give me pain.*

*Leop.* *Vainly strive not to perplex me,  
You shall dupe me ne'er again.*

*Lilla.* *Now your falsehood is requited,  
I'll enjoy a single life.*

*Leop.* *Hark! to glory I'm invited,  
By the cheerful drum and fife.*

*Lilla.* *By consent, then, now we sever,—*

*Leop.* *Lope's all nonsense, freedom's sweet;*

*Lilla.* *And we take our leave for ever,*

*Leop.* *Never more again to meet,*

*Lilla.* *Never more?*

*Leop.* *Never more.*



Lilla. *I don't want, sir, to alter you;  
I don't wish your stay, not I.*

Leop. *I'm quite happy, I assure you;  
Gladly I pronounce good bye!*

Lilla. *You will change your mind, believe me—*

Leop. *No; I told you so before.*

Lilla. *Can you have the heart to leave me?*

Leop. *Yes: I'll never see you more.*

Lilla. *Never more?*

Leop. *Never more.*

Beth. *Never more my love shall leave me;  
Never part—no, never more.*

[*Exeunt.*]

#### SCENE V.—A Turkish Burial-ground.

Enter PETER, followed by LEOPOLD with a small cane.

Peter. How fortunate that Lilla should overhear Useph discover where his treasures are hidden. But you say we are to carry this money to Colonel Cohenberg, who will deliver it to the lawful owners.

Leop. Yes; we are to commit a robbery for the public good. So, follow me, Peter. In we go.

Enter MICHAEL with a sack, and USEPH disguised in a long cloak.

Useph. Come along, Michael. But make no noise, that we may make our escape, undiscovered, to Belgrade. This is the spot where I buried my poor, dear wife, two years ago.

Mich. I recollect it.

Useph. Ah! many a time, in the dead of the night have I visited this place.

Mich. What the plague, did you want to steal your wife?

Useph. No, no; I ran away with her once, when she was alive; and repented it ever afterwards. She was a good soul, but rather turbulent; never quiet, till she arrived here; and, now she is at rest, I should be sorry to disturb her. There, Michael; that tomb is my banking-house; and, perhaps, it is not the first banking-house where a fortune has been buried. However, this is an old-established shop, and all the parties in it quiet, safe people.

Mich. Then we come to remove the treasure?

Useph. Even so, my boy: I shall take away my money, and leave my wife. Many a husband would think that no bad bargain. (*Going in, meets Peter and Leopold.*) Oh, terrible! What do I see? my riches! Oh, you audacious robbers! Oh, you sacrilegious villains!

Leop. Now, don't make a noise; you must be cool.

Useph. Why, you impudent varlet! Do you plunder me, and preach to me at the same time! Zounds! I'll never be cool again.

Leop. Yes, you will. (*Strikes him with a cane.*) How do you find yourself, now? (*Strikes him again.*)

Useph. Oh, good, kind Leopold! I am cool—in-  
ded, I am quiet.

Leop. Now, then, let's hear what you have to say.

Useph. May I, then, without offence, ask what right you have to take my money? I don't ask this in anger; I am quite cool.

Leop. Your money! Why, your name is Heroen Joseph Wolfgang Baumbork Blaudenkerstoon Schwerzenbergen.

Peter. And this money belongs to one Ben Yacomb Ben Ali Ben Mustapha.

Leop. An old, roguish magistrate of this village, who used to cheat people of their property. Come, honest Michael, you shall carry this treasure for us to Colonel Cohenberg's.

Useph. To Colonel Cohenberg's! Why, what the devil—

Leop. What, you want the other dose?

Useph. No, no.

Leop. Well, then, assist Peter in loading Michael.

Useph. I tell you I will not assist. That—

Leop. (*Strikes him.*) Now be cool.

Useph. This is d—d hard to make a man accessory to robbing himself. (*They put several bags, which Peter and Leopold brought from the tomb, into the sack; then place it on Michael's back, who carries it off. Useph puts one of the bags into his pocket, unseen by Peter or Leopold.*)—*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—Outer wall of the Burial-ground.—Several voices are heard crying—"Follow! Follow!"

Enter CATHERINE, LEOPOLD, PETER, MICHAEL, and USEPH.

Cath. Oh, heavens! I am closely pursued!—Which way shall I escape? My friends, will you conduct me to Colonel Cohenberg's?

Leop. Ay, madam, at the hazard of our lives. Lead on, Useph.

Enter SERASKIER, ISMAEL, and Guards.

Seras. Confusion! My camp destroyed, and Catherine escaped!

Ismael. Pray, my lord, return. You are near the frontiers of the Austrians.

Seras. Not till I recover Catherine. (*Trumpets.*) Hark! I am called to arms. Begone, and bear our cries to the wars.

[*Exit Ismael.*]

#### AIR.—SERASKIER.

Love and honour now conspire  
To rouse my soul with martial fire,  
Holy prophet, hear my prayer,  
Give me once more the charming fair.  
The Austrian's trumpet's bold alarms  
Breathe defiance to our arms.  
Fired with ardour to engage,  
Give me to dare the battle's rage,  
When groans that shall be heard no more,  
Echo to the cannon's roar.  
Death stalks triumphant o'er the field:  
On every side the Christians yield.  
Still conquest doubly presses  
The lover-soldier's arms,  
In prospect he possesses  
Complying beauty's charms.

**SCENE VII.**—*Castle and view of Belgrade.*—*The siege commences. Guns firing balls of fire, supposed to be thrown to fire the citadel. A party of Turks are repulsed by a party of Austrians. An Austrian soldier fights some time sword in hand with a Turkish soldier; but, losing his sword, takes a pistol from his belt, and fires at him; the Turk falls, and is thrown into the ditch that surrounds the Castle.*—*Enter the SERASKIER and COHENBERG fighting. The Seraskier falls.*—*PETER, LEOPOLD, ANSELM, &c. fight with the Turkish soldiers. USEPH enters, and flourishes his sword on the side of the Turks; but finding they are sure to be conquered, joins the Austrians. Drums and trumpets heard all the time.*

*Colonel. (To the Seraskier, who is down.) Rise, and learn Christian revenge.*

*Enter CATHERINE.*

**FINALE.**—*In the course of which, enter GHITA and LILLA.*

**Cho.** *Loud let the song of triumph rise,  
Bless'd triumph o'er oppression's sway;  
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,  
For freedom's voice shall join the lay.*

**Cath.** *Fortune relenting, from her stores,  
Her richest treasures lavish pours;  
The bliss for which so long we strove,  
The joys of victory and love.*

**Seras.** *Vanquish'd, I boast my victor brave;  
Light were the chains which valour gave;  
More potent fetters now I find,  
Kindness subdues his captive's mind.*

**Cho.** *Loud let the song of triumph rise,  
Bless'd triumph o'er oppression's sway;  
Valour has gain'd the brightest prize,  
For freedom's voice shall join the lay.*

**DUET.**—**LILLA and GHITA.**

*Now while music her strains most inviting,  
Shall in sweet gratitude's cause display;  
Tho' untutor'd in skill so delighting,  
Our heartfelt thanks let us humbly pay:  
Strains so artless tho' we proffer,  
Hearts o'erflowing zest the offer.*

**Cho.** *Now while music, &c.*

**Loop.** *All ill-humour thus vented in fighting,  
We are, as usual, good-humour'd and gay.*

**Lilla.** *Happy liberty's blessing regaining,  
They inspiring our simple lay;*

**Ghita.** *Freedom's glorious cause sustaining,  
The theme our humble song will raise,  
Strains so artless, —  
Though we proffer, —  
Hearts o'erflowing,  
Zest the offer.*

**Cho.** *Freedom's glorious cause, &c.*

**Cath.** *From companions in danger, this greeting  
Of friendship, how can we requite?*

**Trio.** *A reception so gracious when meeting,  
Our duty becomes our delight.*

**Lilla** } *Bright the laurel of victory gracing,*  
**and** }  
**Ghita** } *The manly brow merit marks it to wear;—*

**Cho.** *Doubly dear is that laurel while placing  
By the lov'd hand of the favourite fair,  
Toils forgetting, pleasure courting,  
Beauty beaming, smiles transporting,  
Bright the laurel, &c.*

[Ereos]







